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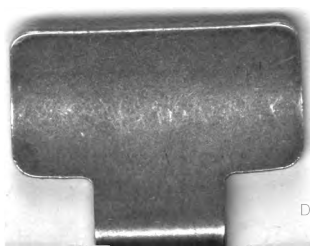
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| Admiral Sir J. A. Ommanney, K.C.B. . . . .        | 3  | 0  | 0  | Capt. F. W. Beechey, R.N., F.R.S. . . . .         | 1  | 1  | 0  |
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2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured), is perfectly safe to the permanent interests of the Society.

The Class of persons who have availed themselves of the advantages of this Society (being principally members of religious Communities, and consequently of moral and careful habits) has given to the experience of the Star a marked superiority, as will be manifest from an inspection of the following specimen of Bonus declared at the first Quinquennial Meeting, held March, 1849.

| Age at date of Policy. | Sum assured. | Amount paid to the Office. | Bonus added to the Sum assured. | Amount now payable at the death of the Assured. |
|------------------------|--------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
|                        | £.           | £. s. d.                   | £. s. d.                        | £. s. d.                                        |
| 25                     | 1000         | 106 9 2                    | 76 8 2                          | 1076 8 2                                        |
| 35                     | 1000         | 139 15 10                  | 85 7 1                          | 1085 7 1                                        |
| 45                     | 1000         | 188 10 10                  | 98 0 0                          | 1098 0 0                                        |
| 55                     | 1000         | 283 19 2                   | 122 18 9                        | 1122 18 9                                       |
| 65                     | 1000         | 448 2 6                    | 169 1 7                         | 1169 1 7                                        |

The next valuation for the purpose of apportioning profits will be made on the thirty-first day of December, 1853.

Report of the business done up to the present date, and all particulars, with forms of Proposals, Prospectuses, and any other information, may be obtained from any of the Society's Agents throughout the country, and from

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The Directors of the STAR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY continue to grant Policies against loss or damage by fire on Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and Stock-in-Trade, on terms highly advantageous to the public.

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The great and unprecedented public favour awarded to the TEAS supplied at 'Number One,' is attributable, in the main, to the great experience and judgment employed in their selection, and to the smallness of profit charged upon their cost. DAKIN and COMPANY have ever avoided appearance of cheapness on the one hand, and extravagant charges on the other. Whilst they have supplied the finest and best Teas, they have remembered that even gold may be purchased at too high a cost.

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During the few short months that 'DAKIN'S ROYAL PATENT COFFEES,' roasted in *Silver Cylinders*, have been supplied, their superiority has been invariably admitted, and their excellence highly spoken of; many consumers observing that they do not possess that coarse flavour the trade have been accustomed to designate strength. This coarseness, mis-called strength, must be referred to the acetate of iron, and to other vicious products, with which Coffee roasted on the old principle was necessarily impregnated, and the absence of which is found so exceedingly beneficial to the health of the consumer, as well as to the development of the true, pure, and delicate flavour of the Coffee berry.

It will be unfortunately necessary to bear in mind, that Coffee is the subject of baneful adulterations, and that a gross system of substitution is frequently practised, as shown up in a Circular, recently issued by Dakin and Company, on 'Chicory and the Adulteration of Coffee.' The only sure plan of obtaining pure Coffee is to buy it whole, and to afford every facility for doing so, Dakin and Company supply complete Cast-Iron Mills at cost price, namely, 3s. 9d. each. When not practicable to buy their Coffee in the berry, consumers will secure every satisfaction by purchasing Dakin's Royal Patent Coffee, in sealed bottles. The price of whole coffee varies from 10d. a pound upwards. The price of the Bottles is—for magnums containing 2lbs., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s.; for one pounders, 1s. 4d., 1s. 8d., 2s.

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The superiority of roasting produce, according to Dakin and Company's patent, namely, in a pure receiver, instead of in one made of a base metal, as in the ordinary way, is not confined to Coffee only, but is equally evident in Cocoa, and consequently in Chocolate made from the nibs of the cocoa-nut. Invalids and consumers of Cocoa should note this fact, which is not only evident in the effects on the constitution, but also in the flavour of the beverage produced.

The Old English Mustard, and all the Spices supplied, are of the finest quality, and sold in their pure state.

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*Morning Chronicle, Sept. 24th, 1849.*

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Wales*. By Sir Thomas Phillips. London. 1849.  
 2. *Drych yr Amseroedd* (*The Mirror of the Times*). Gan Robert Jones. Llanrwst. Without date in the title-page, but written about 1820.  
 3. *Hanes Bywyd Daniel Rowlands*. Gan y Parchedig John Owen (*Life of D. R.* By the Rev. J. O.). Caerlleon. 1839.  
 4. *Y Traethodydd* (*The Tractarian*). Rholaau I.—II. Dinbych. 1845—1846.

**G**OD and his works abide, but man and his customs change. It requires no ordinary degree of sagacity to foretell at any given period the changes which a new generation may be destined to witness, and scarcely less to appreciate some silent revolution of manners which may have been wrought almost in the memory of man. If we were asked to point out a part of the United Kingdom where the influence of innovation might least be expected, our first instinct would direct us to the Principality. For some years we used to observe, on opening our 'Bradshaw,' the involuntary respect with which even the stern genius of railways seemed to regard the territory of the ancient Britons. His fire-breathing, iron-footed messengers (for so steam-engines would probably have been described by an ancient bard) might approach the Marches where Talbot wooed the fair Guendolen;\* but the 'wild Wales' of Taliessin's song seemed to be safe from intrusion. Whatever may have happened elsewhere, here at least we might imagine the mountain fastnesses would retain their primitive character, and the children of the Cymry, cradled in the home of the torrent and the storm, would bear something of the unyielding impress which Nature has stamped upon their land.

Yet even in Wales, as elsewhere, Time, the great innovator, has wrought his appointed work. Though Snowdon stands as of old, its base is caverned by the miner, and Penmaenmawr is at length not only stricken as it were through the heart, and traversed by daily trains, but is in course of being carried away

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\* Such marriages, though recorded only of the Baron, must have been frequent among his followers. Hence it has been supposed—we believe the alumni of the London University are now taught—that terms of *sewing* in English are derived from the British language:—a theory at least so ingenious, that we hope it may be true.

bodily to pave the streets of Liverpool. All along the coast, as well as in the quarries of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire, a hard-handed race of men has sprung up, whose large-boned frames attest (when compared to the upland shepherd) the severe labour they undergo, and the higher wages which they receive. A Welshman, who had spent many years in London, was asked on his return if he thought the Principality changed; 'I find signs of improvement everywhere,' was his answer, 'except at Dinas-mawddwy;—yet even here,' he continued, 'the houses have grown within my recollection from one story to two, and the whole costume and manners of the people have assumed a comparatively modern aspect.' The truth is, that within a hundred and ten years two enormous changes, of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance as regards the manners and character of the people, have come over the face of the Principality. It is to these changes, hitherto we believe little noticed, or at least imperfectly appreciated by the mass of Englishmen, that we propose to direct the attention of our readers. We shall draw largely for our details, and in some measure for our language, from the books of which the titles are prefixed to this article, without neglecting some other sources of information which circumstances have placed at our disposal.

If we imagine some real Rip Van Winkle just roused from his fairy slumber, his surprise would not be greater than that of the traveller who, fresh from the metropolis, penetrated the Principality a century ago. Even on the borders and in the county towns he heard a strange language, and saw a strange people, whose habits savoured strangely of a bygone age. Still more did the impression of strangeness increase at every step, as he advanced into some upland valley of the more mountainous districts. Round the humble church of some indigenous saint, such as Wales and Britany boast in numbers,\* and generally on the banks of some stream just widening in a confluence of valleys, were grouped a cluster of cottages. For the fabric of the church in some cases an antiquity was claimed as early as the fifth century. To the inhabitants, consisting chiefly of shepherds and fishermen, with occasionally a small freeholder or shopkeeper, a combination

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\* An account of them, full of interest to the ecclesiastical historian, may be found in Mr. Rees's 'Welsh Saints,' as well as in Mr. John Williams's 'Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry,' a book of research, which deserves perhaps more attention than it has met with. We have also to thank the learned Archdeacon of Cardigan for introducing us, in his 'Claudia and Pudens,' to a lady saint of uncommon interest. His work not only sheds an entirely new light upon the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain, but is full of ingenious historical reasoning in the steps by which he identifies his princess very probably with the Claudia of St. Paul. Many traditions, with less proof, are universally received.

of their church and the village inn represented the march of intellect, and their valley the world. On each shoulder and sloping side of the hills, the blue smoke of peat mingling with the mist gave token of a primitive homestead, and, as you ascended the streamlet's course, every nook, which offered shelter for sheep or promise of a scanty harvest, was dotted with a pastoral farm. The houses of one story, with enormous chimneys in which scythes were placed to exclude intruders, were more roomy and substantial than a highland bothie, yet simple enough of their kind. The farmers who inhabited them, though not without their pride of family and their own code of gentility, which reacted upon the dependents with whom they associated, shared the oatmeal and bacon which were the fare of the labourer. Shoes and stockings, in the modern sense of the latter word, were only partially in fashion; and the wool, which was the principal produce of the farm, was manufactured at home. Flannel has from the earliest historical period been a staple of the country; and though the goods of the West of England might penetrate to the county town, the commercial bagman, or his smarter successor, found little temptation to face the driving shower which awaited him on a mountain road. The rural economy was concentrated in one great maxim—to disburse as little money as possible. Any stranger was welcome to his meal, but the money must be reserved for the rent. If you asked the shepherd-boy the meaning of a sinuous labyrinth he had amused himself by cutting on the turf, he told you it was *Caer Droiau*, or *Castra Trojæ*, a term which seems to indicate some tradition from the Romans. A man's name was generally inherited, not by his son, but by his grandson, so that the generations alternated, as seems to have been the case at Athens.\* The wife, however, retained throughout life the name of her own family, a circumstance which leads to some confusion in pedigrees.

Doubtless such a people might be called backward. On the other hand, that little freehold had been inherited, it was said, for six hundred years—certainly from a period beyond written record—in lineal descent from father to son. The adjoining farm had also descended by tenure under the same family, of whose heiress it had been the portion in the reign of King John; and the simple tenant, in most benighted defiance of Macculloch and Mill, would have eaten his barley-bread somewhat blacker, and have worked daily an hour longer, sooner than change his landlord

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\* In some cases, but more rarely, the name was renewed only in the third generation; and thus the posterity of Evan Robert Edward (for in the absence of surnames three names were convenient for distinction) became known as Edward Evan Robert, Robert Edward Evan, and so in succession.



for a stranger. The existence of such a state of things involved no contemptible amount of homely virtue and thrift; and whoever observes how often rapid progress is followed by rapid downfall, may trace a law of compensation, as he compares the circumstances which political economists admire or condemn.

Perhaps a tendency to drink, though on comparatively rare occasions, was the principal vice of the people. The village wakes were full of revelry, which was not yet considered heathenish; nor had the vain tinkling of the harp given way to the deeper excitement of the preacher. Sunday often, and the greater festivals always, brought their trials of speed or strength. Parish rivalries found vent in matches at football; and the saturnalia of fairs were occasionally diversified by an organised fight. The mode of raising supplies might have been suggested by some genius who should have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. If a young farmer wanted to marry, or had lost a cow, or was behindhand with his rent, he gave notice, after church, that a barrel of *cwrw* (*cervisia*) would be ready at his house on a certain afternoon. The numerous kin and well-wishers of the family made a point of obeying the summons. Among the amusements expected was the singing of *Penillion*, a species of song or epigram not unlike the *Skolia* of the Greeks, but with an improvisatorial character, which must have tried the readiness of the rural wit. The exciseman in those days was not so inquisitive as he has since become; but if he appeared as an unbidden shadow of royalty, the jester of the party would detain him about the door, until some feminine Falstaff had converted the obnoxious barrel into a chair, which her ample person might protect. Of course, if any guest at such a party came empty-handed, he would be greeted with classical indignation in some such terms as 'Tene asymbolum venire'—or, in other words, the entertainment involved a contribution. A still more singular diversion, which yielded only after a struggle to the religious activity of a later date, consisted in a rude drama, resembling in its genius the Mysteries of the middle ages. On some green sward, which presented a natural theatre, some biblical story was displayed in action by a bard, who unconsciously parodied the proceedings of Thespis. Nor did the sacredness of his subject preclude him from licentiousness, and still less from a liberal use of satire. The innkeeper, whose malt was stinted, or the exciseman who raised its price, or any offender against received laws, especially of hospitality, was gibbeted by some stray allusion, or by premature consignment to eternal doom. We do not know how far this uncouth drama may have been of indigenous origin; but

but the term *interlude*, however disfigured by a Welsh pronunciation, seems to suggest the contrary.\*

The traveller Pennant must be considered a highly favorable specimen of the Welsh gentry at a date somewhat later than the one of which we are speaking. The same remark would hold good of Sir John Philipps. Those of that rank seem in general only to have differed from the corresponding class in England in being somewhat more homely, and perhaps more profuse in their hospitality. We must give, however, one example, without coming down as low as Mrs. Thrale, of the fairer sex. A fellow of a college at Cambridge (Moderator in 1750), who held decidedly Protestant ideas as to the celibacy of the clergy, persuaded the heiress of a tolerable property in Flintshire to put on man's attire, and to accompany him, after a private marriage, on a visit to his friends, as a young acquaintance from college. Unfortunately their wedding tour took them within reach of that then terrible scourge, the small-pox, and before the honeymoon was over the husband died. The lady survived to marry a second husband, and, having already tried a fellow, she selected on the second occasion an undergraduate.

It is seldom found that the inhabitants of a mountainous country are indifferent to religion. Nature herself imprints in them a certain sense of awe. At the period of which we are speaking, though such laxity prevailed in the observance of Sunday, that all sorts of amusement, even occasionally cockfighting, were allowed in the afternoon, yet in the morning no mountain family ever failed to send its male representative to church. Any absence of a householder was a signal for inquiry, and for preparation to condole on some anticipated disaster. All adult members of the congregation were also generally partakers of the Eucharist. The habitual tone of reverence, which such a custom may seem to imply, was not unmingled with fragments of an older superstition, deepened by legend or poetical influences. Many were the forewarnings of death; and in the diocese of St. David in particular, a power of 'second sight' was claimed down to a very recent period. As St. Keynan, in Cornwall, gave matrimonial supremacy to wife or husband, as either drank first at his spring, so in Wales you might procure health for yourself from the healing wave of St. Winifred, and pining sickness for your enemy from the ill-omened fount of St. Elian. Nor was the

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\* On the Welsh *Anterlurt* the reader will find something in Mr. Stephens's *Literature of the Kymry* (pp. 90-91). To this work the prize given by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was assigned at the late Abergavenny Eistedvodd. We hope to direct attention specially to it in a future article.

Virgin Mary without her consecrated wells and other honours, which were only a century too soon to find favour with the professors of orthodoxy. Mr. Allies might have collected a fresh volume of cures wrought at St. Mary's many founts, and would have been delighted to find that the efficacy of baptism was enhanced by carefully carrying water from such sources to the font of the parish church. Not that we would ourselves sneer at the feeling which speaks in the following version (borrowed from Mr. Goronva Camlan) of what is termed an old Welsh prayer:—

‘Mother, oh mother! tell me, art thou weeping?’  
 The Infant Saviour asked, on Mary's breast:  
 ‘Child of th' Eternal, nay; I am but sleeping,  
 Though vexed by many a thought of dark unrest.’  
 ‘Say, at what vision is thy courage failing?’—  
 ‘I see a crown of thorns, and bitter pain;  
 And thee, dread Child, upon the Cross of wailing,  
 All Heaven aghast, and rude mankind's disdain.’

The original is, we are assured, a genuine tradition, and formed with the Creed and Ten Commandments part of the peasant's daily devotion. One of our authors, who mentions the fact, seems to consider all the three formularies equally misapplied.\*

The ‘passing-bell’ was then no unmeaning sound. No person of ordinary piety neglected, as he heard it, to offer a brief petition for the soul of his neighbour passing to its account. Good need there seemed for such assistance; when the spirit was believed not only to be helped on its way by angels, but watched and liable to be intercepted by the hounds of darkness (cwn Annwn), to whom the space between earth and heaven was allotted as a hunting-ground. Happy were the parents whose children had died in infancy, for the angelic spirits of their lost innocents might be expected to light them with torches on their way, beset by perils, to the kingdom of heaven.† On the first Sunday after a funeral we find it stated that the whole family of the deceased used to kneel down on the grave to say the Lord's Prayer.‡ We scarcely venture to affirm whether so late as the period of which we are speaking the institution or caste of ‘sin-eaters’ remained. If our readers do not happen to be acquainted with Brande's *Popular Antiquities*, they will probably ask the meaning of the term. It may surprise them to learn that in the west of England in the sixteenth century, and in Wales probably at a later date, a class of persons existed who, in consideration of a certain dole of food or money, made themselves responsible for the sins of the dead, and undertook to console the survivors, by guaranteeing

\* Drych yr Amseroedd, p. 48-9.

† Ibid., p. 56.

‡ Ibid., p. 50.  
 them

them at least security against being haunted by the spirits of the departed. We cannot assent to those who find the original of so strange a custom in the Mosaic law, but should rather look for a parallel amid the wilder superstitions of India; nor, with deference to Aubrey, who affirms the fact, do we believe the system at any time since the Reformation to have prevailed generally in Wales. The theory, which lay at the bottom of the practice, had doubtless vanished from men's minds long before the customary dole (*Diodlas*) ceased to be given at funerals. But it is not easy to ascribe a precise date to those changes of sentiment, which are not only gradual but uneven in their operation. If this is anywhere true, it emphatically holds good of a country where mountain and river tend to isolate particular districts. Our account of Wales a century ago would not bear to be uniformly applied in any single year. Yet each portion of the country in its turn had probably a period at which the impression we wish to convey would be true. We necessarily strike a rough average.

It may be said generally that among the stories of the fireside were unfailing legends, not turning so much as might be expected upon Arthur or Glendower, but oftener upon the agencies of the invisible world, and, most of all, upon some instance of Divine retribution. Vengeance, such as overtook Ahab for diverting the inheritance of Naboth, was not only devoutly believed by the mountain farmer, but illustrated by modern instances, of which his hearers never doubted the truth. Here hereditary insanity, and here a property swept away, attested the immediate waiting of judgment upon wrong. The curious book, called *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, or 'Mirror of Old Ages,' which mixes true history with prodigies from Geoffry and Giraldus, was published in 1740, and seems to have become rapidly popular.\* Here, as elsewhere, the march of intellect seems first to have meddled with fairies. The 'fair family,' for so the Welsh styled them, are said occasionally to have revealed themselves to the solitary shepherd or the drunken minstrel; and a highly intelligent peasant once assured us that *his father* had undoubtedly seen them. We suspect, however, that for some centuries they have by no means kept the same hold upon the popular imagination as ghosts or other spiritual beings, who, if not actually countenanced by Scripture, might at least be imagined to exercise a certain moral agency. In all things of this latter kind the Cambrian peasant

\* This book, and the *Bard's Dream*, an imitation of Quevedo's *Visions*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, seem to have been the three greatest favourites after the Bible. A History of Christianity, by Charles Edwards, which was first published in 1671, also went early through several editions, and is still a Welsh classic, though its legendary portions have been expurgated; for which we ought to be more thankful than we are.

believed

believed firmly and universally; and to a certain extent, though faintly, he may be said to believe in them still. Supposing, however, ghosts or fairies to stalk in twilight, avenging crime or tempting innocence, it would naturally be the business of the clergyman to grapple with such foes. Accordingly, any clerical student who preferred black letter in his parsonage to good company at the inn, rarely escaped the imputation of conjuring—an art which was supposed to constitute one of the principal studies of the university of Oxford. What less accomplishment could have tempted the future pastor to undertake a journey of so many miles, which he performed often on foot? Might not he have read his Bible at home? Only then he would not have been able to send the mountain Ariel upon errands, or to bind the evil spirit with the name of the Trinity, as if with a triple ring.\*

The smile, with which our enlightenment listens to such fancies, should not be one of contempt. As Poetry teaches wider truth than History, so devout error may approach the meaning of the true doctrine. When we consider the moral significance of many of the older legends, and are told of the eager thirst for knowledge which took the students to read in the village church at five in the morning, we cannot help imagining that any good might have been effected with such a people. The feelings of reverence and docility presented something capable of being moulded. But all history is full of the melancholy list of opportunities thrown away: it is but too clear the vigilance was wanting which might have cherished this hereditary reverence into an intelligent religion. Not that we place implicit confidence in allegations respecting 'scandalous ministers' by men inheriting the spirit of Hugh Peters and his fellows, whom Sergeant Maynard well called 'scandalous judges;' undoubtedly many accounts of the older Welsh clergy come filtered through hostile channels. Of the best we probably hear little; the record of meek piety is written not on earth; yet many families have traditions of clerical ancestors, which do not accord with insinuations sometimes thrown out of general irreligion. Probably sermons were too much in the cold style of the British essayists; but one sin imputed to the clergy would appear from the following attack upon their memory to have been their *general* adherence to the doctrines of the Prayer Book.

'Dark and unfruitful were their doctrines, and there was not a sign that the breath of power and the holy flame wrought through them. The sum and substance of their teaching was this:—that man received his new birth at baptism; that every one must repent and amend his

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\* We find a legend of this kind versified in the late 'Lays from the Cimbric Lyre.'

life,

life, and come frequently to Church and Sacrament; that évery one must do his best, and that Christ's merits would make up that in which he was defective; and that it was in man's own power to *choose* (qu. accept?) or reject grace and glory. Bodily chastening was accounted a sufficient mean, if not worthiness, to fit men for the kingdom of heaven. . . . Now, this is darkness which may be felt, like that formerly in Egypt. It is as perilous to lay weight on such things as to build upon the sand.'—*Drych yr A.*, pp. 54. 55.

The same author accuses the congregations of valuing religious carols as highly as sermons, and of readiness to believe in visions or portents: both charges which sound curiously from the quarter in which they are alleged. He also thinks the custom of *offerings* instead of fees at funerals had a clear reference to purgatory. Perhaps it might only confirm him in this opinion to observe that the same custom held (and holds) good at weddings. Without, however, subscribing such a bill of indictment, it may be admitted that Wales did not escape that Laodicean tone which pervaded the rest of the kingdom in the last century. It seems to have been as usual for the clergy to appear as regulators of amusements, as for them to be guides in religion. One crying evil of the times was the not unfrequent appointment to purely Welsh parishes of persons ill acquainted with the language. In the case of Dr. Bowles, which was not legally argued until 1770, and, we happen to know, is only an instance out of many, the advocate for the incumbent used the following plea:—

'Though the doctor does not understand the language, he is in possession, and cannot be turned out. Wales is a conquered country; it is proper to introduce the English language, and it is the duty of bishops to endeavour to promote Englishmen, in order to introduce the language. The service was in Latin before the Reformation. How did they fare in Wales from the time of Henry VIII. to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the act passed for translating the Scriptures into the Welsh language? It has always been the policy of the legislature to introduce the English language into Wales. We never heard of an Act of Parliament in Welsh. The English language is to be used in all the courts of judicature in Wales, and an English Bible is to be kept in all the churches, that by comparison of that with the Welsh they may sooner come to the knowledge of English. Dr. Bowles has complied with the Act which requires that service shall be performed, by appointing Mr. Griffiths, the curate, who has regularly performed the duty.'—*Case of Dr. Bowles; published by the Cymrodorion Society*, p. 59.

This argument appears to have weighed more with the Court of Arches than with the people of the Principality; and a certain portion of the dissent now existing may be considered as a permanent

manent protest against the practice thus defended. There is probably no living member of the Church of England who would not regret what was at once a source of just irritation to the people, and of natural discouragement to the native clergy. Men, whose most probable prospect was serving as curates, under the easy relative of some non-resident prelate, would easily sink below the proper tone and qualifications of their office.\* Such was, in some measure, the result; and, after large allowance for a considerable sprinkling of educated talent and liberal piety, we may affirm that the clergy, as a body, were little prepared to meet the moral earthquake which was about to burst under their feet.

It was not, however, in a hostile form that the awakening angel at first appeared. Several Churchmen, of different shades of opinion, such as Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Gouge, who may be termed the Charles Simeon of his day, had exerted themselves even in the preceding century to repair the desolation caused by the Puritans in the civil war.† For whatever may be said of such men as Cradock or Vavasor Powell (who, by the way, excelled as a dreamer of dreams), their teaching did not counter-balance the mischief done by their allies; the congregations which sprang from them were few and feeble; but the elements of healing came from the Church, as the ruin had come from the opposite quarter. The first Welshman who stands out prominently in this good work, is Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror. It appears evident—indeed it is fully acknowledged—that an impulse had been given to his exertions by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, then growing from lusty infancy to its prime. He became a member of the Society in 1713, and in 1730, with the assistance of a Mrs. Bevan, whose name is still justly honoured on that account, he established a kind of itinerant schools. These singular institutions were most ingeniously contrived to spread the elements of education, and taught many thousands of persons to read. In his own parish, on the beautiful banks of the Towy, not far from the ancient towers of Llaugharne, Griffith Jones spent most of a long and useful life. His strength lay in catechising; and he thought it ‘amazing to consider how incredibly ignorant the generality of people had continued, even under very plain and powerful preaching, where

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\* In an early volume of the Quarterly Review, a peculiarly gross case of non-residence is commented on, as almost boasted of in the ‘Autobiography’ of Bishop Watson.

† The great name of Baxter is the only Nonconformist’s which we recognise among them. *Gouge* was far the most actively liberal; and it speaks well for the gratitude of the people, that in their current literature he is still celebrated as ‘a benefactor to the nation of the Cymry.’ See Sir Thomas Phillips, pp. 110–118,

catechising

catechising was omitted.' His arguments in favour of the practice are sought from Hegesippus and Ussher, as well as from Jewish and Mahometan custom; but the example of his own earnestness must have been more effective than them all. His Exposition of the Church Catechism in the Welsh language is a standard work, and has been adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He was also induced by his zeal—unhappily, as we think, though great allowance must be made for the times—to set the first example in the Church of preaching in other parishes and in the open air. We have not seen any specimens of his sermons: though, from the practice of his followers, they may be suspected of having laid considerable stress upon physical emotion—

Hoc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit;—

yet, on the whole, his great and persevering exertions fairly entitle him to that reverence in which his memory is still held by his countrymen, and in which, we hope, few members of the English Church will refuse to join. It is not as the precursor of Methodism, but as the patient workman in that great field of education which was then so little appreciated, that he achieved his purest triumphs. To him it is principally owing, not only that 150,000 persons learned to read in his lifetime, but that the Bible has since been so generally found and read in the Welsh cottage. So his work abides.

Howel Harris of Trevecca, the elder of the twin founders of Welsh Methodism, was a man of pure and ardent zeal. He was born in 1714, and, having some property as well as a prospect of preferment, he went to Oxford in 1735, when the influence of Wesley and his friends must have been fresh in the University. The successive stages of terror and consolation, which he thought necessary to true religion, came upon him at intervals while receiving the Eucharist: his devotion became more passionate, and his life stricter than ever. To a mind thus excited, the discipline and the want of discipline of the University would be both distasteful; and, under the influence of feelings not unlike those which in later times have hurried men in a different direction, he sought what he considered the purer atmosphere of his home. Here he at once began to teach: not so much by set sermons, as by exhortation and converse on religion with whoever would listen.

'I was occupied,' he says, 'in going from house to house, until I had visited the greater part of my native parish, together with neighbouring ones: the people now began to assemble in great numbers, so that the houses wherein we met could not contain them. The Word  
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was attended with such power, that many on the spot cried out for pardon to God, and such as lived in malice confessed their sins, making peace with each other, and appeared in concern about their eternal state. Family worship was set up in many houses; and the churches as far as I had gone were crowded, and likewise the Lord's table.'

He soon became laudably desirous of taking holy orders; but we cannot join those who censure Bishop Clagett for not ordaining him before the canonical age. The following passage, which is said to occur in Whitfield's Journal, appears to us an extraordinary one to have been reproduced in Welsh by a person calling himself a clergyman, and therefore not a stranger to the practice of the Church:—

'He (Harris) endeavoured twice to obtain orders; he was fit in every sense: but he was refused, on the *untrue* pretext that he was not of age, *though* he was at the time *twenty-two* years and six months.'—*Life of Rowlands*, App. D.

Surely, a delay of six months, in order to attain the proper age, was not a very unreasonable requirement. The impatience, however, of Harris at first, and his subsequent perseverance in a course of zeal, which sat in judgment upon regular authority, seem to have prevented his becoming a clergyman. Yet, if his attachment to the Church was not consistent, it was genuine in its kind. His societies were formed on the model of those of Dr. Woodward; his school at Trevecca (which has been succeeded by a different institution) was held for a time in the parish church, and the whole tone of his life and mind is enthusiastic rather than sectarian.

'I was carried,' he says, 'on the wings of an eagle triumphantly above all persecution. I took no particular texts, but discoursed freely, as the Lord gave me utterance. The gift I had received was, as yet, to convince the conscience of sin. There appeared now a general reformation in several counties.'

We find him subsequently encouraged by a letter from Whitfield, and by the concurrence of many fellow-labourers, who sprang up suddenly under the impulse of a common spirit. For seventeen years his life was one of journeying and preaching throughout a land of storms, and a people, as he believed, of heathens. There are touches of fancy, which denote perhaps unconscious exaggeration in the annals of his labours. When interrupted in his sermon by a turbulent mob, his custom was to kneel down and pray; while in this attitude, if a stone missed him, or the deadlier blow of a reaping-hook were diverted, it became a manifest, miraculous, answer to his prayer. Yet neither the smile to which we are tempted by the enthusiast,  
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nor the polemics into which we might easily be provoked by the preacher, ever destroy our sympathy for the man. His temper seems to have been naturally amiable, and the great anxiety of his later years was to retain in communion with the Church the more eager disciples, who were already hurrying on from schism to schism.

‘Several,’ he tells us, ‘were going to the Dissenters and other parties, and I thought it my duty to declare against them by laying Scripture proofs before them—as the example of the prophets of old and good men, who abode in the Jewish church, notwithstanding its degeneracy in every respect; and our Saviour and his apostles attended service at the hour of prayer in the same church, though they knew it was to be abolished. . . . And as the late revival began in the Established Church, we think it not necessary or prudent to separate ourselves from it, but our duty to abide in it, and to go to our parish church every Sunday, and we find that our Saviour meets us there.’

Harris did not escape that estrangement from his associates, which seems the destiny of those who beget a spirit of change. We find him in the latter part of his life at variance with Rowlands, and founding a sort of monastic establishment, by which the Church service was attended as well on holydays as Sundays, at Trevecca. Even his integrity did not escape unmerited suspicion;\* and he was happy in dying (July, 1773, ætat. 60), before errors, of which his teaching contained the germ, broke out into heresies which he would have been the first to condemn. His funeral was celebrated in characteristic language by Lady Huntingdon and her daughter. Six clergymen in succession blew the Gospel trumpet on that occasion with remarkable power and freedom; and, amid the vast multitude of mourners who assembled, ‘there were some special seasons of Divine influence both upon the converted and the unconverted.’

Soon after, if not simultaneously with Howel Harris, a far more striking personage, whose labours were to produce more permanent effects, had entered upon the scene. Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho (born in 1713), did for Wales whatever Whitfield did for England, and perhaps something more. He sprang from a family of strong character and keen impulses. With sinewy frame and glowing imagination, he could play alike the athlete or the orator. No one surpassed him as a youth in activity and strength; nor did he hesitate, when first ordained, to join, after his Sunday duty, in the games which were then universally popular. But a day came when Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, preached in the neighbourhood; and Rowlands determined to be one of the audience. Some accounts speak of

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\* Drych yr A., pp. 136–139.

a previous mental struggle ; but his biographer describes him as standing with a look of pride and defiance in front of the pulpit ; while the aged preacher, at whom he scoffed, saw already in spirit an Elisha who, he prayed, might be destined to succeed him. As the sermon proceeded, the face of scorn changed first to an expression of doubt, then of shame ; when it ended, the scoffer went out from church an altered man. His work hitherto had been a patchwork of forms ; it was now to be a ministry of the Spirit. The fervid eloquence, which gave vent to his new-born convictions, became more attractive than that of his teacher ; and we soon hear of an ungodly squire, who came with hounds and huntsman to church, undergoing the same conversion as he had himself experienced, during a single sermon. Still for a time he was pronounced by the enlightened to stand too exclusively upon Mount Sinai, and his warning to a reckless world was uttered in a voice of thunder. By degrees we are told that his views became clearer ; but his power from the first of startling men, by awakening a sense of sin, and convincing them that the Grave and Hell already yawned beneath their feet, is said to have been absolutely unrivalled. A woman, who came twenty miles from Ystradfin to Llangeitho to hear him every Sunday, persuaded him to extend his operations ; at first by preaching in churches where permission was given, and subsequently by less legitimate means. The profane among his parishioners set up a rival congregation of wrestlers and foot-ball players. Rowlands, nothing daunted, went out to expostulate ; and his success in the attempt first made him venture on that system of field-preaching, which became so fruitful in strangely mingled, but certainly wonderful, effects. Still, for about a quarter of a century, he served his two churches, with a stipend of ten pounds a-year, preaching occasionally in a third, famous both for the eloquence of St. David and the pious war of Gorono ab Cadogan, which is thus described :—

‘ *Llandewi-brevi* is very large, capable of containing three thousand people or more ; but it was not too large at that time. There were no seats for the greatest part ; most of them stood, and the church was filled from one end to the other. The appearance of the multitudes that assembled was very remarkable. Many followed Rowlands from one church to the other, and did not return home till late in the evening, and some not until the following morning, without eating anything from Sunday morning until Monday. The spiritual food they had was sufficient for a time to support them without any bodily sustenance.’—*Life*, p. 24.

Attractive as the preacher might be, his reading was equally impressive. It is a singular testimony to the inherent power of  
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our glorious Liturgy, that Rowlands found its language the most effective instrument in touching the hearts, and, we must add, in stirring the fanaticism of his hearers. It was not his overbearing eloquence, nor the passionate appeals to conscience, which no man ever made more forcibly, but the solemn sound of the Church of England's prayers, 'By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy Cross and passion, Good Lord, deliver us,' which first awoke the slumbering poetry of that ancient people whom he addressed, and fired their imagination with the same fervour in religion which their forefathers had shown in battle. It was while these words were read at Llangeitho, that tears and convulsive sobs, followed by cries of *Gogoniant* (Glory!) and *Bendigedig* (Blessed!), first broke out, and ran through the multitude like a contagious fever. One of the most difficult problems in the philosophy of religion would be to determine the precise proportion in which genuine force of conscience co-operates on such occasions with hysterical or nervous emotion. Certainly no solution would be satisfactory which entirely omitted either of these two elements in the phenomenon. A similar excitement attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield; but the latter, accustomed as he was to kindred scenes, was surprised by the emphatic form which the epidemic assumed in the Principality. Mr. Milman has happily remarked that the climate of Africa worked into the language and creed of its inhabitants: so in South Wales it seemed as if the old *afflatus* of the bards had passed from minstrelsy into religion. The *extreme agony* of the Saviour, as the Welsh litany has it, became present to men's minds, as a spectacle to shudder at, while they exulted frantically in the deliverance which it wrought. A succession of such scenes constitute, we are told, a *revival* (though by an unfortunate ambiguity the same Welsh word means also *reformation*), and seven of such revivals are alleged to have taken place, at intervals of seven years, in the ministry of Rowlands. Some circumstances which attended them gave offence to the weaker brethren; but, as Mr. Charles of Bala instructs us, 'we are not permitted the slightest degree of doubt that it was the work of God.' The subsequent change of life, in many persons concerned, is adduced to prove that their emotion was more than transient; though, if such were the rule, it must be allowed to have admitted of very numerous exceptions.

From about 1740 to 1762 the movement thus generated had continued its course, and in the latter year reached the height of its fervour. It had commenced in the Church, and was chiefly propagated by clergymen; but such stray and insignificant congregations of Dissent as then existed were eager to welcome un-

expected

expected allies. As generally happens in a time of excitement, the distinctions which previously marked men were merged in the Shibboleth of friend or foe to the new apostles: while to the sturdy squire, no less than to the scholar armed, they were still 'brainsick Methodists,' of whom his detestation was to be recorded even on his tombstone—to the multitude, and especially to the softer sex, they were messengers not of man, but of God. True Christianity was said to have been buried, except for a brief interval at the Reformation, from the days of St. Paul. The very men who had most assailed the superstition of elder days for its proneness to believe in visions and portents, now found no lack of miracles attesting the revival of the true faith. Near Nevin, on the wild arm of Carnarvonshire, in the stormy valley where legend had found fit resting-place for the discrowned old age of Vortigern, a man named John Roberts was in distress about his soul. During his trouble, he saw in vision a head coming up from South Wales and lighting the whole country. He readily inferred that it forboded a revival of religion; and accordingly this result soon followed in England and America, 'and we poor Cymry,' says our author, 'received an abundant share in the blessing.\*' A woman, who refused shelter to some preachers at Barmouth, had her house wrapt in bright flame before morning by the hand of Providence. A wild bull, let loose upon the congregation of saints at Rhos-y-Tryvan, turned and gored his owner. A dignitary (if we understand aright the phrase *gwr urddasol*, which seems intended to be contemptuous) had threatened to inform a gentlewoman that her tenant harboured preachers, but before he could execute his purpose he became speechless and died, leaving the entertainer of angels unmolested. We must acknowledge that the author of the *Mirror of the Times*, notwithstanding his studious imitation of Scripture, reminds us against our will at one time of the Apocrypha, and at another of the biography of some Romish saint. His scenes of persecution lose nothing for want of colouring, and have generally the advantage of illustration by Scriptural parallels. Any attempt to tame down the supernatural of his narrative would only leave an incorrect impression. But we shall best give our readers an idea of his matter by some extracts taken at random from his table of contents. We there read how the Chancellor of Bangor preached against the Gospel, and the parish clerk of Llanor satirised its professors in an 'Interlude;' how, when Mr. Rowlands had permission to preach in the church at Nevin, the choir went on singing, to their own glory and the great trial of his patience, the

\* It provokes a smile to find that *Bishop Hoadley* has a place among this writer's army of martyrs.

whole

whole of the 119th Psalm; how the persecution increased terribly; how stones were thrown through the *Capel* windows at Pwllheli; how Mr. Price, a friend of Daniel Rowlands, was both hit with a stone and prevented from preaching by a noisy drum; how the Vicar of Rhyddlan and his wife hated religion; how a thunderstorm frightened the persecutors at St. Asaph; how an orthodox Guy Fawkes attempted a gunpowder plot at Llan-sannan, and was frustrated; how two drovers were assailed by mistake for preachers at Corwen, but, being used to broils, turned upon their persecutors like the evil spirit on the sons of Sceva; how the Divine judgment came upon 'a dignitary' for persecuting a preacher; how the same judgment came upon Edward Hughes and Thomas Jones; how a profane minstrel was hired at Dolydd Byrion to drown the preacher's voice, but, after being fortified with drink, was seized with a shaking in his limbs, which made it impossible for him to approach; how at Machynlleth, a place of heathenish orthodoxy, a lawyer stood up threatening, but was healed of his disease, like Naaman, by the teaching of a servant-maid; how the preachers found, on entering each town, a vast and gloomy multitude with savage looks boding persecution; how they were beaten, 'stoned, and driven into duck-ponds; how strange providences often preserved them by land and water; how women sometimes mocked, but generally assisted them; how they arraigned all mankind with faithfulness as naked and miserable sinners, and declared the necessity of a new birth by taking hold of the only appointed refuge. Lower down we find the table become more melancholy, but not less instructive. It is there set forth how the Enemy threw a spark of strange fire into the bosom of Howel Harris, which he mistook for a coal from the altar; how he quarrelled with Rowlands, and how sad were the results; how 'revivals' became scarce; how Antinomianism afflicted 'the churches;' how Mr. Popkin fell off to Sandimanianism, and Mr. Peter Williams to Sabellianism; how some men in Pembrokeshire devised doctrines to which the Romish purgatory is not to be compared—some thinking with Origen the Devil might be saved, others, with Mr. Froude, that sin was impossible; how spiritual interpretations refined Scripture away, and Antinomianism affected even household worship; how many people were persuaded to believe in an invisible family resembling fairies; and how 'Mary of the white mantle,' who perhaps was a coarser edition of St. Catherine of Sienna, came as a missionary from Satan into Merionethshire. Throughout his work the author seems to have been familiarly admitted not only to the counsels of heaven, but to those of the prince of darkness.

It may be asked, what the bishops did, while this strangely-  
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chequered movement was convulsing the land. Perhaps, however, they might retort with the question, What could we do? Among the many excellencies of the Church of England, that of elasticity cannot be reckoned; and unless she were prepared to sacrifice the characteristics of her system, there would always be some limit where concession must cease, and enthusiasm would fret. She seemed now to have brought forth Titans, whose giant struggles rent her womb, and, in presence of her aspiring children, she became like one in whose mouth are no effectual reproofs. We can just conceive it possible that the rarest combination of delicacy with firmness might have cherished that sense of the abiding power of the Holy Spirit, which was the real merit of the men we have mentioned, and have checked the extravagances to which this true idea was perverted. But such an union of qualifications is not given to every one; and it is scarcely a disparagement of the bishops of the time to say they did not possess it. After a long career of indulgence, it would seem that Daniel Rowlands received certain monitions which he disregarded, and the revocation of his licence was the result. It is impossible not to regret the separation which ensued; but we hardly venture to affirm, with the same confidence as some of our authorities, that it could have been prevented. The vehement old man, whose age had only rendered his convictions stronger and his oratory more commanding, immediately extended the range of his influence. From every part of Wales—from the mouth of the Wye up to the Dovey and the Conway—people flocked, like the Israelites to Jerusalem, in order to hear the eloquence, and receive the sacrament from the hands, of one who had acquired the dignity of a martyr. The appearance of mountain valleys, threaded by vast numbers of simple people from afar, is described as most picturesque and affecting. These multitudes, hungry and thirsty, their souls fainting on the way, were refreshed by the glad tidings which they heard. The usual organization of Methodism followed; and the revival of the Church degenerated into a schism, which has become hereditary—a less hopeful faith than our own would add—irretrievable.

Rowlands died in October, 1790—aged seventy-seven. It is highly creditable to him that he never spoke with bitterness of the great Christian mother, in whose arms he had been originally nurtured. No relish of malice was added to what he believed to be the bread of life. He seems always to have felt, what the honest frankness of the Welsh people allows to appear even in their most sectarian publications, that the Church of England, including its elder British sister, has directly or indirectly been the medium, by which alone the influences of Christianity have  
been

been kept alive in their country. The following colloquy between Rowlands, shortly before his death, and his son is too remarkable to be omitted :—

“ I have been persecuted (said Mr. R.) until I got tired, and you will be persecuted still more, yet stand by the Church by all means. You will not, perhaps, be repaid for doing so, yet still stand by it—yea, even unto death. There will be a great revival in the Church of England; this is an encouragement to you to stand by it.” The son said, “ Are you a prophet, father?” To this he answered, “ No; I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but God has made this known to me on my knees. I shall not live to see it.” Then the son asked, “ Shall I live to see it?” He then put his hand for a time over his eyes, and afterwards said, “ Yes, you may live to see it.”—*Life, Appendix M.*

One fatal circumstance which has come to our knowledge, though not written in the chronicles of Methodism, would alone prevent us from styling Rowlands an apostle. His wife proved unworthy of his affection; and he drank deep consolation at a source which undoubtedly contributed to give his preaching its peculiar energy. Yet we would not mention otherwise than with regret a fact which touches the consistency of his conduct rather than the sincerity of his principles.

We have more unmixed pleasure in dwelling on the character of Williams of Pant-y-celyn. He was a man in whom singular purity of sentiment added grace to a truly original genius. He produced by his hymns and their music an effect more abiding than Rowlands by his sermons. Neither St. Ephrem of Syria, nor our own Milton, conceived more strongly than the Welsh poet of the genuine Muse of religious poetry as the influence of the Holy Spirit. His direction to other composers was, ‘never to attempt to compose a hymn till they feel their souls near Heaven.’ His precept and practice in this respect have been compared to those of Fra Angelico. He was in deacon’s orders; and, though his poetical temperament, encouraged by the advice of Whitfield and the example of Harris, betrayed him into the usual course of itinerancy, which he long continued, he seems to have regretted in his later years that he had diminished his usefulness by a zeal inconsistent with discipline. This regret should have been better considered by writers who represent him as the victim of persecution. It is curious to find that, after fifty years of singing and preaching, he thus describes in one of his last letters\* the result of his own and his companions’ labours.

‘Believe me, dear Charles, the Antitrinitarian, the Socinian, and Arian doctrines gain ground daily. Our unwary new-born Methodist

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\* The letter is given at large by Sir T. Phillips, pp. 136–7.



preachers know nothing of these things; therefore pray much, that no drop of the pernicious liquor may be thrown into the divine fountain of which the honest Methodist drinks. Exhort the young preachers to study, next to the Scriptures, the doctrines of our old celebrated Reformers, as set forth in the Articles of the Church of England and the three Creeds, the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian. They will see there the great truths of the Gospel set forth in a most excellent and suitable manner; they are a most sound form of words on the high and spiritual things of God.'

The closing experience of men of this stamp deserves as much consideration as their conduct at three-and-twenty.

Peter Williams, of Carmarthen, is a man sufficiently remarkable, and has happily been his own biographer.\* As St. Augustine heard a voice saying, *Tolle, lege*, so our Peter 'not once, but several times when he was alone, heard a voice superior to any human voice; as different and distinguishable as the voice of thunder from the sound of a trumpet; yet it was not terrible, but comfortable; and it put him in mind of the Scripture, that the angels of God encamp round about them that fear Him.' A person so favoured became easily convinced that the ordinary modes of religion were dead forms, and that the Church, like the world, lay in wickedness. Yet his first inclination was to awaken rather than forsake. He obtained the charge of a parish, which enjoyed an annual visit from its Vicar; and after some warfare against wakes, and other tricks of Popish ignorance, had an unsatisfactory interview with his Bishop, and 'went out from the Palace without the offer of meat or drink.' He next pressed the matter home with the Aldermen of Swansea, who declared their opinion that he would not continue long there; and, thinking him too zealous, 'did not invite him to dinner; so everything seemed to confirm what he often thought, that he was called to be an itinerant preacher.' (*Life*, p. clxxii.) In another curacy we find him wrestling bodily for his pulpit with 'a supplanter' (for which, however, he expresses contrition); and although he 'preached powerfully,' the keeper of the purse told him, 'It is reported that you are a Methodist, and I have resolved not to pay you any salary at all.' After this series of misfortunes, an eminent exhorter introduces him to the avowed Methodists, and the same distinctive energy re-appears in his wanderings and persecutions. We find him called a *Cradoc* † and a roundhead, and often bespattered with eggs and dirt; then immured in a public-house, amidst scores of scoffers, like Samson among the

\* See this autobiography in the Appendix to Eliezer Williams's English works. London, Cradock, 1840.

† Cradoc was one of the earliest Puritan preachers in Wales, and the name was afterwards applied opprobriously to the first Methodists.

Philistines;

Philistines; suffering indeed here rather an excess of hospitality, from which, when its urgency abated, he 'counted his deliverance as wonderful as Daniel's from the lions' den.' The narrative, which we have faithfully abridged, reminds us of a doubt, which once suggested itself in reading the life of Mr. Simeon, how far personal foibles may have provoked a feeling which is often termed hostility to religion. Yet these did not prevent Peter Williams from distinguishing himself by literary labours of a more arduous kind than might have been expected from his position; and his various editions of the Bible, with a concordance and annotations, deserve to be mentioned with respect.

We must refer to the copious and interesting pages of Sir T. Phillips for details of various worthies who succeeded. Mr. Charles, of Bala, seems to have been a man of liberal and cultivated mind. His suggestions led more or less directly to the establishment of that equivocal institution, the Bible Society: and, as late as the year 1811, he was prevailed upon, apparently against his better judgment, to provide for a Donatistic succession, by laying unauthorised hands upon new teachers. Up to this time, the proper Methodists, who must be distinguished from Independents or Dissenters (these two latter words being used in Wales as synonyms), had felt great scruples as to the propriety of receiving the sacraments except from clergymen who had been regularly ordained.\* Some personal neglect or disappointment seems to have been originally considered by Charles as a providential call to preach the Gospel in his own fashion; and those who judge human nature wisely will not withhold a certain amount of sympathy from such mingled motives. In a coarser character, as we see in the sad histories of Goronwy Owen, and Evan Evans (commonly known as Evan *Brydydd bir*, *Anglicè* The tall Poet\*), both clergymen, and both ill-fated bards, the same disappointment might have led to sottishness and degradation. 'Being turned out of three churches in this country,' said Charles, 'without the prospect of another, what shall I do?' Yet later in life he could say, 'I might have been preferred in the Church; it has been repeatedly offered me; but I really would rather have spent the last twenty-three years of my life, as I have done, wandering up and down our cold and barren country, than if I had been made an Archbishop. It was no choice of mine; it was Providence that led me to it.'

In the celebrated John Elias, at a somewhat later date, we find

\* It is customary with Welsh Bards to assume a by-name, either from the place of their nativity or from some personal peculiarity. This Evans was of very remarkable stature. He may be known to our English readers as a literary correspondent of Bishop Percy's, and as the editor of some fair specimens of Bardic remains. He also published sermons, with a preface of advice to the bishops of the Welsh sees, telling them that they were 'the abominations, witchcrafts, and sorceries of a whore.'

extraordinary

extraordinary powers of intellect, chastened by profound and child-like humility. We know not if any character in the volumes before us leaves altogether a more pleasing impression on the mind. His teaching was as practical as it was vivid; his advice to his own children is of the most touching simplicity; his errors seem to have been chiefly things of circumstance; and he can only be called a schismatic in the same sense as Chalmers or Robert Hall. Yet this man, who calculated eclipses, who swayed multitudes by his eloquence, and who enjoyed in his country almost the influence of Chalmers in Scotland, was the child of a Welsh peasant, stunted by a churlish congregation (*Life*, pp. 50-97), and goaded by fiercer followers into bigotry at which his heart revolted (*ibid.*, pp. 198-201). Though his biography, which professes to be written by an English clergyman, abounds in editorial twaddle, it betrays the working of his mind towards a purer system. Had he been nurtured in some high hall of ancient wisdom, and saved by position as well as early influence from the temptations of a sect, how different might have been his history! He died in June, 1841—*Utinam noster fuisset!*

We have no ambition to usurp the province of the future Weale. He will assign a prominent place in his gallery to Jones of Llangán, and still more so to the Baptist Christmas Evans,\* who mingled, not unlike a Capuchin friar, broad humour with pathos. He will also tell how the harvest of Methodism was free from Arminian tares until the close of the century; how Wesleyanism was then introduced, and attracted many proselytes, though its congregations have never been so numerous as those of the Calvinists—still called by way of emphasis, and not in any offensive sense, Methodists—whose doctrines were either more home-spun, or at least more congenial to the Welsh mind.

It may be asserted, generally, of the class of men of whom we have presented our readers with some fair samples, that they conceived themselves to be fighting the battle of divine truth. Neither were they so contemptible in intellect or knowledge as they have sometimes been supposed. Perhaps, also, in some questionable matters, they were as much sinned against as sinning. Those who share our own conviction, that any shred of Christianity is precious, will pardon for its sake some accompaniment of evil. How far the human corrupted the divine, and earthly passion assumed the language of Heaven; whether even the pure

\* We are not sure whether it was Christmas Evans, or John Elias, who, at a Bible meeting to which Lord Anglesey had been seduced as president, painted in choice Welsh, with a proper portion of the 'serus in cælum redeas,' a scene, in which admission was asked for his Lordship into Heaven. To the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo, the answer was, 'Not known here;' and so on, in diverse dignities; but when introduced as President of the Bible Society, the reply became, 'That is written here; let him come in.'

ideal

ideal of Methodism is not founded on such an exaggeration of some true portions of religion as practically to distort them; and whether its distinctive characteristics are not morbid, while its life, so far as it lives, depends only upon what it enjoys in common with the Church, are questions on which we had rather furnish our readers with the materials for judging than ourselves presume to decide. But whatever may be the nature of its influence upon the Welsh, there can be no doubt of its extent. The two societies, which are termed in Wales Methodists and Wesleyans, and which correspond nearly to the followers of Whitfield and Wesley in England, number about twelve hundred congregations between them. Their declared members, with those of other sects which may now unhappily be grouped with them as Dissenters, constitute an eighth, and their ordinary attendants amount to at least a fourth, of the entire population. When the prosperous farmer or his thrifty servant would secure his savings, he invests his fortune, not in railway shares, but in part ownership of a meeting-house; so that interest as well as conscience directs him to support this new establishment, which has already its traditions. Nor do these figures adequately represent their influence, since the temper of the conventicle often creeps into higher places, and is sedulously represented as the only true Protestantism. Opinions generally of this stamp seem to be stereotyped in the country. Among the machinery by which the popular mind is taken hold of, a prominent place must be assigned to the Sunday-schools, which are worked with a laudable diligence, by which, however, Sunday becomes a day of toil. Hence, at least, the indigenous mind is formed upon a certain interpretation of the Bible. If this peculiar wisdom is not always justified of her children, she still teaches them some wholesome lessons. An extraordinary impulse has been given to a purely native school of thought and literature. Not only numerous editions of the Bible, concordances, hymn-books, and tracts of a missionary nature, but songs, newspapers, magazines, and treatises on popular topics, such as geography and agriculture, stream yearly from the Welsh press. How far sedition contributes a certain garnish we are not now inquiring. Those who imagine the Welsh intellect asleep, or the language inoperative as a medium of instruction, have still to read a chapter in contemporary history. The very book, ‘*Drych yr Amseroedd*,’ from which we have quoted, and others of the same kind, such as ‘*Hanes y Bedyddwyr*’ (History of the Baptists), though not free from a certain mythical\* air, are highly calculated to take hold of the popular imagination. Josephus seems to be a favourite author. On opening the ‘*Traethodydd*’

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\* We use the word *mythical*, in its proper historical sense, to denote unconscious shaping of the imagination,

(Tractarian),

(Tractarian), a magazine of some merit, we were surprised to find essays on the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' on the philosophy of Coleridge and of Plato, not to mention interminable discussions of Oxford divinity and other lighter subjects. It would have given us sincere pleasure to have added that the knowledge of the writers had taught them any degree of charity. This influx of fresh thought is even expanding the language; which is evidently growing and enriched daily by the formation of self-evolved words, especially such as denote abstraction and generalisation. This is a circumstance which we would recommend, in passing, to the attention of the parochial clergy.

Nor, again, have such influences been without effect in modifying the character of the people. A certain democratic and litigious tone has been given to the middle and lower classes. Strength of purpose is the usual inheritance of Puritanism. The modern Welshman neither excels in reverence, nor sins by listlessness; but displays rather a marked energy and hardihood of perseverance, with some tendency to be disputatious and pragmatism. The harsher features, however, of the latter element are softened by a warmth of affection which seems natural to the people; and, notwithstanding some allegations now before us, that the habit of dwelling upon privilege rather than duty is unfavourable to a high moral tone, we are inclined to believe that, in transactions between man and man, the conduct of the Welsh is still stamped in general by firmness and fidelity. It requires a long time to break down a national instinct of honesty, and although the principal fault of the lower classes may be a proneness to overvalue devotional excitement and formal scripturalism, yet a certain corrective influence from the Church may prevent these temptations from doing their extreme work.

But the effects of Methodism in Wales were destined to be modified by other agencies, which we need not apologize for saying little of in this place as they have already been discussed at some length in our Journal. (Q. R. vol. lxx. p. 158.) The task of those religious teachers who moulded a primitive race of shepherds and farmers, with many predisposing influences in their favour, had been comparatively easy. But, between 1740 and 1788, the iron-trade of Great Britain quadrupled itself, and within almost the first century of the Methodistic hegira, or by the year 1847, the same trade had increased its Welsh exports alone from nineteen hundred tons to upwards of five hundred thousand; the entire mineral exports of South Wales alone in that year amounting in value to considerably more than seven millions sterling.\*

\* For the whole of these figures, and part of the subsequent picture, we rely upon Sir Thomas Phillips, p. 44 *et seq.*

It is obvious that the immediate effect of such growth was to open new markets for agricultural produce, and by creating new wants, as well as the means of supplying them, it gave an enormous stimulus to the general progress of those parts of the country which it might seem less immediately to affect. But if these advantages were not purchased at too high a price, they were at least attended by serious drawbacks in a moral point of view. What sort of population grew up in consequence of that trade may be seen vividly described in various Reports of Commissions upon Mines and Collieries, as well as that upon the State of Education in Wales. Sir Thomas Phillips protests against the description given in the last as over-coloured; and Mr. Tremeneere points out several distinctions in favour of the Welsh mining districts, as compared with some others in the kingdom. The state of their houses and their personal habits, he tells us, show greater cleanliness, and their observance of Sunday is more orderly, while their dissipation lies in the use of beer rather than of ardent spirits. Yet, speaking generally, these fields of iron and soot, which have become workshops of Mammon, differ only in detail or degree. Ill trained by parent, seldom warned by priest, and little cared for by employer, yet enjoying wages which place sensual gratification within reach of an unspiritualised nature, these men are found precisely in that state most calculated to break down the moral being and to throw back humanity into barbarism. If such elements of corruption had been insufficient, the constant migration into the coal and iron districts of shoals of the least settled characters from all parts of the country would supply any lack of evil. Out of 130,000 persons in the mining portions of Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, nearly 60,000 are not natives of either county. The native Cymry protest with reason against any estimate of the national character which may be formed upon inference from such an heterogeneous population. Yet there the mass of evil and danger exists. The atmosphere is one of smoke and the district of grime—‘the people are savage in manner, and mimic the repulsive rudeness of those in authority over them.’\* The public opinion which pervades such masses is formed neither by the press nor the pulpit: but by the laugh of the dissolute, mingled with the pining of occasional want, and the ravenousness of criminals scarce escaped from the law. This is the way we cherish the image of God. Yet one book of a higher kind is the subject of lectures amid the colliers in the neighbourhood of Newport, as well as among the students of the University of Cambridge. Sir Thomas Phillips heard, in 1839, the theory of

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\* Part II. of ‘Education Report.’

property laid down in Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' inculcated by men of rude eloquence upon their hearers, with applications and inferences little contemplated by the Archdeacon of Carlisle. The keen logic of uneasy toil is somewhat different from that of literary leisure. Thus, as the Roman empire saw hordes of barbarians lowering over its luxurious decay, Great Britain cherishes in her own territory intestine vultures already flocking to the carcase of order and civilisation. Unfortunately it has happened that the districts, where these elements of trouble have most largely developed themselves, are precisely those where the Church is in a great measure crippled, not so much by natural poverty, as by the sacrilege of her nominal friends. A melancholy list of rich impropriations and poor vicarages, with churches ruined and schools neglected, in parishes of formidable extent, belongs to the statistics alike of the sees of Landaff and St. David. The Archdeacon of the former see asserts in his charge, that at Merthyr Tydvil there is church-room for about a tenth, and at Aberdare for not quite a thirtieth of the resident population. Nor is the mere building of a stray church in the moral wilderness an adequate remedy. It is *men*, said the wise Greek, *who make the city*. Where the great mass of the popular zeal has been directed into a different channel, and churches have no tolerable endowment either to repay a learned education or to counterbalance the stirring temptations of life in more favoured scenes, how shall we find the Griffith Jones, or the Joseph Milner, to stand between ignorance and crime and to stay the plague? Even in North Wales, where the Church has been less despoiled of her revenues, the modern cradles of mineral and manufacturing wealth present similar phenomena. Yet the quarrymen of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire are comparatively a respectable set of men; not, indeed, Churchmen, and not highly enlightened, but generally Christian and intelligent, with many of the comforts which depend upon high wages, and not only reading, but in some cases contributing to a literature of their own. The quarries, in which they work, certainly rank among the wonders of the kingdom, and may fairly divide with the Britannia tube the attention of the tourist. The accounts which we have heard given of the men's habits by the teachers, in whom they place most confidence, show room for improvement; but are far from inspiring us with the same uneasiness as the state of corresponding districts in South Wales.

It is here, then, that our Welsh friends experience the difficulties of Dissent. Here was a fair field for the spiritual descendants of Daniel Rowlands to justify their principles by their results. A single street in Bryn Mawr, or Merthyr Tydvil, with a row of happy and orderly homes, would have been a more important trophy

trophy than records of the most glowing emotion kindled by transient eloquence, or the most confident explanation either of the mysterious being or the unsearchable counsels of the Most High. We should even have considered it a better test of religion than chapels freed from debt or the parade of teetotal processions. It cannot, indeed, be alleged that the persons alluded to have not made some such attempt as we suggest: their square meeting-houses with conventicular-headed windows, and some text of Scripture presumptuously applied, rise by the side of the tall chimney and at the mouth of the mountain coal-pit. Considerable merit should be allowed to their Sunday-schools, which, though imperfect in their teaching and deficient in mental and spiritual exercise, have doubtless in many localities proved to a certain extent useful in communicating religious instruction. They are thronged by large numbers both of children and adults, who are formed into classes, and entrusted to teachers, the most distinguished for zeal and ability. Nor do these form the most attractive part of their exhibition. The preacher, generally wrapt in an ample cloak, and riding on a small pony, may be seen, as he approaches, attended by swart admirers, who nevertheless require the occasional stimulus of a 'gifted man' from a distance. We will not disparage his eloquence; it commences low and affects argument, then rises in a sort of climax or peculiar *gamut* to the highest notes of his voice. We have thus an ingenious blending of the synagogue with the theatre. All are on tiptoe \* to catch a glimpse of some favourite orator. The same multitude, who either would not enter church or were utterly uninterested by the service as they generally find it performed, here sing and groan in vehement chorus. Roused to emotion rather than patient of discipline, and stimulated by assurance of election rather than urged to work out their salvation, as well as enjoying occasional insinuations against whatever is established in Church or State, they hum a sort of grim applause, and go forth, in too many cases, to work some pleasant sin. Thus they tread 'paths to heaven,' which, there is some reason to fear, may possibly lead to a different terminus. We are, indeed, very far from saying that such a worship interposes *no* check to evil, or that the Word returns altogether empty; but we ask in sorrow, Is the check an adequate one? John Elias may have left among his successors many as good subjects as he was himself; but would the favorite Boanerges of any chapel in South Wales have dared to denounce Chartism? Would not his stipend be in danger, if, by an inopportune quotation from St. James, he were to run counter to the tradition of his sect? May not the character of the most

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\* 'Life of Elias,' p. 148.

popular



popular preaching be inferred from a complaint, which we find in page 56 of *Drych yr Amseroedd*, that the old heathens of the church, before the time of Daniel Rowlands, used to say as they plodded homeward, 'That was a good sermon to-day, if we could but practise half of it?' Does the saying imply such utterly legal blindness as the author quoting it imagines—or might it not be profitably repeated by our modern revivers of the *Evangile*?

However deplorable immorality may be elsewhere, it assumes a more offensive aspect when found in combination with high spiritual pretensions. It can scarcely, therefore, be matter for surprise, that persons who contrast all that they hear professed with all that they find practised in the Principality, should sometimes indulge in denunciations of too sweeping a cast. Descriptions, which would be strongly worded of the worst districts, have been made to comprehend the whole country. Charges have been brought forward of a harsher character than we care to repeat. We do not subscribe to them. It seems to be forgotten that some amount of inconsistency is too universal among mankind to be the one sufficient reason for inferring hypocrisy. The truth is, probably, not that the professors of Methodism in the Principality are much worse than other men: but that they profess to be much better and are not. Some allowance must be made for the inherent defects of their system, and possibly also some for a natural enthusiasm in the Cimbric temperament. To lay much stress upon the last consideration would require a stronger belief than we profess in the very doubtful generalizations of ethnology; yet it was wisely said by Mahomet, 'If it had pleased God to make all men alike, he could have done so; but as it is, he has made them different.'

When the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Education went down into the Principality, they appear to have given too easy credence to representations made in a spirit of mutual antagonism. The Dissenter thought the Church heathenish or popish, and the Churchman thought the Dissenter vicious; the ill-employed barrister imagined that a people who contribute so little to the maintenance of criminal lawyers must have some latent vice to account for such a peculiarity;\* while the lover of English undefiled was unable to conceive of a people speaking a different language, as having any expression of intellect or medium of instruction. The verdict of the Commissioners would certainly have had more weight—perhaps it might have been a different finding—if they had *themselves* been able to converse in their own tongue with the men and children whom they examined. John Styles, at least, would cut a bad

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\* Sir T. Phillips, p. 77.

figure,

figure, if examined in French, even after a year's schooling at Stratford-le-Bow.

We are not about to lend any countenance to the ridiculous supposition that gentlemen of the rank and character of these Commissioners would have condescended to anything like intentional misrepresentation. Yet, unfortunately, there does appear a certain colouring in the Report, which has not suited the peculiar vision of any among the parties who are delineated. We are inclined to attribute some features, which savour of exaggeration, to causes above suggested, and some to a preconception that they were to find a certain state of things, which accordingly they found.\* The latter influence perhaps operates generally on compilers of blue-books; and, if it were otherwise, the Whig system of multiplying commissions would come to an untimely end. The result, at least in the present case, is not absolutely satisfactory. The Commissioners seem to have relied too much upon hearsay, a species of evidence which they could themselves only glean from that section of the population which is familiar with English.† In our own opinion, which is formed upon some comparison of various sources of information, their Report is about as correct a picture of the Principality as one of England would be, compiled by a French writer on statistics, from speeches of Mr. Cobden on the aristocracy, and descriptions of our manufacturers by Mr. Ferrand. Both would be founded on facts: but on facts so dressed that their most intimate friends no longer recognize them. One thing is certain: if the Arabian Nights had been bound in blue paper, and transmitted into Wales as a faithful description of the people, they would hardly have excited more general astonishment. A host of scribes and orators rushed forward to the rescue. Of the publications which appeared on the occasion the most amusing was by the Dean of Bangor, the cleverest by a writer calling himself Artegall, and far the most important by Sir Thomas Phillips. This gentleman, who is not more known by his gallant and successful resistance to a dangerous outbreak in 1839 than by his active exertions in the cause of education, has taken the opportunity of publishing a volume, which is a perfect encyclopædia of trustworthy information on all subjects connected with the religious and educational state of his country. His book is more valuable, though his case is less striking, because he evidently conceals nothing, and often rises from the

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\* The instruction given them, to look out in Wales for *pagan influences*, seems an instance of foregone conclusions of a curious kind.

† In Cardiganshire, the stronghold probably of the Welsh language, we find that only 3000 persons out of 68,766 speak English. We have no such precise data before us as to the rest of Wales.

zeal of an advocate to the impartiality of a judge. It would, indeed, be easy for the gentlemen, whom in one or two chapters of his work he assails, to justify, by quotations from his pages, a considerable portion of the details, though certainly not the breadth of statement or general spirit which mark their Report.

There are two points on which Sir Thomas appears to us eminently successful, and his success depends upon a simple appeal to authentic figures. He goes largely into the sad statistics of perjury and violent crime, taking care to distinguish the two mining counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth. In these two we find more criminal convictions than in the eleven remaining counties of Wales; while in the whole of Wales we still find the ratio of crime to population not quite half that of England, and in the eleven more primitive counties it is less than one-third. On the other hand, the number of persons convicted in Wales is about eight per cent. less in proportion to those committed for trial than is the case in England; and various considerations, of which the most important is the probability of error arising from two languages, are adduced to show that this result is not caused by perjury, or unwillingness to convict:—

‘Jurors may not understand the speeches of the counsel, or the charge of the judge; and therefore it is peculiarly unfair to impute to them corruption and a forgetfulness of their oath, whenever they may give an erroneous verdict. It might, indeed, be expected that, under such circumstances, increasing the proverbial uncertainty of jury-trials, verdicts would often be given against the weight of evidence; but this is not found to occur more frequently in Wales than at assizes in English counties. Again, witnesses who have an imperfect knowledge of English, and who therefore desire to give evidence in their native tongue, are suspected, without reason, of feigning inability to speak English in order to gain time to pervert the truth. Judges have been known to compel such men to give evidence in broken English, without feeling the hardship and possible injustice; of which they would be acutely sensible if, in a foreign land, they were themselves compelled to give evidence on oath in a foreign tongue, which they might understand well, yet speak imperfectly.’—*Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 78–79.

Upon the delicate subject of chastity we must refer to the abundant illustration furnished by the book before us.\* We are not compiling a blue-book. It does, however, appear, if any reliance can be placed on figures in such matters, that the Cambrian fair have been unduly aspersed, and deserve a verdict of at least comparative acquittal from the charges which in more places than one have been alleged against their pure fame. The

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\* *Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 67, 68.

Education Commissioners certainly owe them an apology; and to have erred, as they apparently did err, in a matter of such importance may justify stronger censure than we have thought it necessary to repeat. On the other hand, we hesitate to allow, what seems implied by Sir Thomas (p. 68), that the use of the English language in Radnorshire has produced in that county a peculiar aptness to tender frailty: nor perhaps is the ratio of crime to mere population a complete test of morality unless we also know its ratio as regards property. In wealthy and commercial countries there is more temptation to fraud and theft than in those stages of society which are less removed from the pastoral. Still it is by tests of this kind, which are reducible to figures, rather than by hearsay gossip, that the character of a people must after all be practically determined.

Those portions of the work, so creditable on the whole to Sir Thomas Phillips, which suggest various remedies for existing evils, deserve serious consideration from all persons to whom duty or affection make the welfare of the Principality a matter of interest—for, after all deductions from exaggerated statement, and all reasonable concession to sensitive patriotism, it must be allowed that many circumstances in the state of the people call for treatment of a remedial kind. We admire the vigour and character which have enabled a nation of peasantry (for the higher classes may here be set aside) to develop a hierarchy and literature of their own. Yet may not such a display have been purchased by the sacrifice of a sounder system and of blessings more likely to be permanent? The sword, by which the Prince of Peace would sever his Church from the world, was never meant to set asunder high and low: even if the organization of voluntaryism were more effective among its adherents than appears to be the case, it would be no slight evil for the sympathies which should unite rich and poor in the house of their Heavenly Father, to be abruptly dissociated, and for the natural framework of a country to be, as it were, bisected into classes of diverse religion. However genuine may be the purely religious element of thought in the humbler frequenter of the meeting-house, he is withdrawn from many humanizing influences, and is tempted easily to acquiesce in misrepresentation of those superiors, whose kind intentions he has so little opportunity of learning by intercourse. Add the hardening effect of self-indulgent luxury upon one class, and the constant danger of passion couching itself in Scriptural language among the other, and we divine how religion may be no longer the cord to bind, or the salt to purify, but the principle of discord to shiver society. There must be some—we do not doubt there are many—among the living teachers of Methodism and Dissent, who are quite

quite capable of feeling the force of such considerations. With such men invective would be misplaced. We would rather remind them of the spirit professed by the masters and predecessors, whose principles they believe themselves to inherit. If their object was to awaken, the Church has been thoroughly awakened; if to reform, she is in great measure at least reformed; if they desired to strengthen, the inadequate though gigantic strength with which she girds herself daily to her superhuman task of regenerating our huge masses of domestic barbarism invites them to come in and help her. Have they any prayers better calculated to cherish their devotion than the Liturgy which first called it into life? They believe that their sect had its origin in a protest against the profaneness of a latitudinarian age. We admit there are some reasons for that belief; but we contend that no impartial person will study the history which we have been sketching, and not conclude that those reasons have been much exaggerated. Were not, after all, the two principal faults of those old heathens of the Church, drinking and sabbath-breaking? Serious faults, it must be confessed; but one the universal fault of the age, and the other an error which admits of an opposite extreme. Has not Wales purchased her deliverance from these evils at a costly and unnecessary price? Has the improvement on these two points been accompanied by such a general tone of moral excellence, as might have been expected from a movement supposed to be especially blest by heaven? We have no disposition to magnify what evil may exist, nor to accept as evidence the loose sayings of recrimination interchanged in a sectarian spirit. But the men to whom we allude shall be themselves our judges. We appeal—not only to the shade of John Elias, whose old age complained of the decay of sound preachers, and the increase of sin, and of God hiding his face—but to the estimate which the most Christian-minded among themselves at this day would form of their own congregations.

Do they find truth and honesty of mind, with all other Christian graces, flourish and abound? or does the strong religious meat which they supply rather fail to nourish their hearers in those qualities which the heathen called virtues, and with which the Christian cannot dispense? Is not even the aggressive temper, which an increasing section of their body has of late years shown against the Church, a sufficient indication that something is wrong in themselves? Wherever the house of prayer is turned into a nursery of sedition, or a theatre of declamation against all government and all old truth, there needs no audible voice, '*Let us go hence;*' we recognise the unmistakeable sign of the good spirit departing. We are here only saying what their own teachers in their best days would have said. Perhaps, indeed, the connection  
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between their beginning and their present state is more intimate than we should have gathered otherwise than from experience. Even the characteristic strength of their best men seems partly to have depended upon blazoning abroad those deep secrets of the religious heart, which many others have experienced without asking for their expression any other ear than that of their Heavenly Father. Such a habit, aided by the eloquence of such preachers as Bacon calls 'vehement and zealous persuaders, and not scholastical,' not only protested vigorously against the faults of the age, but fired vast multitudes with a religious impulse, which is supposed to have been necessarily of heaven. So far as the moral results justify such an inference, we have no objection to it; but if it depends in any degree upon assemblies moved to tears, or strong men shaken by agitation of conscience, we must remark, that in many ages and countries similar exhibitions have taken place without the aid of any form of Christianity. In India and Phrygia, at the old village festivals of Egypt, and amid the Mahometan pilgrimages to Mecca, not to mention the more singular tribes which have recently been described by Mr. Layard, the same passionate out-pouring of human devotion may be traced. Especially it strikes us among the Donatists of Africa. It results in part from too keen a desire to commune with the Deity otherwise than in his acknowledged attributes. The physical and the spiritual act upon each other, until they are almost inextricably blended. Yet the very sincerity and fervour of such feelings, especially when working upon the facts and doctrines of a true revelation, are capable for a time of producing enormous effects. They work, as it were, with the strength of fever. It is when the first love cools, and only the habit of extravagances which spring from it survives, that we learn how incompetent are such human outbreaks to work the righteousness of heaven. There may be such a thing as congealed fanaticism. Its better spirit fled, its residue may be only injurious in standing aloof from that communion and instrumentality which Divine Providence had given it as aids to work with. Can, after all, a 'gifted' cobbler work a parish? How many hours can he spend daily in his school, or in visiting from house to house? Can a constant succession of men be expected, even among the regular teachers, with such fervour of devotion and constancy of faith as to supersede the use of sound prayers or the necessity of fixed articles? If their strength could rise above the Litany, would not their weakness fall immeasurably below it? Where are already those old Presbyterian congregations of which we read as formerly existing in Wales? Does even a relic of them remain? Into how many errors have their descendants degenerated? It must therefore be a subject for

for grave inquiry whether the masses of our Welsh population, under their present instructors, are practically good Christians, and will they long remain good subjects? May not the present religious aspect of the Principality be received as a proof that the doctrine and organization given by our Lord and his Apostles to his Church are best calculated to imbue men's minds with such well-grounded principles as are emphatically the salt of the earth? To adopt the language of our friends, may not *Tekel* here be written after *Upharsin*? Have not religious division and its fruits been tried in the balance, and been found wanting? It availed to throw a certain fervour into an hereditary reverence which it found existing; but it has not strength to perpetuate that reverence as a principle of moral action from generation to generation. Yet, if all these were absorbed to-morrow in the Church, are her resources in Wales in any degree adequate to the work before her? Can she now either mitigate the evil they have done, or supply the good which they have left undone? We pause for any satisfactory answer to these inquiries.

ART. II.—1. *Recherches Medico-légales sur l'incertitude des signes de la mort, les dangers des inhumations précipitées, les moyens de constater les décès et de rappeler à la vie ceux qui sont en état de mort apparente.* Par M. Julia de Fontenelle. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

2. *The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.* Part VIII. Art. 'Death.' By J. A. Symonds, M.D. London. 1836.

3. *Recherches Physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* Par Zav. Bichat. Cinquième édition, revue et augmentée de notes pour la deuxième fois par F. Magendie. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

IT was the opinion of Addison that nothing in history was so imposing, nothing so pleasing and affecting, as the accounts of the behaviour of eminent persons in their dying hour. Montaigne before him had given expression to the same sentiment. Of all the passages in the annals of mankind, those, he said, which attracted and delighted him most, were the words and gestures of departing men. 'If,' he adds, 'I were a maker of books, I would compile a register, with comments, of various Deaths, for he who should teach men to die would teach them to live.' The register would not be difficult to supply. The commentary is a loss—rich as it would have been in the reflections of a shrewd and thoughtful mind, fearless in its confessions, holding up its feelings, in their weakness and their strength, as a mirror in which the readers might behold themselves. But Montaigne, who merely gives a formal

formal adhesion to Christianity, and too generally draws both precept and practice from the code of Epicurus, was not the person to teach others to live or die. He had realised beyond most men the terror of death, studied it incessantly in all its aspects, and done his best to steel himself against the stroke; but the resources of religion are scarcely dreamt of in his philosophy of mortality. He treats the question almost like a heathen, raises more misgivings than he removes, and does less to reform the careless and encourage the timid than to offend the pious and disturb the peaceful. He seldom, indeed, touches upon a sacred subject without leaving us in doubt whether he is in earnest or in jest. He seems, in his bantering way, to be striking with one hand while he affects to support with the other; and his attack, though far from formidable, is more powerful than his defence. He would have been an eminent teacher in Greece or Rome, but was no ways fitted to be a master in Christendom. Two or three of Montaigne's countrymen have since attempted to carry out his conception: but not inheriting his genius with his project, their works are said to be meagre and vapid. More worthless they could not be than the similar compilations which have been published in English; a page from a parish-register would be nearly as edifying.

Addison and Montaigne, in their speculations upon Death, had chiefly in view the *mental* feelings. The physical part of the question had only been treated in detached fragments until Bichat endeavoured to give a connected view of those changes in the system which are immediately concerned in the extinction of life. Even this was only a single branch of an extensive subject; and, far from exhausting it, the state of knowledge obliged him to rest content with a general outline—but it was an outline drawn with a master's hand. A more beautiful piece of scientific writing could nowhere be found—none more lucid in arrangement, more clear, simple, and concise in style. He had to deal with a mass of tangled threads, and wove them into a vivid and harmonious pattern. A disposition to fanciful system is the principal defect of the celebrated '*Researches on Life and Death*,' which will continue a classic, when, by the progress of discovery, it has ceased to be an authority. Since Bichat led the way, numerous writers have followed in his track—extended his experiments, corrected his errors, and modified his theories. The knowledge is confined at present to professional works which few besides professional men are likely to read, and is too much bound up with general physiology to permit us to enter at large upon the question. What Bichat imperfectly discussed in a volume, we must dismiss in a page. A summary of the newest



and best information will be found in the able and philosophical Principles of Medicine by Dr. Williams, or in the Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine by Dr. Watson—a work upon which his own craft have set the seal of their highest approbation, and which it may interest others to be told is not a dry detail of symptoms and remedies, but a luminous account of disease, which he has had the art to make as entertaining as instructive. It was not consistent with the plan of Dr. Williams or Dr. Watson to write a formal treatise upon death. This was done by Dr. Symonds—whose admirable article in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, though a condensed, is the most comprehensive description with which we are acquainted. The entire physical phenomena of natural death are passed in review; the results of original observation are combined with the researches of others; and some portions of the subject, such as the signs of dying, are more elaborately treated than anywhere else. Addressed to medical men, it presumes a degree of acquaintance with their science; yet two-thirds of the essay could hardly be more attractive to general readers if it had been penned for their use. General readers, however, are less inquisitive on the matter than their deep concern in it might lead us to expect, or it would not be confined to the domain of the physician. Addison assumed that the interest was as universal as the lot; but though

*Death only is the fate which none can miss,*

another poet has said with almost equal truth that

*All men think all men mortal but themselves.*

Most feel about it much the same as did Justice Shallow:—‘The mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!’ *Silence.* We shall all follow, cousin! *Shallow.* Certain, ’tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?’ He moralises mechanically upon death, pays it parenthetically the tribute due to an indisputable truth—but the price of oxen has not the less of his thoughts. We persist in thinking death distant because the date is doubtful, and remain unconcerned spectators until we are summoned to be actors in the scene.

Yet, however little the majority of men may be tempted to originate inquiry, there can hardly be many to whom an account of the mental and corporal sensations which attend upon death can be a matter of indifference when brought before their eyes. Father Bridaine, a French itinerant of the last century, who

who in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home,—and putting himself at their head, conducted them to the house appointed for all living—a neighbouring churchyard. We deeply feel that we are in many respects little qualified for the subject which we venture to take up: there is in it, however, a mysterious awfulness which may probably carry on our readers in spite of our imperfections. But the profit will be to those who remember, as they read, that we describe or attempt to describe the road which they themselves must travel, and, like Bridaine, are conducting them to their home.

John Hunter called the blood the moving material of life. Elaborated from the food we eat, it carries nutriment and stimulus to every part of the body; and while in its progress it replenishes the waste going on in the frame, it receives and throws off much of the effete and worn-out matter which would otherwise clog and encumber the machinery. The moment the blood is reduced below a certain standard, the functions languish; the moment it is restored, the functions revive. The brain, in general bleeding, is the first to feel the loss; and a mere change of position, by affecting the amount of blood in the head, will make the difference between unconsciousness and sense. Where the object is to bring down the circulation to the lowest point, the safeguard against carrying the depletion too far is to make the patient sit up; and when faintness ensues, sensibility returns by laying him backwards, which immediately sends a current of blood to the brain. The effect of the circulation on a limb is seen in the operation for an aneurism of the leg—a disease in which the artery, unable to resist the force of the blood, continues to distend, until, if left to itself, it usually bursts, and the patient bleeds to death. To prevent this result, the main artery itself is often tied above the tumour, and thus the blood is stopped short of the place where it was gradually working a fatal outlet. The lower part of the leg, cut off from its supply, at once turns cold, and, unless nature were ready with a new provision, would quickly perish; but if, by the disease, man is shown to be fearfully, the remedial contrivance proves him wonderfully made. The trunk artery sends out numerous tributaries, which again rejoin it further on in its course, and those above the aneurism gradually dilate to receive the obstructed circulation, and, carrying it past the break in the channel, restore warmth and vigour to the drooping limb. What is true of the leg and brain is true of every  
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every portion of the body. Not an organ can subsist deprived of a due and healthy circulation ; and when the blood is brought to a stand in its career, or is in a particular degree deficient in quantity or corrupted in quality, then is death inevitable. 'We are born,' says Seneca, 'by a single method—we die by many.' But though mortal diseases are legion in their seat and nature, they may all be resolved into the destruction of the circulation, like the radii of a circle which come from an infinity of directions and meet in a point.

The heart is the agent for propelling the blood. It acts the part of a pump to the system, plays without our aid at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour, and sometimes continues in operation a century ; but no organ, however marvellous in its construction and performances, can be beyond reach of injury and disease in a body created mortal by design. The heart is the seat of numerous disorders which destroy its power of contraction and expansion, and when its action ceases the blood must stop ; but extreme cases are the clearest illustration of principles, and the effects of arresting its pulsations are seen best when the event is sudden. This is no uncommon occurrence. The passions of rage, joy, grief, and fear make themselves felt in the centre of circulation ; and these all have the power, when intense, to paralyse the heart in a moment, or even to burst it by the agitation they create. A lady, overjoyed to hear that her son had returned from India, died with the news in her ears ; another, prostrate with grief at parting with a son who was bound for Turkey, expired in the attempt to bid him farewell. Physical causes, in like manner, put an immediate and lasting stop to the heart. It may be done by a blow on the stomach, by the fall from a height, by too violent an exertion.

The lungs are no less essential to the circulation. The entire blood of the system passes along their innumerable vessels on its return to the heart, and ejecting through the pores the foul matter collected in its circuit, receives in exchange a fresh supply of air. The process is stopped in drowning, when there is no oxygen from without to inhale ; in hanging, when the communication is cut off with the lungs ; in the morbid effusions which prevent the air from reaching the blood ; in the pressure which holds down the chest and abdomen and will not permit them to play ; and in injuries of the portion of the spinal cord whence the nerves are derived by which the muscular movements of respiration are sustained. A vast variety of accidents and diseases operate in one or other of these ways, and with the uniform consequence that the unpurified blood becomes stagnant in the lungs and stops the  
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road. Breathing is indispensable to life, because the blood will barely move an inch without it; and though it did, would carry corruption in its round instead of sustenance and health.

The brain is the centre of nervous power, and without its agency we are unable to think, move, or feel; but the immediate effect of mortal injuries is to paralyse the action of the heart or the lungs. The apoplexies in which the blood escapes with force into the brain, and breaks up its substance, kill through the first; the congestion which is less violent acts by impeding, and ultimately arresting, the movements of the last. In either case the circulation stops, and with it life. Whatever is the locality of a disease, the heart and lungs are either implicated themselves, or through the nerves and brain; and in the majority of disorders the whole are enfeebled together, till it is difficult to determine which is failing most. In some diseases the blood itself is utterly corrupted, and every organ it touches feels its deadly influence. In others, the stomach is incapable of discharging its office, and the fountain is dried up which replenished the stream. The original stock, depositing its vitality as it goes, gets smaller and smaller every round. Soon the waste in the system exceeds the supply; the decaying parts drop away, and no new matter takes their place; the whole frame dwindles and languishes, and the organs, every instant feebler in their action, become finally motionless.

Rarely is there seen a case of death from pure old age. In those who live longest, some disease is usually developed which lays the axe to the root of the tree; but occasionally the body wears itself out, and, without a malady or a pain, sinks by a slow and unperceived decay. All the aged approximate to the condition, and show the nature of the process. The organs have less life, the functions less vigour; the sight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse; the limbs lose their suppleness, the motions their freedom, and, without local disorder or general disturbance, it is everywhere plain that vitality is receding. The old are often indolent from natural disposition; they are slow in their movements by a physical necessity. With the strength enfeebled, the bones brittle, the ligaments rigid, the muscles weak, feats of activity are no longer possible. The limbs which bent in youth would break in age. Bentley used to say he was like his battered trunk, which held together if left to itself, and would fall to pieces with the jolts and rough usage of better days. Lord Chesterfield, in his decrepitude, was unable to support the rapid motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said, in allusion to the foot's pace at which he crept along, 'I am now going.

going to the rehearsal of my funeral.' The expression was one of many which showed that his mind had not participated in the decay of his body; but even with men less remarkable it is common for the intellect to remain unbroken amidst surrounding infirmity. The memory alone seldom escapes. Events long gone by retain their hold—passing incidents excite a feeble interest, and are instantly forgotten. The brain, like a mould that has set, keeps the old impressions, and can take no new ones. Living rather in the past than the present, the aged naturally love to reproduce it, and grow more narrative than is always entertaining to younger ears; yet without the smallest sense of weariness, they can sit for hours silent and unemployed, for feebleness renders repose delightful, and they need no other allurements in existence than to feel that they exist. Past recollections themselves are sometimes erased. Fontenelle—not the author on our present list—outlived the knowledge of his writings, but the winter which destroyed his memory allowed his wit to flourish with the freshness of spring. He could mark and estimate his growing infirmities, and make them the subject of lively sayings. 'I am about,' he remarked, 'to decamp, and have sent the heavy baggage on before.' When Brydone's family read him his admirable *Travels in Sicily*, he was quite unconscious that his own eyes had beheld the scenes, and his own lively pen described them; but he comprehended what he heard, thought it amusing, and wondered if it was true!

Next the body relapses into helplessness, the mind into vacancy—and this is the second childhood of man—an expression upon which some physiologists have built fanciful analogies, as if infancy and age, like the rising and setting sun, were the same unaltered object in opposite parts of the horizon. But there is little more resemblance than in the vegetable world between immaturity and rottenness. Sir Walter Scott, when growing infirmities made him speak of himself playfully as coming round to the starting-point of the circle, said he wished he could cut a new set of teeth. The remark touched the distinction between the morning and evening of life. Age and infancy are both toothless, but the teeth of the former are coming, the teeth of the latter are gone—the one is awakening to a world upon which the other is closing its eyes. The two portraits are in perfect contrast. Here activity, there torpor—here curiosity, there listlessness—here the prattle of dawning intelligence, there the babbling of expiring dotage. Decrepitude which has sunk into imbecility must be endeared by past recollections to be loved. But to despise it is an insult to human nature,

nature, and to pity it on its own account, wasted sympathy. Paley rightly asserted that happiness was with dozing old age in its easy chair, as well as with youth in the pride and exuberance of life, and if its feelings are less buoyant they are more placid. To die piecemeal carries with it a frightful sound, until we learn by observation that of all destroyers time is the gentlest. The organs degenerate without pain, and, dwindling together, a perfect harmony is kept up in the system. Digestion languishes, the blood diminishes, the heart beats slower, and by imperceptible gradations they reach at last their lowest term. Drowsiness increases with the decline of the powers—life passes into sleep, sleep into death. De Moivre, the master of calculation, spent at eighty twenty hours of the twenty-four in slumber, until he fell asleep and awoke no more. His was a natural death unaccompanied by disease, and, though this is uncommon, yet disease itself lays a softer hand upon the aged than the young, as a tottering ruin is easier overthrown than a tower in its strength.

The first symptom of approaching death with some is the strong presentiment that they are about to die. Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils from the feeling that he was on the eve of resting from his labours, and he expired soon after of an apoplectic stroke. Flechier, the divine, had a dream which shadowed out his impending dissolution, and, believing it to be the merciful warning of heaven, he sent for a sculptor and ordered his tomb. 'Begin your work forthwith,' he said at parting; 'there is no time to lose;' and unless the artist had obeyed the admonition, death would have proved the quicker workman of the two. Mozart wrote his Requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his own remains. When life was flitting fast, he called for the score, and, musing over it, said, 'Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself I composed this death-chant?' Another great artist, in a different department, convinced that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied, 'The end of all things.' 'In that case,' rejoined one of the number, 'there will be an end of the painter.' What was uttered in jest he answered in earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh: 'There will,' he said—'and therefore the sooner my work is done the better.' He commenced next day, laboured upon it with unintermitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said, 'I have finished.' The print

print was published in March under the title of 'Finis,' and in October 'the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face' were closed in dust. Our ancestors, who were prone to look into the air for causes which were to be found upon earth, ascribed these intimations to supernatural agency. It was conjectured that the guardian genius, who was supposed to attend upon man, infused into his mind a friendly though gloomy foreboding, or more distinctly prefigured to him his end by a vision of the night. John Hunter has solved the mystery, if mystery it can be called, in a single sentence: 'We sometimes,' he says, 'feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain.' His own case has often been quoted among the marvels of which he afforded the rational explanation. He intimated on leaving home that if a discussion, which awaited him at the Hospital, took an angry turn, it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie; the coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. There was everything to lament in the circumstance, but nothing at which to wonder, except that any individual could show such disrespect to the great genius, a single year of whose existence was worth the united lives of his opponents. Hunter, in uttering the prediction, had only to take counsel of his own experience without the intervention of invisible spirits. He had long laboured under a disease of the heart, and he felt the disorder had reached the point at which any sharp agitation would bring on the crisis. A memorable instance of the weakness which accompanies the greatness of man when an abusive appellation could extinguish one of the brightest lights that ever illumined science. No discoverer has left more varied titles to fame, and none has given more abundant evidence that he would have added to the number the longer he lived, for his mind teemed with original ideas, and fast as one crop was cleared away another sprang up.

Circumstances which at another time would excite no attention are accepted for an omen when health is failing. The order for the Requiem with Mozart, the dream with Flechier, turned the current of their thoughts to the grave. The death of a contemporary, which raises no fears in the young and vigorous, is often regarded by the old and feeble as a summons to themselves. Foote, prior to his departure for the Continent, stood contemplating the portrait of a brother-actor, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, 'Poor Weston!' In the same dejected tone he added, after a pause, 'Soon others shall say, Poor Foote!'—and, to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice  
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of the prognostication. The expectation of the event has a share in producing it, for a slight shock completes the destruction of prostrate energies. Many an idle belief in superstitious times lent a stimulus to disease, and pushed into the grave those who happened to be trembling on its brink. Kings and princes took the shows of the skies for their particular share. Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., when sick of a fever saw, or fancied she saw, a comet. 'Ha!' she exclaimed, 'there is an omen which appears not for people of low degree: God sends it for us great. Shut the window; it announces my death; I must prepare.' Her physicians assured her she was not in a dying state. 'Unless,' she replied, 'I had seen the sign of my death I should have said the same, for I do not myself feel that I am sinking.' She sank, however, from that time, and died in three days. Confidence in the physician is proverbially said to be half the cure, because it keeps up hope, and lends to the body the support of the mind; but when despair co-operates with the distemper, they re-act upon one other, and a curable complaint is easily converted into a mortal disease. The case of Wolsey was more singular. The morning before he died he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight. 'Eight of the clock,' replied Wolsey, 'that cannot be,—eight of the clock, eight of the clock,—nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master.' The day he miscalculated,—the hour came true. On the following morning as the clock struck eight his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had a revelation of the time of his death, and, from the way in which the fact had taken possession of his mind, we suspect that he relied upon some astrological prediction which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem.

Persons in health have died from the expectation of dying. It was once common for those who perished by violence to summon their destroyers to appear within a stated time before the tribunal of God; and we have many perfectly attested instances in which, through the united influence of fear and remorse, the perpetrators withered under the curse and died. Pestilence does not kill with the rapidity of terror. The profligate abbeſs of a convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Cleves, and Guise, the profligate Archbishop of Rheims, took it into their heads for a jest to visit one of the nuns by night, and exhort her as a person who was visibly dying. While in the performance of their heartless scheme they whispered to each other 'She is just departing,' she departed in earnest. Her vigour, instead of detecting the trick, sank beneath the alarm, and the



the profane pair discovered in the midst of their sport that they were making merry with a corpse. A condemned gentleman was handed over to some French physicians, who, to try the effects of imagination, told him that it was intended to despatch him by bleeding—the easiest method known to their art. Covering his face with a cloth, they pinched him to counterfeit the prick of the lancet, placed his feet in a bath, as if to encourage the stream, and conversed together on the tragic symptoms supposed to arise. Without the loss of a drop of blood his spirit died within him from the mental impression, and when the veil was raised he had ceased to live. Montaigne tells of a man who was pardoned upon the scaffold, and was found to have expired while awaiting the stroke. Cardinal Richelieu, in the hope to extract a confession from the Chevalier de Jars, had him brought to the block, and though he comported himself with extraordinary courage and cheerfulness, yet when, an instant or two after he had laid down his head, his pardon was announced to him, he was in a state of stupefaction which lasted several minutes. In spite of his apparent indifference to death, there was an anxiety in the pause when he was momentarily expecting the axe to descend, which had all but proved fatal.

When disease passes into dying, the symptoms usually tell the tale to every eye. The half-closed eyes, turned upwards and inwards, sink in their sockets; the balls have a faded, filmy look; the temples and cheeks are hollow, the nose is sharp; the lips hang, and, together with the face, are sometimes pale from the failure of the circulation, and sometimes livid from the dark blood which creeps sluggishly through the veins. Startling likenesses to relations, and the self of former days, are sometimes revealed when the wasting of the flesh has given prominence to the framework of the face. The cold of Death seizes upon the extremities and continues to spread,—a sign of common notoriety from time immemorial, which Chaucer has described in verse, Shakspeare in still more picturesque prose. The very breath strikes chill; the skin is clammy; the voice falters and loses its own familiar tones—grows sharp and thin, or faint and murmuring—or comes with an unearthly muffled sound. The pulse, sometimes previously deceitful, breaks down; is first feebler and then slower; the beats are fitful and broken by pauses; the intervals increase in frequency and duration, and at length it falls to rise no more. The respiration, whether languid or laboured, becomes slow at the close; the death-rattle is heard at every expulsion of air; the lungs, like the pulse, become intermittent in their action; a minute or two may elapse between the efforts  
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to breathe, and then one expiration, which has made 'to expire' synonymous with 'to die,' and the conflict with the body is over.

As an abstract description of man would fit everybody, although forming a portrait of no one, deaths have their individual peculiarities, in which the differences of detail do not affect the likeness of the outline. Many traits are frequent which are far from usual. Some when they are sinking toss the clothes from their chests, and though the attendants, indefatigable in enforcing their own notions of comfort, replace them unceasingly, they are as often thrust back. There must be oppression in the covering or it would not be thrown off, but the patient himself is frequently unconscious, and the act is instinctive, like the casting aside the bed-clothes on a sultry night in the obliviousness of sleep. Others pick at the sheets, or work them between their fingers, which may be done in obedience to an impulse of the nerves, or to excite by friction the sense of touch, which is growing benumbed. We have seen persons among the lower orders burst into tears at witnessing an action which conveyed to their minds a sentence of death. The senses are constantly subject to illusions. The eyes of the dying will conjure up particles which they mistake for realities, and attempt to catch them with their hand, or if they are looking at the bed they suppose them specks upon the clothes, and assiduously endeavour to brush them away. The awful shadow cast by death throws a solemnity over every object within its range, and gives importance to actions that would otherwise be thought too trivial for notice. Ears, soon to be insensible to sound, are often assailed by imaginary noises, which sometimes assume the form of words. Cowper, who was afterwards the thrall of fancied voices, which spoke as his morbid spirit inspired, heard three times, when he hung himself in earlier days, the exclamation 'T is over!' The old idea that the monitor of man summoned him when his final minute had arrived, may easily have been founded upon actual occurrences, and the agent was invented to explain an undoubted and mysterious effect. Shakspeare, who possessed the power to press everything into his service, has recorded the superstition in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

*Hark! you are called: some say the Genius so  
Cries COME! to him that instantly must die!*

The workings of the mind, when taken in connection with the physical weakness, are often prominent among the symptoms of dissolution. Many of the ancients held the *novissima verba* in high esteem. They imagined that the departing imbibed a divine power from that world to which they were bound, and spoke like gods

gods in proportion as they were ceasing to be men. Though the belief is extinct that the prophet's mantle descends upon the shoulders of the dying, there are some who maintain that as the body wanes the mind often shines with increasing lustre. Baxter called a churchyard the market-place where all things are rated at their true value, and those who are approaching it talk of the world, and its vanities, with a wisdom unknown before. But the idea that the capacity of the understanding itself is enlarged—that it acquires new powers and fresh vigour—is due, we conceive, to the emotion of the listeners. The scene impresses the imagination, and the overwrought feelings of the audience colour every word. Disease has more frequently an injurious effect, and the mind is heavy, weakened, or deranged. Of the species of idiocy which ushers in death Mrs. Quickly gives a perfect description in her narrative of Falstaff's end—an unrivalled piece of painting, and deeply pathetic in the midst of its humour: 'After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.' Falstaff, to whom a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity, and whose heart was never open to a rural impression, amusing himself with flowers like a child—Falstaff, the impersonation of intellectual wit, and who kept a sad brow at the jests which moved the mirth of every one besides, regarding his fingers' ends with simpering imbecility—there is an epitome of the melancholy contrasts which are constantly witnessed, and which would be mournful indeed if we did not know that the bare grain is not quickened except it die, and that the stage of decay must precede its springing into newness of life. The intellect of Falstaff has degenerated into silliness, but he knows what he says, and comprehends what he sees. When the sensibility to outward impressions is lost or disordered, and the mind is delirious, the dying dream of their habitual occupations, and construct an imaginary present from the past. Dr. Armstrong departed delivering medical precepts; Napoleon fought some battle o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tête d'armée*; Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at a trial, and expired with, *Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider of your verdict*; Dr. Adam, the author of the 'Roman Antiquities,' imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: *But it grows dark*, he said; *the boys may dismiss*; and instantly died. The physician, soldier, judge, schoolmaster, each had their thoughts on their several professions, and believed themselves engaged in the business of life when life itself was issuing out through their lips. Whether  
such

such words are always an evidence of internal consciousness may admit of a doubt. The mind is capable of pursuing a beaten track without attending to its own operations, and the least impulse will set it going when every other power has fled. De Lagny was asked the square of twelve when he was unable to recognise the friends about his bed, and mechanically answered, *one hundred and forty-four*. Repetitions of poetry are frequent in this condition, and there is usually a want of coherence and intonation which appears to indicate a want of intelligence, and leaves the conviction, expressed by Dr. Symonds, that the understanding is passive. But upon many occasions it is perfectly obvious that the language of the lips is suggested by the mental dream. The idea of Dr. Adam, that it was growing dark, evidently arose from the fading away of the vision, as the thick darkness of death covered his mind and clouded his perceptions. The man himself is his own world, and he lives among the phantoms he has created, as he lived among the actual beings of flesh and blood, with the difference, perhaps, that the feelings, like the picture, are faint and shadowy.

There is a description of dying delirium which resembles drunkenness. Consciousness remains, but not self-control. The individual nature appears in its nakedness, unrelieved by the modifications which interest imposes. A woman, who had combined an insatiable appetite for scandal with the extremest caution in retailing it, fell into this state a few hours before she died. The sluice was opened, and the venom and malice were poured out in a flood. Her tones, which in health were low and mysterious, grew noisy and emphatic—the hints were displaced by the strongest terms the language could afford—and the half-completed sentences, which were formerly left for imagination to fill up, all carried now a tail and a sting. ‘I verily believe,’ said her husband afterwards, ‘that she repeated in that single day every word she had heard against anybody from the time she was a child.’ The concentration of the mind upon the single topic, the variety and distinctness of the portraits, the virulence and energy of the abuse, the indifference to the tears of her children—heart-broken that their mother should pass from the world uttering anathemas against all her acquaintances, living and dead—made a strange and fearful exhibition, one more impressive than a thousand sermons to show the danger of indulging an evil passion.

A fatal malady sometimes appears to make a stop—the patient lives and breathes; and his friends, who had considered him as belonging to another world, are overjoyed that he is once more one of themselves. But it is death come under a mask. The lifting up from the grave is followed by a relapse which brings  
down

down to it again without return. A son of Dr. Beattie lay sick of a fever which suddenly left him: the delirium was succeeded by a complete tranquillity, and the father was congratulating himself on the danger being over, when the physicians informed him truly that the end was at hand. Death from hydrophobia is not seldom preceded by similar appearance of recovery. A victim of this disorder, in which every drop of liquid aggravates the convulsions, and the very sound of its trickling is often insupportable, was found by Dr. Latham in the utmost composure, having drunk a large jug of porter at a draught. The nurse greeted the physician with the exclamation, 'What a wonderful cure!' but in half an hour the man was dead. Sir Henry Hallford had seen four or five cases of inflammation of the brain where the raving was succeeded by a lucid interval—the lucid interval by death. One of these was a gentleman who passed three days in lunatic violence, without an instant's cessation or sleep. He then became rational, settled his affairs, sent messages to his relations, and talked of a sister lately dead, whom he said he should follow immediately, as he did in the course of the night. Many such instances are upon record; and Cervantes must have witnessed something of the kind, or he would not have ventured to restore Don Quixote to reason in his final illness, make him abjure knight-errantry, and die a sensible as he had lived a worthy man; for throughout his adventures he displays a loftiness of principle and a rectitude of purpose which give an elevation to his character, and render him estimable when most ridiculous. Sir Henry Hallford cautioned the younger members of his profession against these appearances, which have often deluded physicians themselves. The medical attendant of Charleval, a French versifier, called out exultingly to a brother of the faculty who entered the room, 'Come and see, the fever is going!' After a moment's observation, the other, more experienced, replied, 'No—it is the patient.' The amendment is not real unless the pulse has improved: the energies of life are otherwise worn out; and either the inertness of the disease proceeds from a want of power to sustain it, or, if it has fairly retired, the system has been too much depressed to rebound. The temporary revival is rarely complete; but a partial intermission, from its comparative ease, creates a considerable change of sensation. Hence the pause in the disorder has received the name of a 'lightening before death'—a removal of the load of pain and stupor by which the patient was previously oppressed. Shakspeare confines the term to the merriment of mind which usually accompanies the relief. Paley has said, and he wrote after many visitations of gout, that the subsidence of pain is a positive pleasure which few enjoyments

enjoyments can exceed. The observation is sometimes strikingly illustrated in surgical operations, when neither the smarting of the wound nor the attendant horrors have the power to disturb the sense of satisfaction which directly ensues. Sir Charles Bell opened the windpipe of a man attacked with spasms of the throat, and who was dying through want of air. The incision closed with the convulsive throbs, and it was necessary to slit out a piece of the cartilage; but when the man, whose face was lately a picture of distress, who streamed with the sweat of suffering, and who toiled and gasped for life, breathed freely through the opening, he fell fast asleep while half a dozen candles threw their glare upon his eyes, and the surgeons, with their hands bathed in his blood, were still at work upon the wound, inserting materials to keep it open. A soldier, struck in the temple at Waterloo with a musket-ball, had his skull sawn through with a trephine by Mr. Cooper, the author of the 'Surgical Dictionary,' and a bone pulled out which had been driven half an inch into the substance of the brain. Nearly lifeless before, he instantly sat up, talked with reason and complacency, and rose and dressed the same day. The transition is little less sudden in the 'lightening before death;' and though the debility is usually too great for exuberance of spirits, there is sometimes a gentle gaiety which would have a contagious charm if it were not the signal of a coming gloom, made a hundred fold more dark by the contrast with the short-lived mirth, never in this world—unless by the tearful eye of memory—to be beheld again.

The moment which converts a sensitive body to inanimate matter is often indistinguishable; but one would hardly think that any who had deliberately contemplated a corpse—icy, stiff, and motionless, with nothing of humanity except the form—could suppose that life might put on the 'borrowed likeness of shrunk death,' and men, who were still of the present world, be consigned by mistake to a living tomb. Yet many persons, especially women, are so haunted with the idea, that they will almost fear to sleep lest they should wake with six feet of earth for their covering and a coffin for their bed. Solemn physicians abroad—for in England these terrorists boast no educated disciples—have written books to accredit the belief and add a deeper horror to the grave. Each successive production of the kind, however, is little more than a resuscitation of its forgotten predecessor, from which it differs about as much as the Almanac of this year from the Almanac of last. In 1834, Julia de Fontenelle, a man of science—if several lines of philosophical titles written after his name are a voucher for the cha-

racter—published his ‘Medico-legal Researches on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death,’ which volume is at present, we believe, the standard one on the subject. The horror of being buried alive was his least motive for rousing up the public to a sense of their danger. Convinced, he said, that unwholesome diet and evil passions, the abuse of drugs and the ignorance of physicians, are but too successful in swelling the number of the undoubted dead, he conceives it his duty in compensation to preserve to society the many who were only dead in appearance. He seems to have persuaded himself that burial-grounds are a species of human slaughterhouse, and, if he had read the English Martyrology, would have seen something more than a lying legend in the story of St. Frithstane, who, saying one evening masses for the dead in the open air, as he pronounced the words *requiescant in pace*, heard a chorus of voices from the surrounding graves respond loudly *Amen*. M. Fontenelle’s hopes of recruiting the population from churchyards are grounded on a hundred cases of apparent deaths gleaned from the entire history of the world—a rather slender counterpoise to the victims of passion, gluttony, drugs, and physicians, even if the instances were all well founded and all to the purpose. ‘He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.’ But of his examples those which are true are inapplicable, and those which are applicable are unsubstantiated.

The marvellous is most credible when left to the imagination; the attempt to verify it dissipates the illusion. Supernatural appearances seemed to be probable when the argument rested on the general belief; nothing more unlikely when the specific facts were collected and weighed. A volume of ghost stories is the best refutation of ghosts. That persons, by every outward sign long dead, have revived, is also among the opinions that have found adherents in all countries, and many are the superstitions to which it has given rise. Roger North, in his Life of the Lord Keeper, mentions that the Turks, if a noise is heard in a tomb, dig up the corpse, and, as one method of making matters sure, chop it into pieces. He adds, that some English merchants, riding at Constantinople in company with a Janizary, passed an aged and shrivelled Jew, who was sitting on a sepulchre. The Janizary never doubted that of this sepulchre the Jew himself was the rightful tenant, and ordered him back to his grave, after rating him soundly for stinking the world a second time. Nations sunk lower in barbarism give credence to fables still more absurd, though they do not exceed in extravagance what we might expect from the exaggerations of ignorance and terror, if the cries and struggles of buried men had been heard disturbing the stillness of the tomb; but the moment

moment an effort is made to substantiate the belief by authentic examples, the edifice is overthrown by the very endeavour to prop it up. Timidity itself would take courage on reading the terrific register of the credulous Fontenelle. An examination of his proof, while it indicates the precautions that are prudent to be taken, will reassure those who are accustomed to shrink from the semblance of death, with its frightful accompaniments, far more than they dread the reality; for it will show that, unless by culpable recklessness and haste, there is no possibility that a single individual should be entombed before his time.

The first page shows how much his criticism has been outstripped by his zeal, for he counts among the victims of *error* the Emperor Zenon, who is said to have been interred when he was drunk by the order of his wife, ambitious of his crown. M. Fontenelle himself relates, that for two nights he continually cried from his capacious sepulchre, 'Have mercy on me! Take me out!' and surely his petition would not have been in vain if they had buried him in good faith through an unhappy mistake. Horrors never come singly: it is added, that in his hunger he ate up his shoes and the flesh of his arms. A case among the accidents, that of an Archbishop Géron—when or where he lived is not told—has a close resemblance to the end of poor Zenon:

*He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said*

*That he would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.*

But the persons who heard him shouting from the sepulchre refused to believe him, and he was left to his fate. There was an Abbé who had better luck. He revived on the way to the grave; and his attendants having thought fit to bury his cat with him, which sat like a night-mare upon his chest, the Abbé employed his returning strength to drive off the incubus. The animal mewed with the pain, and more regard being paid to the remonstrances of a cat than to those of an Archbishop, the procession was stopped and the coffin unscrewed. Out jumped the cat, and immediately after the dead man followed, and took to his heels. The bearers are said to have been 'frozen with fear;' and the cat and the Abbé must have partaken of the chill. Some who came off with life, have yet had reason to rue the misconception. A gentleman of Rouen, returning from a tour just as his wife was being borne to the tomb, he ordered back the coffin, and had a surgeon to make five-and-twenty incisions on the corpse—a strange method of cherishing the remnant of existence, if he suspected any. Nevertheless, at the twenty-sixth incision, which went deeper than the rest, she mildly inquired 'What mischief they were doing her?' and she survived to bear her husband six-and-twenty children—a pledge for every gash. An English soldier



showed more vigour and less endurance than this meekest of women. He was carried to the dissecting-room of a French hospital, where a student, to practise anatomy, cut his jugular vein. Furious with rage and pain, he leapt upon the student and flung him to the ground, where he fainted with alarm. The soldier must have been a disciple of the laughter-loving Roderick Random, who counterfeited death on his recovery from a fever, and snapped at the fingers of the surgeon as he was closing his eyes. But the more valorous son of Mars had nearly carried the jest too far, when he suffered his jugular vein to be opened before 'he played out the play.' Zadig, in Voltaire's story, pretends to be dead, to test the affection of his wife; and his friend, who is in the plot, applies immediately for the vacant post, and feigns a pain in his side, which nothing can cure except the application of a dead man's nose. But when the widow, deeming that a living lover is worth more than a departed husband, advances to the coffin with an open razor to take possession of the specific, Zadig is wise enough to cover his nose with one hand while he thrusts the instrument aside with the other. A man of war, who had the good fortune to recover in a dissecting-room without the aid of the knife, seeing himself surrounded, on opening his eyes, by mutilated bodies, exclaimed, 'I perceive that the action has been hot!' And if M. Fontenelle had opened *his* eyes he might easily have perceived that the anecdote was a jest. Indeed such is his credulity, that the story of a surgeon addicted to cards, whose death had been tested by bawling in his ears, rising up when a friend whispered in the language of piquet, 'a quint, fourteen and the point,' has been mistaken by him for an extraordinary case of resuscitation, instead of a commonplace joke on the passion for play. The jest-book has always contributed abundant materials to the compilers of horrors. Several anecdotes turn on that inexhaustible theme for merriment—the sorrows of matrimony. In passing through the street a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse reanimated by the shock. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers, 'Pray, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners.' Thus there is not even a step from the mirthful to the terrible. The stories, unaltered, do double duty.

Two Parisian merchants, bound together in close friendship, had one a son and the other a daughter, who were friends and something more. The daughter, compelled by her parents to sacrifice her lover for a wealthy suitor, fell into what M. Fontenelle calls an 'hysterical syncope,' and was buried. Fortune frowns upon lovers that she may enhance the value of her smiles.

A strange

A strange instinct induced her adorer to disinter the body, and he had the double pleasure of delivering the fair one from a horrible death and a hateful husband. Holding that the interment had broken the marriage-tie, they fled to England, but at the end of ten years ventured back to Paris, where the lady was met by the original husband, who, noways surprised that she should have revisited the earth, nor staggered by her denials, laid a formal claim to her in a court of justice. The lover boldly sustained that he who rescued her from death had more right to her than the claimant who interred her alive; but the doctrine being new to a court of law, the prudent pair anticipated the decision by returning to England, where they finally terminated their adventures. The plot and morality of the story are thoroughly characteristic of M. Fontenelle's nation, and the simplicity which believes it is not less so of himself. The countrymen of Shakspeare will recognise a French version of Romeo and Juliet. All ladies are not blest with resurrectionist lovers, but covetousness will sometimes do the work of chivalry. A domestic visited his mistress in her tomb, enticed by a diamond ring, which resisting his efforts to draw it off, he proceeded to amputate the finger. Thereupon the mistress revives, and the domestic drops down dead with alarm: 'Thus,' says M. Fontenelle, 'death had his prey; it was only the victim which was changed.' He gives further on a similar story in which the lady with the ring was supposed to have died in childbirth, and some grave-diggers were the thieves. In the hurry of their flight they left a lantern which served to light the lady to her door. 'Who's there?' inquired the girl who answered her knock. 'Your mistress,' was the reply. The servant needed to hear no more; she rushed into the room where her master was sitting, and informed him that the spirit of his wife was at the door. He rebuked the girl for her folly, and assured her that her mistress was in Abraham's bosom, but on looking out of the window the well-known voice exclaimed, 'For pity's sake, open the door. Do you forget that I have just been confined, and that cold in my condition will be fatal?' This was not the doubt which troubled his mind, nor was it the first observation we should have expected a wife to address to her husband, when newly released from her grave by an almost miraculous deliverance, she suddenly appeared before him in the dead of night wearing the habiliments of the tomb. But as the husband was satisfied, it is not for us to be critical. Numerous places are declared to have been the scene of the incident of the ring, which M. Fontenelle considers to be cumulative testimony to its truth. We should have thought, on the contrary, that his faith would have been diminished as the stories

stories increased, Marvels rarely go in flocks. In the present instance few need to be told that M. Fontenelle has been drawing upon the standard literature of the nursery—that the ring-story is one of those with which children from time immemorial have been terrified and amused. ‘The nurse’s legends are for truth received,’ and to the inventions which entertained their infancy many are indebted for their after-apprehensions lest the fate at which they shuddered in another should prove prophetic of their own. M. Fontenelle has himself thought that it would help out his subject to insert the poem of a M. Lesguillon, in which he relates from imagination the burial and resurrection of a lady who was set free, at the crisis of her despair, by the accident of a sexton cleaving her coffin with his spade. What calls forth M. Fontenelle’s special admiration is that the author has ‘wedded reason to rhyme,’ and it is impossible to deny that there is as much reason in M. Lesguillon’s verse as in M. Fontenelle’s prose.

As a set-off to the miserable mortals who lost their lives through a seeming death, this very appearance is affirmed to have been the means of averting the reality. Tallemant has a story of a Baroness de Panat, who was choked by a fish-bone, and duly buried for dead. Her servants to get her jewels disinterred her by night, and the lady’s maid, who bore her a grudge, struck her in revenge several blows upon the neck. The malignity of the maid was the preservation of the mistress. Out flew the bone set free by the blows, and up rose the Baroness to the discomfiture of her domestics. The retributive justice was complete, and the only objection to the narrative is that, like the fish-bone, it sticks in the throat. In this particular the stories mostly agree; a single anecdote comes recommended by intrinsic probability, and is no less distinguished from hearsay romances by the external authority; for it is told by the famous Sydenham, a man who was not more an honour to his profession by his skill than to his kind by his virtues. The faculty of his day demonstrated, on principles derived from abstract reasoning, that the small-pox ought to yield to a hot regimen, and, though patients died, physicians thought death under a philosophical treatment better than a capricious and perverse recovery in defiance of rules. Sydenham, who reformed the whole system of medicine by substituting experience for speculation, and who, besides indicating the right road, was himself perhaps the nicest observer of the habits of disease that ever lived, had early discovered that the antidote was to be found at the other end of the thermometer. The science which saved the lives of the public was the torment of his own. He was assailed by the profession to the close of his

his days for being wiser than his generation, and among the facts by which he mildly and modestly defended his practice, he relates with evident satisfaction how a young man at Bristol was stewed by his physician into a seeming death, and afterwards recovered by mere exposure to cold. The moment he appeared to expire, his attendants laid him out, leaving nothing upon his body except a sheet thrown lightly over it. No sooner had he escaped from the domain of art to the dominion of nature than he began to revive, and lived to vindicate Sydenham, to shame his opponents, and to prove that there are occasions in which the remedy against death is to seem to be dead. The ancient who originated the celebrated saying, 'The physician that heals is death,' never anticipated such a verification of his maxim.

The three examples, however, which the resurrectionists consider their stronghold, yet remain to be told, and it must be confessed that many have lent them the weight of their authority who reject the mass of old wives' fables, though with the imposing addition of being sanctioned by a philosopher and printed in a book. There was a French captain in the reign of Charles IX. who used to sign himself 'François de Civile—thrice dead, thrice buried, and by the grace of God thrice restored.' The testimony seems striking; as he himself related his history to Misson the traveller, either Civile was a liar, say our authors, or the story is true. But without taking much from the romance of his adventures, the details are fatal to the value of the precedent. His first burial, to begin with, occurred before he was born. His mother died when she was advanced in pregnancy during her husband's absence, and nobody, before committing her body to the ground, thought of saving the child. His father's return prevented his going altogether out of the world before he had come into it—and here was concluded the first act of the death, burial, and restoration of François de Civile. His next death was at the siege of Rouen in 1562, where he fell senseless, struck by a ball, and some workmen who were digging a trench immediately threw a little mould upon his body, which was burial the second. The servant of Civile tried to find out his remains, with the intention to bestow on them a formal interment. Returning from a fruitless search he caught sight of a stretched-out arm, which he knew to be his master's by a diamond ring that glittered on the hand, and the body, as he drew it forth, was visibly breathing. For some days life and death waged an equal contest, and when life was winning, a party of the enemy, the town having been taken, discovered him in bed, and threw him from the window. He fell on a dunghill, where they left him to perish, which he considered was death and burial the third. Civile's case would never have been  
quoted

quoted on its own merits; the prominence given it is entirely due to the imposing description which a passion for notoriety made him write after his name, and which still continues to arrest the imagination. He survived to have a fourth funeral, and we hope when he was finally laid in the earth that he did not verify a proverb, much in vogue in his day, that a sailor often wrecked gets drowned at last.

More of our readers may recollect the story of the Spanish grandee who was opened by the great anatomist Vesalius, and his heart found beating notwithstanding the havoc that had been made by the knife. The family of the nobleman, so runs the tale, complained to the Inquisition, and the Inquisition decided that in a physician with the skill of Vesalius such an error implied a crime. Philip II. employed his authority to procure a pardon, and with difficulty obtained that the sentence of death should be commuted into a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Hallam, whose epithets have almost a judicial authority, calls the accusation absurd, and absurd it may be proved on physiological grounds. But the whole story is an idle rumour written by somebody from Spain to Hubert Languet, after the death of Vesalius, to account for a journey which puzzled the public. Clusius, who was in Madrid at the time that Vesalius set out, and had his information from Tisenau, the President of the Council of the Low Countries, the land of the anatomist's birth and affections, has related the origin of the pilgrimage in a note on the history of De Thou, whose narrative, so far as it goes, agrees with his own. Hating the manners of the Spaniards, pining for his native country, and refused by Philip permission to return thither, Vesalius sickened with vexation, and vowed on his recovery to travel to Jerusalem, less from any superstition of his own, than to obtain his release by an appeal to the superstition of the king. A news-monger, ignorant of the motives of an action, appeases the cravings of curiosity by invention; that the Inquisition should be at the bottom of the business was in the reign of Philip II. a too probable guess, and a pretext for its interference was devised out of the professional pursuits of the pilgrim. The original report soon acquired strength in its progress. The offence of Vesalius was shortly avouched to be neither accidental nor solitary, and by the time the story reached Burton, the author of the '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' it assumed the form of a general assertion—'that Vesalius was *wont* to cut men up alive.'

The fabled end of the Spanish grandee is also asserted of the Abbé Prevost,—the third vaunted example of simulated death. He had a stroke of apoplexy on a journey, and the mayor of the village ordered an immediate examination of the body. The  
anguish

anguish of the incision restored the Abbé to a momentary consciousness, and he expired with a cry. No authority is given for the story, and, judging from the character of the other assertions, it would be natural to infer that there was none to give. But if it be indeed a genuine fact among the fables, it proves nothing except the criminal haste of the village mayor, and the criminal heedlessness of the village practitioner,—vices which, in connection with death, are for the most part opposed to the feelings, the prudence, and therefore to the usage of mankind. No perfect security can be devised against wilful carelessness any more than against wilful murder, but because a friendless traveller fell a victim to the rashness of an ignorant surgeon, there is no occasion to fright the world from their propriety, and endeavour to persuade them that, with the best intentions, the living are liable to be confounded with the dead, to be packed sleeping in a coffin, and stifled waking in a grave.

In the midst of exaggeration and invention there was one undoubted circumstance which formerly excited the worst apprehensions,—the fact that bodies were often found turned in their coffins, and the grave-clothes disarranged. But what was ascribed, with seeming reason, to the throes of vitality, is now known to be due to the agency of corruption. A gas is developed in the decaying body which mimics by its mechanical force many of the movements of life. So powerful is this gas in corpses which have lain long in the water, that M. Devergie, the physician to the Morgue at Paris, and the author of a text-book on legal medicine, says that unless secured to the table they are often heaved up and thrown to the ground. Frequently strangers, seeing the motions of the limbs, run to the keeper of the Morgue, and announce with horror that a person is alive. All bodies, sooner or later, generate the gas in the grave, and it constantly twists about the corpse, blows out the skin till it rends with the distension, and sometimes bursts the coffin itself. When the gas explodes with a noise, imagination has converted it into an outcry or groan; the grave has been reopened; the position of the body has confirmed the suspicion, and the laceration been taken for evidence that the wretch had gnawed his flesh in the frenzy of despair. So many are the circumstances which will occasionally concur to support a conclusion that is more unsubstantial than the fabric of a dream. Violent and painful diseases, which kill speedily, are favourable to the rapid formation of the gas; it may then exist two or three hours after death, and agitating the limbs gives rise to the idea that the dormant life is rousing itself up to another effort. Not infrequently the food in the stomach is forced out through the mouth, and blood poured from the nose, or the opening

opening in a vein where a victim of apoplexy has been attempted to be bled. Extreme mental distress has resulted from these fallacious symptoms, for where they occur it is commonly supposed that the former appearance of death was deceitful, and that recovery was possible if attendance had been at hand.

The old superstition that a murdered body would send forth a bloody sweat in the murderer's presence, or bleed from the wound at his touch, must have had its origin in the same cause. The sweat, which has been repeatedly observed, is produced by the struggling gas driving out the fluids at the pores of the skin. Through a rare coincidence it may possibly have occurred during the period that the assassin was confronted with the corpse; and the ordeal of the touch, in compressing the veins, would have a direct effect in determining a flow of blood from the wound, where it chanced that the current, by the impulse of the gas, was nearly ready to break forth. A latitude would not fail to be allowed to the experiment. If at any time afterwards the body sweated or bled, it would never have been doubted that it was prompted by the presence of the murderer, though the manifestation was delayed. One success bears out many failures, for failures imply the absence of notable incidents, and having nothing to arrest attention are quickly forgotten, while the wonders of a success take hold of the mind and live in the memory.

The generation of gas in the body, with all its consequences, was thoroughly understood when M. Fontenelle wrote, but whatever could weaken his case is systematically suppressed. Nor is there in the whole of his book one single case bearing out his position that is attested by a name of the slightest reputation, or for which much better authority could be found than the Greek manuscript in the handwriting of Solomon, found by a peasant while digging potatoes at the foot of Mount Lebanon. It is no unreasonable scepticism to assume that the majority of the persons revived had never even lived. Yet not only is this book still in vogue, but the French newspapers annually multiply these tales to an extent which would be frightful if they were not refuted by their very number. An English country editor in want of a paragraph proclaims that a bird of passage has been shot out of season, that an apple-tree has blossomed in October, or that a poor woman has added to her family from three to half a dozen children at a birth, and by the latest advices was doing well. But we are tame and prosaic in our insular tastes. Our agreeable neighbours require a stronger stimulus, and therefore endless changes are rung upon the theme of living men buried, and dead men brought to life again.

Shakspeare, who, it is evident from numerous passages in his dramas,

dramas, had watched by many a dying bed with the same interest and sagacity that he bestowed upon those who were playing their part in the busy world, has summed up the more obvious characteristics of death in the description the Friar gives to Juliet of the effects of the draught, which is to transform her into the temporary likeness of a corpse :—

*No pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat ;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;  
The roses on thy lips and cheek shall fade  
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like Death, when he shuts up the day of Life ;  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like Death.*

These are the ordinary signs by which death has always been distinguished ; and it would be as reasonable 'to seek hot water beneath cold ice,' as to look for any remnant of vitality beneath so inanimate an exterior. The cessation of breathing, in the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie—and no opinion, from his natural acuteness, his philosophical habits, and his vast experience, can be more entitled to weight—is alone a decisive test of the extinction of life, and a test as palpable to sense in the application as it is sure in the result. 'The movements,' he says, 'of respiration cannot be overlooked by any one who does not choose to overlook them, and the heart never continues to act more than four or five minutes after respiration has ceased.' The ancient distinction of the heart was to be 'primum vivens, ultimum moriens,'—the first to live, the last to die : and a Commission of the French Academy, who lately made a report on the subject, admit that when there is a considerable pause in its pulsations it is impossible for life to be lurking in the body. But as the heart can only beat for a brief space unless the lungs play, and as common observers can detect the latter more readily than the former, the termination of the breathing is the usual and safe criterion of death. To ascertain with precision whether it had completely stopped, it was formerly the custom to apply a feather or a mirror to the lips. When Lear brings in Cordelia dead, he exclaims :—

*Lend me a looking-glass ;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.*

And immediately afterwards, he adds, *This feather stirs : she lives !* The same test which led Lear to the fallacious inference that Cordelia lived, induced Prince Henry to infer falsely that his father was dead ;—

*By*



*By these gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.*

Nor were these methods merely popular : they were long likewise the trust of physicans. Sir Thomas Browne terms them 'the critical tests of death ;' and presuming that the Romans could not be ignorant of them, he thought their calling in the ears of corpses 'a vanity of affection'—an ostentation of summoning the departed back to life when it was known by other infallible means that life had fled. But it is now held to be a better method to scrutinize the movements of the chest and belly : one or both of which will rise and fall while any breathing whatsoever continues. It is generally, however, expedient to leave the body undisturbed for two or three hours after all seems over ; for the case of Colonel Townshend, related by Cheyne in his 'English Malady,' appears to favour the supposition that though the heart and lungs have both stopped, life may now and then linger a little longer than usual.

Colonel Townshend, described as 'a gentleman of great honour and integrity,' was in a dying state. One morning he informed his physicians Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Baynard, and his apothecary Mr. Skrine, that he had found for some time 'he could expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again.' He composed himself for the trial, while one felt his pulse, another his heart, and the third applied a looking-glass to his mouth. Gradually the pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, the breath to stain the mirror, until the nicest scrutiny could discover no indication that he lived. Thus he continued for half an hour : his physicians believing that he had carried the experiment too far and was dead beyond recall, when life returned, as it had receded, by gradual steps. It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the trial was made, and at six in the evening Colonel Townshend was a corpse. The post-mortem examination did nothing towards clearing up the mystery. His only disorder was a cancer of the right kidney, which accounted for his death, without accounting for his singular power of suspending at will the functions of life. Many boldly cut the knot they are not able to untie, and maintain that there was an action of the heart and lungs which the physicians wanted the skill to perceive. The narrative of Cheyne leaves an opening for criticism ; but let it be considered that he was a man of eminence, that all three attendants were professional persons, accustomed to mark and estimate symptoms, that their attention was aroused to the utmost by previous notice, and that they had half an hour to conduct their observations ;  
and

and it must at least be acknowledged that the signs which escaped them were too obscure to be a safe criterion for the world at large. Yet whatever may be its other physiological bearings, it is no exception to the rule that life and breath are, for the purposes of sepulture, convertible terms. Without attaching importance to a principal peculiarity of the case, that it required an effort of the will to bring Colonel Townshend into the state, and that by an effort of the will he could bring himself out of it, he was unable, after all, to prolong the period of suspended, or apparently suspended, animation beyond a single half-hour; and in order to his being buried alive he must have been a party to the act, and prepared his funeral in advance. The assumption, indeed, pervades M. Fontenelle's book, that everybody wrongly supposed to be dead had a narrow escape of premature interment, though it has never been long, in any instance that is known to be authentic, before some outward sign attracted attention, unless death had merely slackened his pace instead of turning aside his footsteps. Funerals, it is true, on the Continent take place sooner than with us. In Spain, if M. Fontenelle's word is a warrant for the fact, whoever oversleeps himself will have to finish out his slumbers in the grave,—which, beyond doubt, is the most powerful incentive to early rising that was ever devised. But in France, the grand theatre for these harrowing tragedies, it is usual to bury on the third day; and if at that interval it was common for seeming corpses to revive, we, in this country, should be habituated to behold persons whose death had been announced, whose knell had tolled, and whose coffins had been made, rise up and doff their grave-clothes, to appear once more among astonished friends. Yet so far is this from being a frequent occurrence, that who ever heard in modern England of a person who had been numbered three days among the dead resuming his vacant place among the living? At sea there may be better ground for apprehension. Nothing more excites the superstitious fears of a sailor than a cat thrown overboard, or a corpse that is not; and very shortly after death occurs it is usual to transfer the body from the ship to the deep. On one occasion a man, with concussion of the brain, who had lost the power of speech and motion, overheard what must have been to him the most interesting conversation that ever fell upon his ears,—a discussion between his brother and the captain of the vessel, as to whether he should be immediately consigned to the waves, or be carried to Rotterdam, to be buried on shore. Luckily their predilections were for a land funeral; and, though a colloquy so alarming might have been expected to complete the injury to the poor man's brain, he recovered from the double shock of fright and disease. Dr. Alfred Taylor, who has treated the

the signs of death with the sound sense and science that distinguish all his writings upon legal medicine, relates the anecdote as if he was satisfied of its truth, and the fate which one has narrowly missed it is not impossible may have overtaken others. But even at sea, nothing short of the grossest negligence could occasion the calamity; and for negligence, we repeat, there is no effectual cure.

The ceasing to breathe is not the only criterion of death antecedent to corruption. There is a second token specified by Shakspeare, and familiar to every village nurse, which is quite conclusive,—the gradual transition from suppleness to rigidity. The first effect of death is relaxation of the muscles. The lower jaw usually drops, the limbs hang heavily, the joints are flexible, and the flesh soft. The opposite state of contraction ensues; then the joints are stiff and the flesh firm, and the body, lately yielding and pliant, becomes hard and unbending. The contraction commences in the muscles of the neck and trunk, appears next in the upper extremities, then in the lower, and finally recedes in the same order in which it came on. It begins on an average five or six hours after death, and ordinarily continues from sixteen to twenty-four. But the period both of its appearance and duration are considerably varied by the constitution of the person, the nature of the death, and the state of the atmosphere. With the aged and feeble, with those who die of chronic diseases, and are wasted away by lingering sickness, it comes on quickly—sometimes in half an hour—and remains for a period which is short in proportion to the rapidity of its appearance. With the strong and the muscular, with the greater part of the persons who perish by a sudden or violent death in the fullness of their powers, it is slow in advancing, and slow in going off. In cases like these, it is often a day or two before it commences, and it has been known to last a week. When decay begins its reign, this interregnum of contraction is at an end, and therefore a warm and humid atmosphere which hastens corruption curtails the period of rigidity, while it is protracted in the cold and dry weather that keeps putrefaction at bay. Though a symptom of some disorders, there is this clear line between mortal rigidity and the spasm of disease—that in the latter the attack is never preceded by the appearance of death. In the one case the result comes after a train of inanimate phenomena; in the other, amidst functions peculiar to life. The alarmists, who deal in extravagant fables, will persist in retaining unreasonable fears; but upon no question are medical authorities more thoroughly agreed than that the moment the contraction of the muscles is apparent, there can be no revival unless the breath of life could be breathed afresh into the untenanted clay.

There

There is one effect of the muscular contraction of death which often occasions erroneous and painful ideas. In the stage of relaxation, when the muscles fall, and there is neither physical action nor mental emotion to disturb the calm, the countenance assumes the 'mild, angelic air' described by Byron in *The Giaour*, and which he says in a note lasts for 'a few, and but a few hours' after the spirit has taken flight. It is the accession of muscular contraction which dissipates the charm, which knits the brow, draws down the mouth, pinches the features, and changes a soft and soothing expression to a harsh, uneasy, suffering look. Where the contraction is slight the face is less disturbed; and Dr. Symonds has known it drawn into a seeming smile. Those who may only chance to see the corpse of a relative while it bears the care-worn aspect which is far the most frequent, are distressed at what they suppose to be an indication that the latest impressions of the world were troubled—that death took place amid pain of body and sorrow of mind. It appears from the *Journal* of Sir Walter Scott, who evidently visited the mortal remains of his wife during the crisis of contraction, what a pang the sight communicated to a heart which, if quick to feel, could never be outdone in the resolution to endure. Violent passions, extreme agony, and protracted suffering may give a *set* to the muscles which the rigid state will bring out anew into strong relief. But the expression of the face is chiefly determined by the condition of the body, or, in other words, by the degree of contraction. Persons who have died of exhausting diseases will often, notwithstanding they expire in despair, wear a look of benign repose; while a more muscular subject who fell asleep in peaceful hope, may be distinguished by a mournful, lowering visage. Even when the expression is influenced by the bent which was given to the muscles by previous feelings, it is mostly the memorial of a storm which had spent its fury before life was extinct; for usually in natural death there is a lull at the last, and the setting is peaceful, however tempestuous the decline. In strict reason it can matter nothing, when the weary are once at rest, whether the concluding steps of the journey were toilsome or pleasant; but it is so much our instinct to attach importance to last impressions, and wounded hearts are so sensitive, that to many it will be a relief to know their inferences are mistaken and their grief misplaced.

When the heat-developing faculty is extinct the body obeys the laws of inanimate objects, and coincident for the most part with the stage of rigidity is that chill and clammy condition of the skin which is so familiarly associated with death. To judge by the feelings, the atmosphere is genial compared to the corpse.

corpse. But the skin of the dead is a powerful conductor, and the rapidity with which it appropriates the warmth of the living leaves a chill behind which is a deceitful measure of its actual frost. The length of time which a body takes to cool will depend upon the state of the body itself, and the circumstances in which it may chance to be placed. The process will be slower when it is well wrapped up than when lightly covered; in summer than in winter; in a still atmosphere than in currents of air; with the stout than with the thin; with persons in their prime than with the aged or the young. Usually in proportion as the disease is acute, and the death rapid, the less heat has been expended before the fire is extinguished, and the corpse will be the longer in parting with its warmth. If the disease is slow, the lamp burns dimly before it quite goes out, and the temperature, declining during life, will afterwards arrive the sooner at its lowest point. This will also happen in particular disorders which, though sudden and violent, are hostile to the development of animal warmth. In certain forms of hysteria, in swoons, and in cholera morbus, the body to the touch might sometimes seem a corpse. An icy skin is not of itself an evidence of death, but it is sooner or later an unfailing accompaniment.

To rigidity succeeds corruption, which, both from its own nature and the surrounding circumstances, cannot possibly be confounded with vital gangrene. It commences in the belly, the skin of which turns to a bluish green, that gradually deepens to brown or black, and progressively covers the remainder of the body. But when the hue of putrefaction has spread over the belly there is a risk to health, without an addition to security, in waiting for the further encroachments of decay. In England a body is seldom committed to the ground before there is set upon it this certain mark that it is hurrying to the dust from whence it sprung. Nor is the haste which is used at some seasons, and in some diseases, a real deviation from the rule. The rapid onset of corruption creates the necessity, and that which renders the burial speedy ensures its being safe.

Of the innumerable paths which terminate in the common goal some are easier to tread than others, and it might be expected from the diversities of temperament that there would be a difference of opinion about which was best. Cæsar desired the death which was most sudden and unexpected. His words were spoken at supper, and the following morning the Senate-house witnessed the fulfilment of the wish. Pliny also considered an instantaneous death the highest felicity of life; and Augustus held a somewhat similar opinion. When he heard that any person had died quickly and easily, he invoked the like good fortune for himself

himself and his friends. Montaigne was altogether of Cæsar's party, and, to use his own metaphor, thought that the pill was swallowed best without chewing. If Sir Thomas Browne had been of Cæsar's religion, he would have shared his desires, and preferred going off at a single blow to being grated to pieces with a torturing disease. He conceived that the Eastern favourite who was killed in his sleep, would hardly have bled at the presence of his destroyer. Sir Thomas Browne was one of those men who habitually apply their hearts unto wisdom, and his latter end, come when it might, would have found him prepared. But Christianity in enlarging our hopes has added to our fears. He felt that the mode of dying was comparatively an insignificant consideration, and however much he inclined by nature to Cæsar's choice, and studied to be ready for the hastiest summons, a sense of infirmity taught him the wisdom of that petition in the Litany by which we ask to be delivered from sudden death. With the majority flesh and blood speak the same language; they had rather that the candle should burn to the socket than the flame be blown out. The prospect, nevertheless, of protracted suffering will sometimes drive desperate beings to seek a shorter and easier passage from the world. Many of the Romans during the plague of Syracuse attacked the posts of the enemy, that they might fall by the sword instead of the pestilence. Every day for a considerable period of the French Revolution, numbers drowned themselves in the Seine, to anticipate the tedious anguish of famine. Death, which in one form is fled from as an enemy, in a different shape is welcomed as a friend. A condemned soldier, in Montaigne's time, remarked some preparations from his prison which led him to think he was to perish by torture; he resolved to discharge for himself the executioner's office, though he had no other weapon than a rusty nail, which, having first ineffectually mangled his throat, he thrust into his belly to the very head. The authorities hastened to his cell to read out the sentence, that the law might yet be beforehand with death. The soldier, sufficiently sensible to hear what was passing, found that his punishment was simple beheading. He immediately rallied, expressed his delight, accepted wine to recruit his strength, and by the change in the kind of death seemed, says Montaigne, as though he was delivered from death itself. If his suspicions had proved correct, it is difficult to suppose that his tormentors could have improved on his own performances with the rusty nail.

Gustavus Adolphus, who realized his aspirations on the field of Lutzen, was in the habit of saying that no man was happier than he who died in the exercise of his calling. So Nelson wished the roar

of cannon to sound his parting knell. 'You know that I always desired to die this way,' said Moore to Hardinge at Corunna—and the anguish of the wound had no power to disturb his satisfaction. Marshal Villars was told in his latest moments that the Duke of Berwick had just met at the siege of Philipsburg with a soldier's death, and he answered, 'I have always said that he was more fortunate than myself.' His confessor urged with justice that the better fortune was to have leisure to prepare for eternity;—but possibly the exclamation proceeded from a momentary gleam of martial ardour, which instinct kindled, and reflection quenched. A Christian would never, indeed, fail to make the preparation for battle a preparation for death. Unless 'every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience,' he must know that he is staking both soul and body on the hazard of the fight. 'Soldiers,' says an old divine, 'that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts.' Death at the cannon's mouth may be sudden, and answer the first of Cæsar's conditions; with none but the presumptuous can it answer the second, and come unexpected. We once heard a recruit assign as his reason for enlisting, that he should now at least see something of life. 'And,' added his companion, 'something of death.' The poor fellow perhaps, like many others, had forgotten that any such contingency was included in the bond.

The Duke d'Enghien appeared to feel like a man reprieved when on issuing from his prison he found he was to perish by a military execution. Suicides are prone to use the implements of their trade. It was the usage in Ireland in rude times, when rebels perhaps were more plentiful than rope, to hang them with willows. In the reign of Elizabeth a criminal of this description petitioned the deputy against the breach of the observance, and begged the favour to suffer by the time-honoured 'wyth,' instead of the new-fangled halter. When Elizabeth herself expected Mary to put her to death, she had resolved on the request to be beheaded with a sword, and not with an axe,—which seems a distinction without a difference. In the same category we may place Lord Ferrers's prayer for a silken rope at Tyburn. But the fancy of the Duke of Clarence, could it be considered established, is the most singular on record. He must have been strangely infatuated by the 'Pleasures of Memory' when he imagined his favourite Malmsey could give a relish to drowning. Suffocation was not more luxurious to the parasites of Elagabalus than they were stifled with perfumes.

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of destruction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion—'None please me.'  
 'But

'But away,' the good man adds, 'with these thoughts; the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it.' The choice is not ours to make, and if it were, the privilege would prove an embarrassment. But there is consolation in the teaching of physiology. Of the innumerable weapons with which Death is armed, the worst is less intolerable than imagination presents it—his visage is more terrible than his dart.

The act of dying is technically termed 'the agony.' The expression embodies a common and mistaken belief, which has given birth to many cruel and even criminal practices. The Venetian ambassador in England in the reign of Queen Mary mentions among the regular usages of the lower orders, that a pillow was placed upon the mouths of the dying, on which their nearest relations sat or leaned till they were stifled. The office was held to be pious and privileged; father performed it for son, son for father. They considered they were curtailing the dreaded death-struggle—that a headlong fall from the precipice was as much easier as it was quicker than the winding descent by the path. In France it was the established practice to put to death persons attacked by hydrophobia the moment the disease was plainly incurable. There is a vulgar notion that those who are wounded by a rabid dog become inoculated with the animal's propensity to bite. But the motive of self-defence—of ridding the world of a fellow-creature who had entered into the class of noxious beings, which might be suspected to have had an influence in hard-hearted times—was not the source of these unnatural homicides. They were designed in pure pity to the wretched sufferers, though the tender mercies which are wicked are always cruel. Lestoile in his *Journal*, which belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, relates the events of the kind which came to his knowledge under the date of their occurrence. A young woman attacked with hydrophobia had in such horror the smothering, which, the *Diarist* quietly observes in a parenthesis, 'is usual in these maladies,' that she was rendered more frantic by the prospect of the remedy than by the present disease. Habit with her relations was stronger than nature; they had no idea of remitting the customary violence, even at the entreaties of the interested person, and only so far yielded to her dread of suffocation as to mingle poison with her medicine instead, which Lestoile says was administered by her husband 'with all the regrets in the world.' Sometimes, however, the victims invited their doom. A page, on his way to the sea, then esteemed a specific in hydrophobia, was scratched by a thorn which drew blood, as he passed through a wood. For a person in his condition to see his own blood was supposed to be fatal. The lad, apprehending the accession of a



fit, begged the attendants to smother him on the spot, 'and this,' says Lestoile, 'they did weeping—an event piteous to hear, and still more to behold.' A second page is mentioned by the same Diarist, who happily died as they were preparing to shoot him. It is evident how much these domestic immolations must have weakened the awful reverence for life; the weeping executioner of his dearest relatives was separated by a far less impassable gulf from the cold-blooded murderer. A medical trickery, which grew no doubt from the frightful reality, still remains in France among the resources of medicine. Hydrophobia is sometimes feigned, and when the physician suspects imposture he orders the patient to be smothered between a couple of mattresses, which cures him, says Orfila, as if by enchantment.

A mode of suffocation less murderous in appearance than the smothering with the pillow was prevalent for centuries, both on the Continent and in England. The supports were withdrawn by a jerk from beneath the head, which being suddenly thrown back, the respiration that before was laboured and difficult became shortly impossible. Hence it is that Shakspeare's Timon, enumerating the accursed effects of gold, says that it will—

*Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.*

Another practice which tortured the dying under pretence of relief, even in this country lingered among the ignorant till recent days. The expiring ascetic of the Romish faith, prolonging his penance into death, yielded up his breath on a couch of hair. Customs survive when their reasons are forgotten. A physical virtue had come to be ascribed to the hair, and Protestants slowly sinking to their rest were dragged from their feather-beds, and laid on a mattress to quicken their departure. The result of most of these perverted proceedings was to combine the disadvantages of both kinds of death—to add the horror of violence to the protracted pains of gradual decay. When the wearied swimmer touched the shore, a furious billow dashed him on the rock.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called

called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognisance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen,' said William Hunter, 'I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.' 'If this be dying,' said the niece of Newton of Olney, 'it is a pleasant thing to die;' 'the very expression,' adds her uncle, 'which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago.' The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. 'If this be dying,' said Lady Glenorchy, 'it is the easiest thing imaginable.' 'I thought that dying had been more difficult,' said Louis XIV. 'I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,' said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope,

*Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.*

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship: 'No, Thomas,' he replied; 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying: and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.'

A second and common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterwards that he had done it from the information of the attendants. The delirium of fever is distressing to witness, but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had

had occupied the entire man could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any one were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the callousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bed-sores are rolled upon, that are too tender to bear touching when sense is restored. Wherever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility. But those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not yet deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless. When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston that his mind was gone, the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no open sign. Their faculties survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they barely testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. ‘Methought,’ he says, ‘my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go.’ In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and laboured, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system which have no relation to pain. There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which, in fact, is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the termination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure, which all but carried him off, a few months before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief; and his first words were to  
express

express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light indeed must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath, since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

As little is the death-sweat forced out by anguish. Cold as ice, his pulse nearly gone, 'a mortal perspiration ran down the body' of La Boëtie, the friend of Montaigne, and it was at this very moment that, roused by the weeping of his relations, he exclaimed, 'Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me!' Such fond lamentations disturb many a last moment; and the dying often remonstrate by looks when they cannot by words. Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. The grief will not be more bitter in the end, that to keep it back had been the last service of love. Tears are a tribute of which those who bestow it should bear all the cost. A worse torment is the attempt to arrest forcibly the exit of life by pouring cordials down throats which can no longer swallow, or more madly to goad the motionless body into a manifestation of existence by the appliance of pain. It is like the plunge of the spur into the side of the courser, which rouses him as he is falling, to take another bound before he drops to rise no more.

Queen Margaret.—*Help, lords, the king is dead.*

Somerset.—*Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.*

But the most approved method of what, in the language of the time, was called 'fetching again,' was to send a stream of smoke up the nostrils, which Hooker states to be 'the wonted practising of well-willers upon their friends, although they know it a matter impossible to keep them living;' and well-willing thoughtlessness among our peasantry to this very hour often endeavours to rescue friends from the grasp of death by torturing them into making one writhing struggle. The gentle nature of our great dramatist taught him that to those descending into the grave nothing was more grateful than its own stillness. Salisbury, at the death of Cardinal Beaufort, interposes with the remonstrance,

*Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.*

And when Edgar is calling to Lear,

*Look up, my lord,*

Kent,

Kent, with reverent tenderness, says,

*Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass.*

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his attendant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smooth the bed of death; but unreflecting feeling, worse than the want of it in the result, turns it often to a bed of thorns.

It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavoured to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. 'I am under no terror,' he said; 'I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.' Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, 'Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:—

*His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;  
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!*

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of a dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting; and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. 'Good day and adieu,' said he; 'it will be a very long adieu,'—and instantly died.

In

In sudden death which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same. Some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life, some with a half-completed sentence on their lips; some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound, many with a single sigh, many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress, and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But upon the whole there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared. When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame.

There is then no foundation for the idea that the pain of dying is the climax to the pain of disease, for, unless the stage of the agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupefies when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease that supervenes, that—without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death—‘kind nature’s signal for retreat’ is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease. Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, ‘You see he is to live; he will not die.’ ‘But at this moment,’ says the narrative, ‘the last process of vitality had already begun.’ Where the symptoms are those of recovery there is in truth more pain to be endured than when the issue is death, for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility the whole of the downward course is easy compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed, we have seen, from stupor to a dreamy elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water, and afterwards recovered, re-echo the sentiment though they may vary the phrase. This is what we should upon reflection expect. The body is quickly deadened and slowly restored; and from the moment corporal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far

far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

Of the trials to be undergone before dying sets in, everybody, from personal experience or observation of disease, has formed a general idea. Duration is an element as important as intensity, and slow declines, which are not accompanied by any considerable suffering, put patience and fortitude to a severe test. 'My friends,' said *the* Fontenelle, a short time before he died, 'I have no pain,—only a little difficulty in keeping up life;' but this little difficulty becomes a great fatigue when protracted without intermission through weeks and months. More, the Platonist, who was afflicted in this way, described his feelings by the expressive comparison that he was as a fish out of its element, which lay tumbling in the dust of the street. With all the kindness bestowed upon the sick, there is sometimes a disposition to judge them by the standard of our own healthy sensations, and blame them for failings which are the effects of disease. We complain that they are selfish, not always remembering that it is the impatience of suffering which makes them exacting; we call them impatient—forgetful that, though ease can afford to wait, pain craves immediate relief; we think them capricious, and overlook that fancy pictures solace in appliances which aggravate upon trial, and add disappointment to distress. There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigencies of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up with well-ordered minds a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick-room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connexions, or are experiencing our own.

Violent often differs little from natural death. Many poisons destroy by setting up disorders resembling those to which flesh is the inevitable heir, and, as in ordinary sickness, though the disorder may be torture, the mere dying is easy. The drugs which kill with the rapidity of lightning, or which act by lulling the whole of the senses to sleep, can first or last create no suffering worthy of the name. Fatal hemorrhage is another result both of violence  
and

and disease, and from the example of Seneca—his prolonged torments after his veins were opened, and his recourse to a second method of destruction to curtail the bitterness of the first—was held by Sir Thomas Browne to be a dreadful kind of death. Browne was more influenced by what he read than by what he saw, or he must have observed in the course of his practice that it is not of necessity, nor in general, an agonising process. The pain depends upon the rate at which life is reduced below the point where sensibility ends. The sluggish blood of the aged Seneca refused to flow in an ample stream, and left him just enough vigour to feel and to suffer. A fuller discharge takes rapid effect, and renders the suffering trifling by making it short. An obstruction to respiration is beyond comparison more painful than total suffocation.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain to assassinate the William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the Revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath. Some of the cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot-soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and, having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. ‘Yet his voice,’  
says



says the trooper, who himself tells the story, 'gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness.' Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. 'Indeed I feared so,' he responded with impeded utterance—'and yet I should like very much to live a little longer—if it were possible.' He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, 'as gently,' says Hall, 'as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf.'

Drowning was held in horror by some of the ancients who conceived the soul to be a fire, and that the water would put it out. But a Sybarite could hardly have quarrelled with the death. The struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain, which commences later, and is soon succeeded by a pleasing languor; nay some, if not the majority, escape altogether the interval of suffering. A gentleman, for whose accuracy we can vouch, told us he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to be closed upon it for ever. Yet he neither feared his fate, nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified him made a luxurious bed of a watery grave. A friend informed Mothe-le-Vayer, that such was his delight in groping at the bottom, that a feeling of anger passed through his mind against the persons who pulled him out. It is probable that some of our readers may have seen a singularly striking account of recovery from drowning by a highly distinguished officer still living, who also speaks to the total absence of pain while under the waves; but adds a circumstance of startling interest—namely, that during the few moments of consciousness the whole events of his previous life, from childhood, seemed to repass with lightninglike rapidity and brightness before his eyes: a narration which shows on what accurate knowledge the old Oriental framed his story of the Sultan who dipped his head into a basin of water, and had, as it were, gone through all the adventures of a crowded life before he lifted it out again. No one can have the slightest disposition to question the evidence in this recent English case; but we do not presume to attempt the physiological explanation.

That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold.

cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. A friend of Robert Boyle, who was overtaken by the drowsiness while comfortably seated on the side of a sledge, assured him that he had neither power nor inclination to ask for help; and unless his companions had observed his condition he would have welcomed the snow for his winding-sheet. But the most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow-storm on Tierra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. 'Whoever,' said he, 'sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish.' The Doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. A black servant, who followed the example, was told he would die, and he replied that to die was all he desired. But the Doctor despised his own philosophy; he said he would sleep first, and go on afterwards. Sleep he did for two or three minutes, and would have slept for ever unless his companions had happily succeeded in kindling a fire. The scene was repeated thousands of times in the retreat from Moscow. 'The danger of stopping,' says Beaupré, who was on the medical staff, 'was universally observed, and generally disregarded.' Expostulation was answered by a stupid gaze, or by the request to be allowed to sleep unmolested, for sleep was delicious, and the only suffering was in resisting its call. Mr. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence. And doubtless they would all have perished if the fear of death had not *sometimes* contended with the luxury of dying. Limbs are sacrificed where life escapes, and such is the obtuseness of feeling that passengers in the streets of St. Petersburg rely on one another for the friendly warning that their noses are about to precede them to the tomb. An appearance of intoxication is another common result, and half-frozen people in England have been punished for drunkards—an injustice the more galling, that in their own opinion the state was produced by the very want of their sovereign specific, 'a glass of something to keep out the cold.' The whole of the effects are readily

readily explained. The contracting force of the cold compresses the vessels, drives the blood into the interior of the body, and the surface, deprived of the life-sustaining fluid, is left torpid or dead. A part of the external circulation takes refuge in the brain, and the congestion of the brain is the cause of the stupor. The celerity of the operation, when not resisted by exercise, may be judged from the circumstance that in the few instants Dr. Solander slept, his shoes dropped off through the shrinking of his feet. There is the less to wonder at in the contradiction between his precepts and his practice. In proportion to the danger which his mind foretold was the ease with which his vigilance was overpowered and disarmed.

It was a desire worthy of Caligula that the victims of the state should *taste* their death. The barbarous maxim has never lacked patrons in barbarous times, nor has humanity always kept pace with refinement. Manners continued to soften, and still it was not thought wrong that in heinous cases a forfeited life should be wrung out by any torture, however lengthened and intense. The physicians of Montpellier in the sixteenth century received from the French Government the annual present of a criminal to be dissected alive for the advancement of science. The theory of the medical art could have gained nothing to justify lessons which brutalised its professors. No amount of skill can supply to society the place of respect for life and sympathy for suffering.\* Savage buffoonery was sometimes employed to give an edge to cruelty. Among a hundred and fifty persons executed in France in the reign of Henry II., by every variety of device, for an insurrection against the salt-tax, three were found guilty of killing two collectors, and exclaiming as they threw the bodies into the river, 'Go, wicked salt-tax gatherers, and salt the fish in the Charente.' The grave and reverend seigniors who sat in judgment exerted their ingenuity to devise a scene in mimicry of

\* When the poison-tampering Queen in Cymbeline tells the Doctor—

*'I will try the force  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging (but none human).'*—

her medical confidant replies—

*'Your Highness  
Shall by such practice but make hard your heart;'*

and on this reply, in one of those notes which modern editors usually sneer at, but to which Mr. Knight occasionally (as here) does more justice, we read:—'The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been performed in later times by a race of men who have practised torturing without pity, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.' So wrote Dr. Johnson—and he himself could hardly have anticipated the systematic devilishness of many French and some English surgeons in our own day.

this

this passionate outburst of infuriated men. Their legs and arms having first been broken with an iron bar, the culprits, whilst yet alive, were thrown into a fire, the executioner calling after them in obedience to the sentence, 'Go, mad wretches, to roast the fish of the Charente that you have salted with the bodies of the officers of your sovereign lord and king.' The assassin of Henry IV. was tortured for hours,—his guilty hand burnt off, his flesh torn with pincers, molten lead and boiling oil poured into his wounds—and the tragedy concluded by yoking horses to his arms and legs, and tearing him limb from limb. The frightful spectacle was made a court entertainment, and lords, ladies, and princes of the blood remained to the end, feasting their eyes with his contortions and their ears with his cries. Much nearer our own times, when Damiens, who was half-crazed, struck at Louis XV. with a pen-knife, and slightly wounded him in the ribs, the entire scene was again acted over, and again highborn dames were the eager spectators of the torment. Generations of luxury had given to the manners of court minions the polish of steel, and its hardness to their hearts.

Executions in England were less appalling than in France, and the circumstances of cruelty became sooner abhorrent to the disposition of the nation. But there was enough which revolts our humaner feelings, and the embowelling of traitors in particular was a frequent horror. A contemporary writer has preserved the details of the death of Sir Thomas Blount, in the reign of Henry IV. He was hanged in form, immediately cut down, and seated on a bench before the fire prepared to consume his entrails. The executioner, holding a razor in his hand, knelt and asked his pardon. 'Are you the person,' inquired Sir Thomas, 'appointed to deliver me from this world?' and the executioner having answered 'Yes,' and received a kiss of peace, proceeded with the razor to rip up his belly. In this way perished many of the Roman Catholics who had sentence for conspiracies against Elizabeth. Either from the caprice of the executioner, or the private instructions of his superiors, the measure dealt out was extremely unequal. Some were permitted to die before the operation was begun, some were half-strangled, and some, the instant the halter had closed round their throats, were seized and butchered in the fulness of life. In the latter cases, at least, much of the rigour of the sentence was at the discretion of the wretch who carried it into effect; and as the friends of the criminal bribed him, when they could afford it, to plunge the knife into a vital part, it is to be presumed that he regulated his mercy by his avarice. Lord Russell remarked, that it was a pretty thing to give a fee to be beheaded. But the custom of presenting

presenting fees to the headsman had the same origin with these gratuities to the hangman—the desire of his victims to propitiate a functionary who, unless they paid him like gentlemen, had it always in his power to behave like a ruffian. In the reign of George III. the letter of the law of treason was brought into harmony with what had long been the practice, and it was enacted that until life was extinct the mutilation of the body should not be commenced. The change was an evidence of the complete revolution in public opinion. Instead of grades of anguish, simple death is the highest punishment known to the law. The horror of violence, the agony of suspense, the opprobrium of mankind, the misery of friends, the pangs of conscience, the dread of eternity, form a compilation of woe which requires no addition from bodily torture. Every year contributes to falsify the old reproach, that fewer hours had been devoted to soften than to exasperate death. Modern investigations have all been directed the other way; and the desire is universal, that even the criminal, whose life is most justly the forfeit of his crime, should find speedy deliverance.

Hanging has prevailed more universally than any single mode of execution—nay, more, perhaps, than all other methods combined. Recommended by simplicity, and the absence of bloodshed, it is at the same time a death from which imagination revolts. None would, prior to experience, be conceived more distressing, for *the agony* might be expected to be realized to utmost intensity in the sudden transition from the vigour of health to a forced and yet not immediate death. Many indeed fancy that the fall of the body dislocates the neck, when the consequent injury to the spinal cord would annihilate life at the instant of the shock. But this is among the number of vulgar errors. Though a possible result, it very rarely occurs, unless a special manœuvre is employed to produce it. Before revolutionary genius had discarded the gibbet in France, Louis, the eminent professor, struck with the circumstance that the criminals in Paris were some instants in dying, while those of Lyons hung a lifeless mass the moment the rope was strained by their weight, learned from the executioner the trick of trade which spared his victims a struggle. In flinging them from the ladder he steadied with one hand the head, and with the other imparted to the body a rotatory movement which gave a wrench to the neck. The veritable Jack Ketch of the reign of James II., who has transmitted his name to all the inheritors of his office, may be conjectured from a story current at the time to have been in the secret, for it was the boast of his wife that though the assistant could manage to get through the business, her husband alone was possessed of the art to make a culprit ‘die sweetly.’ Where the fall is great, or the person

person corpulent, dislocation might take place without further interference, but, with an occasional exception, those who are hanged perish simply by suffocation. There is nothing in that circumstance to occasion special regret. An immense number of persons recovered from insensibility have recorded their sensations, and agree in the report that an easier end could not be desired. An acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensation was of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colours are even a source of pleasure. A Captain Montagnac, who was hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal, who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that, after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the descriptions renders it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colours of various hue start up before the sight, and that, these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator,—the vile rabble, the hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the wind. Formerly in England the friends of the criminal, in the natural belief that while there was life there was pain, threw themselves upon his legs as the cart drove away, that the addition of their weight might shorten his pangs. A more sad satisfaction for all the parties concerned could not well be conceived.

In the frenzy of innovation which accompanied the French revolution, when everything was to be changed, and (as impostors pretended and dupes believed) to be changed for the better, the reforming mania extended to the execution of criminals, and Dr. Guillotin, a weak, vain coxcomb, who revived with improvements an old machine, had the honour of giving his name to an adopted child whose operations have ensured himself from oblivion. The head, he assured the tender-hearted legislature, would fly off in the twinkling of an

eye, and its owner suffer nothing. It has since been maintained that, far from feeling nothing, he suffers at the time, and for ten minutes afterwards,—that the trunkless head thinks as usual, and is master of its movements,—that the ear hears, the eye sees, and the lips essay to speak. M. Sue, the father of the novelist, whose theories of human physiology have a thorough family resemblance to his son's representations of human nature, went so far as to contend that 'the body felt as a body and the head as a head.' The experience of the living sets the first of these assertions at rest. When a nerve of sensation is severed from its communication with the brain, the part below the lesion ceases to feel. The muscular power often continues, but sensibility there is none. The head is not disposed of so readily, for since it is the centre of feeling, it is impossible in decapitation to infer the torpor of the brain from the callousness of the body. But it would require the strongest evidence to prove that sensation survives the shock; and the evidence, on the contrary, is exceedingly weak. The alleged manifestations of feeling are only what occur in many kinds of death where we know that the pain is already past. No one frequently appears to die harder when the face is uncovered than the man that is hanged, and yet all the time there is horror on his countenance, within he is either calm or unconscious.\* If those who stood by the guillotine had been equally curious about other modes of dying, they would have known that the peculiarity was not in the signs, but in the interpretations they put upon them. The lips move convulsively,—the head, say they, is striving to speak,—the eyes are wide open, and are therefore watching the

\* The face after hanging is sometimes natural, but more commonly distorted. Shakspeare has given a vivid and exact description of the change in the speech where Warwick points to the indications of violence which prove that the Duke of Gloster had been murdered:—

*But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;  
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped  
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.*

The great poets beat the philosophers out of the field. They have the two-fold faculty essential to description,—the eye which discriminates the characteristic circumstances, and the words which bring them up like pictures before the mind. By 'his hands abroad displayed' must be understood that they were thrust to a distance from the body, which is an impulse with persons who are stifled by force. That the hands themselves should be wide open is inconsistent with the fact and with the idea of 'grasping.' They are sometimes clenched with such violence that the nails penetrate the flesh of the palms,—another instance among many, after what we know of the sensations in hanging, how little the convulsive movements of dying are connected with pain. The circumstance is not surprising now that the splendid investigations of Sir Charles Bell, which may challenge comparison with anything that has ever been done in physiology, have demonstrated that the nerves of motion are distinct from the nerves of feeling, and that they are capable of acting independently of one another.

scene

scene before them ; as if it was not common in violent death for lips to quiver when the mind was laid to rest, and for eyes to stare when their sense was shut. It is affirmed, however, that the eyes are sometimes fixed upon cherished objects. But were the anguish, as is asserted, ' full, fine, perfect,' the head, instead of employing itself in the contemplation of friends, would be absorbed in its own intolerable torments. The illusion is probably produced by the relatives themselves, who look in the direction of the eyes, which then appear to return the gaze. But it is neither necessary nor safe to find a solution for every marvel. Few have had the opportunity, and fewer still the capacity, for correct observation. The imagination of the spectator is powerfully excited, and a slight perversion suffices to convert a mechanical movement into an emotion of feeling or an effort of the will. There are not many of the ordinary statements which rest upon the testimony of competent observers ; and most of the extraordinary, such as the blushing of Charlotte Corday when her cheek was struck by the villain who held up her head, are not attested by any witness whatsoever. Though everybody repeats them, no one can tell from whence they came. It is a point upon which M. Sue and his school have not been exacting. One of the number mentions a man, or to speak more correctly, the *head* of a man, who turned his eyes whichever way they called him ; and having thus digested the camel without difficulty, he grows scrupulous about the gnat, and cannot be confident whether the name of the person was Tillier or *De Tillier*. It is an epitome of the plan upon which many of the papers on the subject are penned. The authors take care of the pence and leave the pounds to take care of themselves. For our own part, we believe that the crashing of an axe through the neck must completely paralyse the sensation of the brain, and that the worst is over when the head is in the basket.

The section of physiologists who would hardly refuse credit to the unpunctuated averment that King Charles walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off, are left behind by some Polish physicians, who were persuaded that by bringing into contact the newly severed parts they could make them reunite. They had sufficient faith in their folly to petition that the head when it had grown to the shoulders might be suffered to remain, and obtained a promise that their work should be respected, and the revived criminal spared a second execution. Among the authenticated curiosities of surgery is the case of a soldier, who had his nose bitten off in a street riot, and thrown into the gutter. He picked up the fragment, deposited it in the house of a neighbouring surgeon, and, having pursued the aggressor, returned,



returned, and had it refitted to the parent stock. On the following day it had begun to unite, and on the fourth the old nose was again incorporated with the old face. The Polish doctors may have founded their hopes on some examples of the kind. But they overlooked that time was an element in the cure, and that life must be sustained while adhesion was going on. They seem to have imagined that the neck and head would unite together upon the first application, with the same celerity that they had flown asunder at the stroke of the executioner. With the exception of these sages of Poland nobody, until the guillotine had been busy in France, appears to have dreamt that after head and body had parted company life or feeling could subsist. Decapitation, as the most honourable, was the most coveted kind of death, and Lord Russell scarcely exaggerated the general opinion when he said, shortly before his fatal moment, that the pain of losing a head was less than the pain of drawing a tooth. Hatred to the guillotine has had a large influence upon later judgments. The instrument for the punishment of the guilty became the instrument of guilt, and there is an inclination to extend to the machine a part of the opprobrium which attaches to those who put it in motion. And unquestionably there are moral associations, independent of every physical consideration, which will always render it the most loathsome and sickening of all the contrivances by which felons are made to pay the penalty of crime.

The punishment of the wheel was among the deaths exploded by the guillotine, and out of a spirit of hostility to everything which preceded the Revolution, the barbarities that attended it have been grossly exaggerated. The criminal fastened to a St. Andrew's cross had his limbs fractured with an iron bar. Though each blow might be conjectured to be a death in itself, the notorious Mandrin laughed on receiving the second stroke, and when the confessor reproved his levity, replied that he was laughing at his own folly in supposing that sensibility could survive the first concussion. The demeanour of a culprit is uncertain evidence of the pain he endures. The timid shriek with apprehension,—the brave by the energy of self-control can continue calm in the extremest torture. Mandrin was of that class of men whose minds are not to be penetrated by the iron which enters the flesh, and his indifference perhaps was partly assumed. But such blows have certainly a stunning effect, and rendered the punishment far less dreadful than we are accustomed to picture it. From the cross the mangled body was transferred to the wheel,—the back curved over the upper circumference, and the feet and head depending downwards. Here  
it

it was common, according to some who have written since, for the unhappy wretches to linger for hours—writhing with agony, and often uttering blasphemies in their torment. Happen now and then it did, but common it was not. Of those condemned to the wheel, all except the worst description of criminals were strangled beforehand. Of those who were broken alive, none were denied the *coup-de-grace* for the final stroke. This was a blow on the pit of the stomach, with the intention, seldom defeated, of putting an end to the tortures of the victim. Rarely after the blow of grace did he continue to breathe—more rarely to feel. Yet upon the ground of this feature in the punishment of the wheel Mr. Alison declares he is tempted to forget all the cruelties of the Revolution, and exclaim with Byron, ‘Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!’ But assuming the truth of the misstatements which he has adopted from a writer of French memoirs, was it because ruffians who had inflicted greater suffering than they endured were put to death by methods repudiated in a humaner age, or, if he pleases, though it was not the case, repudiated at the time by the avengers, whom events proved to be more sanguinary than the laws,—was it on this account that kings and nobles should be brought to the scaffold, innocent men, women, and children butchered by thousands, the church be overthrown, property confiscated,—that massacre, war, havoc, and ruin should desolate the land? Feelings find vent in exaggerated language, and we should not be critical upon an expression of sympathy, though extravagant in sentiment and offensive in form, unless these outbursts of spurious indignation had pervaded the whole of Mr. Alison’s account of the French revolution. There are, it is true, abundance of passages of an opposite description, for the jarring elements of hot and cold are poured out indiscriminately, and left to mingle as they may.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside, nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of faggots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three-quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly

as

as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonising and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.

Several punishments allied to crucifixion, but which differed in the method of fastening the body, were once common, and are not entirely obsolete. Whether men are nailed to a cross, hung up with hooks, or fixed upon stakes, there is a strong resemblance in the suffering produced; and any differential circumstance which adds to the torture, also curtails it. Maundrell has given from hearsay an account of impalement as practised at Tripoli, which would throw its rivals into the shade. A post the size of a man's leg, sharpened at the top, was placed in the ground, and when the point had been inserted between the legs of the victim, he was drawn on, as a joint of meat upon a spit, until the stake came through at the shoulders. In this condition he would sometimes sit for a day and a night, and by smoking, drinking, and talking, endeavour to beguile the weary time. Maundrell is a trustworthy traveller, but on this occasion he was certainly deceived, or the anatomy of man has degenerated since. A race of beings who could endure a post the size of a leg to traverse their vitals, and be alive at the close, who yet more, could sit for four-and-twenty hours engaged in festive occupations, no matter



matter with how slight a relish, while pierced from end to end with a staff more clumsy than that of Goliath's spear—a race of beings so tenacious of life, and insensible to pain, would require punishments to be heightened to meet the callousness of their structure; but with our delicate organization, too rough a usage breaks the golden cord. Nature has set bounds to the cruelty of man, for torture carried beyond a certain point defeats itself. Sorrow occupies a larger space in our minds than it does in our existence. Time, who in our happier hours put on wings and flew like the wind, in our misery toils heavily with leaden feet; but though he may lag he cannot stop, and, when every other alleviation is gone, this will always remain to sustain patience under aggravated torments—that there must be a speedy abatement or a speedy release.

We have been accompanying the body in its progress to the grave. We had meant next to retrace our steps, and observe the workings of the mind in its approach to the boundary which divides time from eternity; but this subject is, we find, too extensive to be made an appendage.




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ART. 1. *General Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges on the Chester and Holyhead Railway.* Published, with the permission of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer, by a Resident Assistant. Pp. 34. London. 1849.

2. *An Account of the Construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges, with a complete History of their Progress, from the conception of the Original Idea to the conclusion of the elaborate Experiments which determined the exact Form and Mode of Construction ultimately Adopted.* By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, C.E., Memb. Inst. Civil Engineers; Vice-President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester, &c. London. 1849.

**I**N continuation of our sketch of the practical working of the London and North-Western Railway, we now offer to our readers a short descriptive outline of the aerial passages through which it is proposed by the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, that the public shall, without cuneiform sustentation, fly across the Menai Straits.

We shall divide our subject into the following compartments:—

1. The principle upon which the Britannia Bridge is constructed.
2. The mode of its construction.
3. The floating of its tubes.
4. The

4. The manner in which they are subsequently raised.

5. Mr. Fairbairn's complaint that Mr. Robert Stephenson has deprived him 'of a considerable portion of the merit of the construction of the Conway and Britannia Bridges.'

1. PRINCIPLE OF THE PROPOSED PASSAGE.—In the construction of a railway from Chester to Holyhead, the great difficulty which its projectors had to contend with was to discover by what means, if any, long trains of passengers and of goods could, at undiminished speed, be safely transported across that great tidal chasm which separates Carnarvon from the island of Anglesey. To solve this important problem the Company's engineer was directed most carefully to reconnoitre the spot; and as the picture of a man struggling with adversity has always been deemed worthy of a moment's attention, we will endeavour to sketch a rough outline of the difficulties which one after another must have attracted Mr. Robert Stephenson's attention, as on the Anglesey side of the Menai Straits he stood in mute contemplation of the picturesque but powerful adversaries he was required to encounter.

Immediately in his front, and gradually rising towards the clouds above him, were the lofty snow-capped mountains of Snowdon, along the sides of which, or through which, the future railroad, sometimes in bright sunshine and sometimes in utter darkness, was either to meander or to burrow.

Beneath him were the deep Menai Straits, in length above 12 miles, through which, imprisoned between precipitous shores, the waters of the Irish Sea and of St. George's Channel are not only everlastingly vibrating backwards and forwards, but at the same time, and from the same cause, are progressively rising or falling from 20 to 25 feet with each successive tide, which, varying its period of high water every day, forms altogether an endless succession of aqueous changes.

The point of the Straits which it was desired to cross—although broader than that about a mile distant, pre-occupied by Mr. Telford's Suspension-bridge—was of course one of the narrowest that could be selected; in consequence of which the ebbing and flowing torrent rushes through it with such violence that, except where there is back-water, it is often impossible for a small boat to pull against it; besides which, the gusts of wind which come over the tops, down the ravines, and round the sides of the neighbouring mountains, are so sudden, and occasionally so violent, that it is as dangerous to sail as it is difficult to row; in short, the wind and the water, sometimes playfully, and sometimes angrily, seem to vie with each other—like some of Shakspeare's fairies—in  
exhibiting

exhibiting before the stranger the utmost variety of fantastic changes which it is in the power of each to assume.

But in addition to the petty annoyances which air, earth, and water could either separately or conjointly create, the main difficulty which Mr. Stephenson had to encounter was from a new but irresistible element in Nature, an 'orbis veteribus incognitus,' termed in modern philosophy *The First Lord*, or, generically, *The Admiralty*.

The principal stipulation which the requirements of War, and the interests of Commerce, very reasonably imposed upon Science was, that the proposed passage across the Menai Straits should be constructed a good hundred feet above high-water level, to enable large vessels to sail beneath it; and as a codicil to this will it was moreover required that, in the construction of the said passage, neither scaffolding nor centering should be used—as they, it was explained, would obstruct the navigation of the Straits.

Although the latter stipulation, namely that of constructing a large superstructure without foundation, was generally considered by engineers as amounting almost to a prohibition, Mr. Stephenson, after much writhing of mind, extricated himself from the difficulty by the design of a most magnificent bridge of two cast-iron arches, each of which commencing, or, as it is termed, springing, 50 feet above the water, was to be 450 feet broad and 100 feet high—the necessity for centering being very ingeniously dispensed with by connecting together the half arches on each side of the centre pier, so as to cause them to counterbalance each other like two boys quietly seated on the opposite ends of a plank supported only in the middle. This project, however, which on very competent authority has been termed 'one of the most beautiful structures ever invented,' the Admiralty rejected, because the stipulated height of 100 feet would only be attained under the *crown* of the arch, instead of extending across the *whole* of the watercourse. It was also contended that such vast cast-iron arches would take the wind out of vessels' sails, and, as a further objection, that they would inevitably be much affected by alternations of temperature.

Although this stern and unanticipated demand, that the passage *throughout its whole length* should be of the specified height, appeared to render success almost hopeless, it was evidently useless to oppose it. The man of science had neither the power nor the will to contend against men of war, and accordingly Mr. Stephenson felt that his best, and indeed only, course was—like poor little Oliver Twist when brought before his parish guardians—'TO BOW TO THE BOARD;' and we beg leave to bow to it too, for,

for, gnarled as were its requirements, and flat as were its refusals, it succeeded, at a cost to the Company to which we will subsequently refer, in effecting two great objects;—first, the maintenance for ever, for the purposes of War and Commerce, of an uninterrupted passage for vessels of all nations sailing through the Menai Straits; and secondly, the forcing an eminent engineer to seek until he found that which was required; in fact, just as a collision between a rough flint and a piece of highly-tempered steel elicits from the latter a spark which could not otherwise have appeared, so did the rugged stipulations of the Admiralty elicit from Science a most brilliant discovery, which possibly, and indeed probably, would never otherwise have come to light.

But to return to the Anglesey shore of the Menai Straits.

When Mr. Stephenson, after many weary hours of rumination in his London study, beheld vividly portrayed before him the physical difficulties with which he had to contend in the breadth and rapidity of the stream; when he estimated not only the ordinary violence of a gale of wind, but the paroxysms or squalls which in the chasm before him, occasionally,—like the Erle King terrifying the ‘poor baby,’—convulsed even the tempest in its career; and lastly, when he reflected that, in constructing a passage so high above the water, he was to be allowed neither centerings, scaffoldings, nor arches, it occurred to him, almost as intuitively as a man when his house is on fire at once avails himself of the means left him for escape, that the only way in which he could effect his object was by constructing in some way or other, at the height required, a straight passage, which, on the principle of a common beam, would be firm enough to allow railway trains to pass and repass without oscillation, danger, or even the shadow of risk; and it of course followed that an aerial road of this description should be composed of the strongest and lightest material; that its form should be that best suited for averting the wind; and lastly, that no expense should be spared to protect the public from the awful catastrophe that would result from the rupture of this ‘baseless fabric’ during the passage over it of a train.

It need hardly be stated that, whatever might be the result of Mr. Stephenson’s abstract calculations on these points, his practical decision was one that necessarily involved the most painful responsibility; which indeed, if possible, was increased by the reflection that the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway placed such implicit confidence in his judgment and caution; that they were prepared to adopt almost whatever expedient he might, on mature consideration, recommend.

In war, the mangled corpse of the projector of an enterprise is usually considered a sufficient atonement for his want of success;

success; indeed, the leader of the forlorn-hope, who dies in the breach, is not only honourably recollected by his survivors, but by a glorious resurrection occasionally lives in the History of his country: but when a man of science fails in an important undertaking involving the capital of his employers and the lives of the public, in losing his reputation he loses that which *never can be revived!*

Unawed, however, by these reflections, Mr. Stephenson after mature calculations—in which his practical experience of iron-ship building must have greatly assisted him—confidently announced, first to his employers and afterwards to a Committee of the House of Commons, by whom he was rigidly examined, that he had devised the means of accomplishing that which was required; and further, that he was ready to execute his design.

The great difficulty had been in the conception and gestation of his project; and thus his severest mental labour was over before the work was commenced, and while the stream, as it hurried through the Menai Straits, as yet saw not on its banks a single workman.

The outline or principle of his invention was, that the required passage of passengers and goods across the Conway and Menai Straits should be effected through low, long, hollow, straight tubes—one for up-trains, the other for down ones—composed of wrought-iron ‘boiler-plates,’ firmly riveted together. He conceived that, in order to turn aside the force of the wind, these tubes ought, like common water-pipes, to be made oval or elliptical, and that they should be constructed at their final elevation on temporary platforms, upheld by chains which—notwithstanding the evident objection, in theory as well as in practice, to an admixture of moveable and immoveable parts—might of course subsequently be allowed to give to the bridge an auxiliary support, although Mr. Stephenson’s experience enabled him to declare to the Committee of the House of Commons very positively that no such extra assistance would be required. He proposed that the extremities of the tubes should rest on stout abutments of masonry, terminating the large embankment by which from either side of the country each was to be approached; the intermediate portions of the aerial passage reposing at the requisite elevation upon three massive and lofty towers. Of these one was to be constructed at high-water mark on each side of the Straits. The third, no less than 210 feet in height, was to be erected as nearly as possible in the middle of the stream, on a tiny rock, which, covered with 10 feet of water at high tide, although at low water it protruded above the surface, had long been considered as a grievance  
by



by boatmen and travellers incompetent to foresee the important service it was destined to perform.

The four lengths of each of the twin tubes, when supported as described, were to be as follows:—

|                                                                                                              |              |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| From Carnarvon embankment, terminating in its abutment, to the tower at high-water mark . . . . .            | Feet.<br>274 |
| From the latter tower to Britannia tower, situated upon Britannia rock in the middle of the stream . . . . . | 472          |
| From Britannia tower to that at high-water mark on the Anglesey shore . . . . .                              | 472          |
| From the Anglesey tower to the abutment terminating the embankment which approaches it . . . . .             | 274          |
| Total length of each tube . . . . .                                                                          | 1492         |
| Total length of both tubes . . . . .                                                                         | 2984         |

Notwithstanding the bare proposal of this magnificent conception was unanswerable evidence of the confidence which the projector himself entertained of its principles, yet, in justice to his profession, to his employers, to the public, as well as to himself, Mr. Stephenson deemed it proper to recommend that, during the construction of the towers and other necessary preparations, a series of searching experiments should be made by the most competent persons that could be selected, in order to ascertain the precise shape and thickness of the immense wrought-iron aërial galleries that were to be constructed, as also the exact amount of weight they would practically bear. In short, the object of the proposed experiments was to insure that neither more nor less materials should be used than were absolutely requisite, it being evident that every pound of unnecessary weight that could be abstracted would, *pro tanto*, add to the strength and security of the structure.

Although it was foreseen, and very candidly foretold, that these experiments would be exceedingly expensive, the Directors of the Company readily acceded to the requisition, and accordingly, without loss of time, the proposed investigation was, at Mr. Stephenson's recommendation, solely confided to Mr. William Fairbairn, a shipbuilder and boiler-maker, who was justly supposed to possess more practical experience of the power and strength of iron than any other person that could have been selected. Mr. Fairbairn, however, after having conducted several very important investigations, deemed it necessary to apply to Mr. Stephenson for permission 'to call in the aid and assistance of Mr. Hodgkinson,' a powerful mathematician, now professor in the University of London, and whom Mr. Stephenson, in his report

report to the Directors, dated Feb. 9, 1846, declared to be 'distinguished as the first scientific authority on the strength of iron beams.' To these two competent authorities Mr. Stephenson subsequently added one of his own confidential assistants, Mr. Edwin Clark, a practical engineer of the highest mathematical attainments, who regularly recorded and reported to Mr. Stephenson the result of every experiment,—to whom the construction and lifting of the Britannia galleries were eventually solely intrusted,—and by whom an elaborate description of that work is about to be published.\*

The practicability of Mr. Stephenson's hollow-beam project having thus, at his own suggestion, been subjected to a just and rigid investigation, we shall have the pleasure of briefly detailing a few of the most interesting and unexpected results; previous, however, to doing so, we will endeavour to offer to those of our readers who may not be conversant with the subject a short practical explanation of the simple principle upon which a beam, whether of wood or iron, is enabled to support the weight inflicted upon it.

If human beings can but attain what they desire, they seldom alloy the gratification they receive by reflecting—even for a moment—on the sufferings which their fellow-creatures may have undergone in procuring for them the luxury in question. Dives sometimes extols his coals, his wine, his food, his raiment, his house, his carriages, and his horses, and yet how seldom does he either allude to or ruminate on the hardships and misery which, for his enjoyment, have been endured in coal-pits, lead-mines, sugar-plantations, cotton-fields, manufactories, smelting-houses, in horticultural and agricultural labour, by the sons and daughters of Lazarus!—and if this heartless apathy characterises human beings with reference to each other, it may naturally enough be expected that, provided *inanimate* objects answer our purpose, we think not of them at all. For instance, if a beam without bending or cracking bears—as it usually does—the weight which the builder has imposed upon it, who cares how it suffers or where it suffers?

For want, therefore, of a few moments' reflection on this

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\* 'With the sanction and under the immediate supervision of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer. A Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges; including an Historical Account of the Design and Erection, and Details of the Preliminary Experiments, with the Theories deduced from them. Also, General Inquiries on Beams, and on the Application of Riveted Wrought-Iron Plates to Purposes of Construction; with Practical Rules and Deductions, illustrated by Experiments. By Edwin Clark, Assistant Engineer. With Diagrams and a folio volume of Plates and Drawings, illustrative of the Progress of the Works. London: Published for the Author, by John Weale, 59, High Holborn, 1849.'

subject,

subject, most people, in looking up at a common ceiling-girder, consider that the corresponding upper and lower parts thereof must at all events, *pari passu*, suffer equally; whereas these upper and lower strata suffer from causes as diametrically opposite to each other as the climates of the pole and of the equator of the earth; that is to say, the top of the beam throughout its whole length suffers from severe compression, the bottom from severe extension, and thus, while the particles of the one are violently jammed together, the particles of the other are on the point of separation; in short, the difference between the two is precisely that which exists between the opposite punishments of vertically crushing a man to death under a heavy weight, and of horizontally tearing him to pieces by horses!

Now this theory, confused as it may appear in words, can at once be simply and most beautifully illustrated by a common small straight stick freshly cut from a living shrub.

In its natural form, the bark or rind around the stick is equally smooth or quiescent throughout; whereas, if the little bough firmly held in each hand be bent downwards, so as to form a bow, or, in other words, to represent a beam under heavy pressure, two opposite results will instantly appear; namely, the rind in the centre of the upper half of the stick will, like a smile puckering an old man's face, be crumpled up; while on the opposite side immediately beneath, it will, like the unwrinkled cheeks of Boreas, be severely distended—thus denoting or rather demonstrating what we have stated, namely, that beneath the rind the wood of the upper part of the stick is severely compressed, while that underneath it is as violently stretched; indeed if the little experiment be continued by bending the bow till it breaks, the splinters of the upper fracture will be seen to interlace or cross each other, while those beneath will be divorced by a chasm.

But it is evident on reflection that these opposite results of compression and extension must, as they approach each other, respectively diminish in degree, until in the middle of the beam, termed by mathematicians 'its neutral axis,' the two antagonist forces, like the anger of the Kilkenny cats, or, rather, like still-water between tide and back-stream, become neutralised, and, the laminæ of the beam consequently offering no resistance either to the one power or to the other, they are literally useless.

As therefore it appears that the main strength of a beam consists in its power to resist compression and extension, and that the middle is comparatively useless, it follows that in order to obtain the greatest possible amount of strength, the given quantity of material to be used should be accumulated at the top and bottom where the strain is the greatest—or in plain terms the middle

middle of the beam, whether of wood or iron, should be bored out. All iron girders, all beams in houses, in fact all things in domestic or naval architecture that bear weight, are subject to the same law.

The reader has now before him the simple philosophical principle upon which Mr. Stephenson, when he found that he was to be allowed neither scaffolding, centering, nor arches, determined to undertake to convey at undiminished speed the Chester and Holyhead Railway's passenger and goods traffic across the Conway and Menai Straits through hollow tubes instead of attempting to do so upon solid beams; and as a striking and perhaps a startling exemplification of the truth of his theory, it may be stated that although his plate-iron galleries, suspended by the tension as well as supported by the compression of their materials, have on mature calculations been constructed to bear nearly nine times the amount of the longest railway train that could possibly pass through them (namely, one of their own length), yet if, instead of being hollow, they had been a *solid* iron beam of the same dimensions, they would not only have been unable to sustain the load required, but would actually have been bent by—or, metaphorically, would have fainted under—their own weight!

*Experiments.*—One of the most interesting and important results of the preliminary investigations so ably conducted by Mr. Fairbairn and his friend and associate Mr. Hodgkinson, was the astonishing difference found to exist between the power of cast and that of wrought iron to resist compression and extension. From the experience which engineers and builders had obtained in imposing weights upon cast-iron girders of all shapes and sizes, it had long been considered almost a mechanical axiom that iron possessed greater power to resist compression than extension; whereas Mr. Fairbairn's experiments, to his surprise as well as to that of all who witnessed them, most clearly demonstrated that, after bearing a certain amount of weight, the resisting properties of cast and of wrought iron are diametrically opposite; in short, the results in figures proved to be nearly as follows:—

*Cast-iron* can resist per square inch—

Compression of from 35 to 49 tons.

Extension of „ 3 7

*Wrought-iron* can resist per square inch—

Compression of from 12 to 13 tons.

Extension of „ 16 to 18.

The unexpected results thus obtained were of incalculable practical value; for, if the preliminary experiments proposed by Mr. Stephenson had not been made, he, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, Mr. Clark, and indeed all the eminent engineers and

and mathematicians of the present day, would—on the correct principle of everywhere adjusting the thickness of iron to the force it has to resist—have erroneously concurred in recommending that the proposed *wrought*-iron tubes for crossing the Conway and Menai Straits should be constructed stronger at bottom than at top, instead of, as it appears they ought to be, stronger at top than at bottom—in consequence of which error the aerial gallery would have been improperly weakened in one part by an amount of iron which would have unscientifically overloaded it at another, and thus, like Falstaff's 'increasing belly and decreasing legs,' the huge mass, with diminished strength, would have laboured under unnecessary weight.

By continuing with great patience and ability the experiments above referred to, it was finally ascertained that the relative strength of *wrought* iron in the top and bottom of the tubes should be in the proportion of about 5 to 4; and whereas, had they been constructed of *cast* iron, these proportions would have been reversed in the higher proportion of nearly 5 to 1, it may reasonably be asked why, if the latter material bears compression so much better than the former, it was not selected for the *top* of the tube? In theory this adjustment of the two metals to the force which each was peculiarly competent to resist, would have been perfectly correct. It, however, could not practically be effected, from the difficulty of casting as well as of connecting together plates 10 and 12 feet in length of the very slight thicknesses required. Mr. Stephenson, therefore, adhered to his determination to make the whole of his aerial galleries of wrought iron; and we may here observe that, to ensure the public from accident, he further resolved that the amount of the force of extension upon them should be limited to only one-third of their power of resistance, that of compression to one-half—the reason of the difference being that, inasmuch as any little flaw in the iron would infinitely more impair its power to resist extension than compression, it was evidently safer to approximate the limits of the latter than of the former.

As the exact strength of a hollow wrought-iron tube such as was proposed was unknown to engineers, it was deemed necessary by Mr. Stephenson that its *form* as well as the disposition of its materials should be correctly ascertained. This portion of the investigation Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues with great care and ability conducted by subjecting tubes of different shapes to a series of experiments, the results of which were briefly as follows:—

1. *Cylindrical tubes*, on being subjected to nine very severe trials, failed successively by collapsing at the top—or, in other words,  
by

by evincing inability to resist compression:—the tube, losing its shape, gradually became elongated or lantern-jawed, while the two extremities were observed to flatten or bulge out sideways—besides which the ends, which for precaution sake rested on concentric wooden beds, invariably bent inwards.

2. *Elliptical tubes*, with thick plates riveted to the top and bottom, had been particularly recommended for experiment by Mr. Stephenson. These tubes under heavy pressure displayed greater stiffness and strength than round or cylindrical ones; but, after being subjected to a variety of torturing experiments of a most ingenious description, they all evinced comparative weakness in the top to resist compression. They likewise exhibited considerable distortions of form.

3. A family weakness in the head having been thus detected in all models circular at bottom and top, *rectangular tubes* were in their turn next subjected to trial. As they at once appeared to indicate greater strength than either of the other two forms had done, a very elaborate and interesting investigation was pursued by Mr. Fairbairn, who, by the light of his experiments, soon satisfied himself of the superiority of this form over the other two; and as every successive test confirmed the fact, he continued his search with an energy that has only since been equalled by the American judge who, it is said, on arriving at California, deserted the bench for 'the diggings.'

The following is an abstract of the important result of about forty experiments made by Messrs. Fairbairn, Hodgkinson, and Clark, on the comparative strength of circular, elliptical, and rectangular tubes:—*Circular*, 13; *Elliptical*, 15; *Rectangular*, 21.

As soon as the rectangular was by the investigation recommended by Mr. Stephenson clearly ascertained to be the best form of hollow tube that could be selected, the next important problem to be determined by experiment was what amount of strength should be given to it, or, in other words, what should be the thickness of its top and bottom, in which, as we have shown, consisted its main power.

The investigations on this subject soon demonstrated that if, instead of obtaining this thickness by riveting together two or three layers of plates, they were, on the principle of the beam itself, placed in horizontal strata a foot or two asunder—the included hollow space being subdivided by small vertical plates into rectangular passages or flues extending along the whole top as well as bottom of the tube—an immense addition of strength, with very nearly the same weight of material, would be obtained.

This adaptation proving highly advantageous, it was deemed

advisable by Mr. Stephenson that further experiments should be made by Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues to determine finally the precise form and proportions of the great tubes. For this object an entirely new model tube, one-sixth of the dimensions of the intended Britannia Bridge, was very carefully constructed; and the cellular tops and bottoms thereof, as well as the sides, were subjected to a series of experiments until the exact equilibrium of resistance to compression and extension, as also the variations in the thicknesses of the plates in the several parts of the tube as they approached or receded from different points of support, were most accurately ascertained.

In these as well as in all the previous experiments the trial tubes were loaded till they gave way—the results being accurately recorded and transmitted by Mr. Clark to Mr. Stephenson, who in return confidentially assisted Mr. C. with his opinion and advice. From the fibrous nature of wrought iron, as compared with the crystalline composition of the cast metal, the tendency to rupture in most of these experiments was slow and progressive. Destruction was never instantaneous, as in cast iron, but it advanced gradually; the material, for some time before absolute rupture took place, emitting an unmistakeable warning noise; just as a camel, while kneeling on the burning sandy desert, and while writhing his head from one side to the other, snarls, grunts, grumbles and groans louder and louder, as his swarthy turbanheaded owners keep relentlessly adding package after package to his load.

Although it can mathematically be shown that the two sides of a thin hollow tube are of but little use except to keep the tops and bottoms at their duty—the power of resistance of the latter being, however, enormously increased by the distance that separates them—it was nevertheless necessary to ascertain the precise amount of lateral strength necessary to prevent the aerial gallery writhing from storms of wind. The riveting process was likewise subjected to severe trial, as also the best form and application of the slender ribs termed ‘angle-irons,’ by which not only the plates were to be firmly connected, but the tube itself materially strengthened—in fact, the angle-irons were to be its bones, the thin plate-iron covering being merely its skin.

Mr. Stephenson had two main objects in instituting the investigations we have detailed. First, to determine by actual experiment what amount of strength *could* be given to his proposed galleries; and, secondly, of that maximum *how much* it would be proper for him to exert. And as his decisions on these subjects will probably be interesting to our readers, most especially to that portion of them whose fortunes or fate may doom them occasionally

occasionally to fly through his baseless fabric, we will endeavour very briefly to explain the calculations on which they appear to have been based.

As a common railway train weighs upon an average less than a ton per foot,—as the greatest distances between the towers of the Britannia Bridge amount each to 460 feet,—and as it is a well-known mathematical axiom among builders and engineers that any description of weight spread equally along a beam produces the same strain upon it as would be caused by half the said weight imposed on *the centre*—it follows that the maximum weight which a monster train of 460 feet (an ordinary train averages about half that length) could at one time inflict on any portion of the unsupported tube would amount to 460 tons over the whole surface, or to 230 tons at the centre.

Now, to ensure security to the public, Mr. Stephenson, after much deliberation, determined that the size and adjustment of the iron to be used should, according to the experiments made and recorded, be such as to enable the aforesaid unsupported portions of the tube (each 460 feet in length) to bear no less than 4000 tons over its whole surface, or 2000 tons in the centre, being nine times greater than the amount of strength necessarily required; and as the results—unexpected as well as expected—of the searching investigation which had been instituted, incontestably proved that this Herculean strength could be imparted to the galleries without the aid of the chains, which, even as an auxiliary, had been declared unnecessary—and as Mr. E. Clark had very cleverly ascertained that it would be cheaper to construct the tubes on the ground than on the aerial platform as first proposed—Mr. Stephenson determined, on mature reflection, to take upon himself the responsibility of reporting to the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway that this extra catenary support, which would have cost the Company 150,000*l.*, was wholly unnecessary. Indeed, such was the superabundance of power at his command, that, without adding to the weight of the rectangular galleries, he could materially have strengthened them by using at their top and bottom circular flues instead of square ones, which, merely for the convenience of cleaning, &c., were adopted, although the former were found on experiment to bear about 18 tons to the square inch before they became crushed, whereas the latter could only support from 12 to 14 tons.

But the security which Mr. Stephenson deemed it necessary to ensure for the public may further be illustrated by the following very extraordinary fact:—It has been mathematically demonstrated by Messrs. Hodgkinson and Clark, as well as practically proved by Mr. Fairbairn—indeed it will be evident to any one



who will go through the necessary calculations on the subject—that the strain which would be inflicted on the iron-work of the longest of Mr. Stephenson's aerial galleries by a monster train sufficient to cover it from end to end, would amount to six tons per square inch:—which is exactly equal to the constant stress upon the chains of Telford's magnificent suspension Menai Bridge when, basking in sunshine or veiled in utter darkness, it has nothing to support but its own apparently slender weight!

*Lateral strength.*—The aerial galleries having, as above described, been planned strong enough for the safe conveyance of goods and passengers at railway speed, it became necessary to calculate what lateral strength they would require to enable them to withstand the storms, tempests, squalls, and sudden gusts of wind to which from their lofty position they must inevitably be exposed.

The utmost pressure of the hurricane, as estimated by Smeaton,—but which is practically considered to be much exaggerated—amounts to about 46 lbs. to the square foot; and this, on one of the large tubes (460 feet long by an average of rather less than 30 feet high) would give a lateral pressure of 277 tons over the whole surface, or of 133 tons on the centre.

To determine the competency of the model tube to resist proportionate pressure to this amount, it was turned over on its side; and, having by repeated experiments been loaded and overloaded until it was crushed, the result fully demonstrated to Mr. Stephenson's satisfaction its power to resist, according to his desire, a lateral pressure more than five times greater than that which it is in the power of the hurricane to inflict.

The experimental information required by Mr. Stephenson having, by the zeal and ability of Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Mr. Clark, been finally obtained, the next points for consideration came to be, where these gigantic twin-tubular galleries should be constructed, and, when constructed, by what power, earthly or unearthly—it will appear that the latter was found necessary—they should be raised to the lofty position they were decreed to occupy.

After much reflection on Mr. Clark's valuable suggestions on these subjects, Mr. Stephenson determined—1st. That the four shortest galleries, each 230 feet in length, (to be suspended at the height in some places of 100 feet between the two land towers and the abutments of the approaching embankments,) should, as he had originally proposed, be at once permanently constructed on scaffoldings in the positions in which they were respectively to remain; 2ndly. That the four longest galleries  
(each

(each 472 feet in length), which were eventually to overhang the straits, should be completely constructed at high-water mark on the Carnarvon shore, upon wooden platforms about 400 feet westward of the towers on which they were eventually to be placed: 3rdly. That to the bases of these towers they should, when finished, be floated on pontoons, from which they were to be deposited on abutments in the masonry purposely made to receive them; and, 4thly. That the tubes should be raised to and finally deposited in their exalted stations by the slow but irresistible power of hydraulic presses of extraordinary force and size.

II. CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUBES AND TOWERS.—The locality selected for the formation of the tubes having been cleared, a substantial platform, composed of balks of timber covered with planks, was very quickly laid down.

In the rear of this immense wooden stage, which extended along the shore no less than half a mile, covering about three acres and a half, there were erected three large workshops, containing forges and machinery of various descriptions, for belabouring, punching, and cutting plate-iron. There were likewise constructed five wharves with cranes for landing materials, as also six steam-engines for constant work. The number of men to be employed was—

|                              |           |       |
|------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| On iron-work about           | : . . . . | 700   |
| At stone-work for the towers | . . . .   | 800   |
| Total                        |           | 1,500 |

Temporary shanties or wooden cottages, whitewashed on the outside, like mushrooms suddenly appeared in the green fields and woods immediately adjoining; besides which, accommodation was provided for a schoolroom, schoolmaster, clergyman, and in case of accidents a medical man, the whole being agreeably mixed up with a proportion of wives, sweethearts, and children, sufficient for cooking, washing, sewing, squalling, &c. Nevertheless, notwithstanding these alluring domestic arrangements, many sturdy independent workmen preferred sleeping in villages four and five miles off, to and from which they walked every morning and evening, in addition to their daily work; the remainder gipsying in the encampment in various ways, of which the following is a sample:—

An Irish labourer, known only by the name of ‘Jemmy,’ bought for himself a small clinker-built room. As ‘lodgings,’ however, soon rose in price, and as he had not time to keep a pig, he resolved to be satisfied henceforwards with half his tiny den, and accordingly let the remainder to a much stronger fellow-countryman, who, being still less particular, instantly let half of his half  
to

to a very broad-shouldered relation, until, like other Irish landlords we could name, poor 'Jemmy' found it not only very difficult to collect, but dangerous even modestly to *ask* for, 'his rint'! and thus in a short time, in consequence of similar 'pressure from without,' almost every chamber was made to contain four beds, in each of which slept two labourers.

As soon as the preliminary wharves, platforms, shanties, and workshops were completed, there instantly commenced a busy scene strangely contrasted with the silence, tranquillity, and peaceful solitude that had previously characterised the spot. While large gangs of masons were excavating the rocky foundations of the land towers, sometimes working in dense groups, and sometimes, in 'double quick time,' radiating from each other, or rather from a small piece of lighted slow-match, sparkling in the jumper-hole of the rock they had been surrounding; while carts, horses, and labourers in great numbers were as busily employed in aggregating the great embankments by which these towers were to be approached; while shiploads of iron from Liverpool—of Anglesey marble from Penmon—of red sandstone from Runcorn in Cheshire—at rates dependent upon winds and tides, were from both entrances to the straits approaching or endeavouring to approach the new wharves; while almost a forest of scaffold balks of the largest and longest description—like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane—were silently gliding towards the spot; while waggons, carts, post-chaises, gigs, horses, ponies, and pedestrians, some of the latter carrying carpet-bags and some bundles, &c., were to be seen on both sides of the straits eagerly converging across the country to the new settlement or diverging from it:—the unremitting clank of hammers—the moaning hum of busy machinery—the sudden explosion of gunpowder—the white vapour from the steam-engines—and the dark smoke slowly meandering upwards from their chimneys, gave altogether interest, animation, and colouring to the picture.

As our readers will, however, probably be anxious to know how the great tubes which have been delineated are practically constructed, we will shortly describe the operation, which, we are happy to say, is contained in a vocabulary of only three words, these aerial galleries being solely composed of—Plates—Rivets—and Angle-Irons.

*Plates.*—The wrought-iron plates which form the top, bottom, and sides of the Britannia 'land tubes,' 230 feet in length, are, of course, slighter than those required for the four, each 460 feet, which overhang the stream.

For these long tubes—which are of the same height and  
breadth

breadth as the shorter ones—the dimensions of the plates are as follows :—

|                       |                                                                                                                                    |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>For the bottom</i> | { 12 feet in length, 2 feet 4 inches to 2 feet 8 inches<br>in breadth, $\frac{7}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness.           |
| <i>For the top</i>    | { 6 feet in length, 1 foot 9 inches to 2 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in<br>breadth, $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness. |
| <i>For the sides</i>  | { 6 feet to 6 feet 6 inches in length, 2 feet in breadth,<br>$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in thickness.                     |

Although these plates have been severally forged with every possible attention, yet, to render them *perfect* in thickness, they are not allowed by Mr. Stephenson to be used for the tubes until each has been passed by the Company's superintendent between two uncompromising massive iron rollers, worked by steam, which, by revolving, quietly remove or rather squeeze down that variety of pimples, boils, lumps, bumps, and humps which from unequal contraction in the process of cooling occasionally disfigure the surface of plate-iron, and which in the workman's dictionary bear the generic name of '*buckles*.' When the plates, the largest of which weigh about 7 cwt., have been thus accurately flattened, they are, one after another, according to their dimensions, carried by two or more men towards one of several immense cast-iron levers which, under the influence of steam, but apparently of their own accord, are to be seen from morning till night, whether surrounded by workmen or not, very slowly and very indolently ascending and descending once in every three seconds.

Beneath the short end of this powerful lever there is affixed to the bottom of a huge mass of solid iron a steel bolt—about the length, thickness, and latent power of Lord John Russell's thumb—which, endowed with the enormous pressure of from 60 to 80 tons, sinks, at every pulsation of the engine, into a hole rather larger than itself, perforated in a small anvil beneath.

As soon as the labourers of the Department bearing each plate arrive at this powerful machine, the engineer in charge of it, assisted by the carrying-men, dexterously places the edge of the iron upon the anvil in such a position that the little punch in its descent shall consecutively impinge upon one of a series of chalk dots, which, at four inches from each other and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch from the edge, have been previously marked around the four sides of the plate; and thus four rows of rivet-holes averaging an inch in diameter are, by the irresistible power we have described, pierced through plate-iron from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, quite as easily as a young cook playfully pokes her finger through the dough she is kneading, or as the child Horner perforated the crust of his Christmas pie, when

'He

'He put in his thumb'  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said—What a good boy am I!'

Some of the steam arms or levers just described are gifted with what may be termed 'double-thumbs,' and accordingly these perforate *two* holes at a time, or forty per minute—the round pieces of iron cut out falling, at each pulsation of the engine, upon the ground, through the matrix or perforation in the anvil.

When the plates, averaging from six to twelve feet in length by above two feet in breadth, have been thus punched all round, and before they are brought to the tube, they are framed together on the ground in compartments of about twenty plates each (five in length and four in breadth), in order to be connected to each other by what are termed *covering-plates* and *angle-irons*.

In order to prepare the former (which are half an inch in thickness, one foot in breadth, and about two feet long) they are heated in a small furnace, when, instead of passing between rollers, they are put under a stamping, or as it is technically termed a *joggling* block, which by repeated blows renders their surface perfectly flat; after which a series of holes corresponding in size as well as in distance from each other with those in the 'plates' are punched all along the outer edge of each of their four sides. When thus prepared, two of these small covering plates—one on each side—are made to cover and overlap the horizontal line of windage existing between the edges of the plates, which, as we have stated, have been previously arranged so as to touch each other; and bolts being driven through the corresponding holes of the three plates (the large plates lying between the two covering ones), they are firmly riveted together by the process we shall now describe.

**Rivets.**—In the construction of the Britannia tubes there have been required no less than two millions of bolts, averaging  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of an inch in diameter and 4 inches in length. The quantity of rod-iron consumed for this purpose has therefore amounted in length to 126 miles, and in weight to about 900 tons!

The mode in which these legions of rivets have been constructed is briefly as follows:—

At the western end of the Company's principal forging establishment there stands a furnace or trough, full of pieces of rod-iron from  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches in length, packed together as closely as soldiers in a solid square of infantry. As soon as, by the fiery breath of bellows worked by steam, they have been made uniformly red-hot, a little boy, whom they are all obliged to obey, rapidly and without partiality, favour, or affection, picks them out one after another

another through the furnace-door with a pair of pincers, from which he quietly drops them perpendicularly into eight moulds, each of which being about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch shallower than the length of the piece of iron it respectively receives, they of course all equally protrude about that distance above the surface.

In this position they are handed over to a pale sturdy engineer-man, or executioner, who with about as much mercy as Procrustes used to evince towards those who slept on his bed, immediately places them upon an anvil, towards which there very slowly descends a huge superincumbent mass of iron pressed downwards by an immense long cast-iron lever worked by steam.

By this despotic power, the red protruding portion of each little rod is by a single crunch inexorably flattened, or 'fraternised;' and thus suddenly converted—*nolens volens*—into a bolt, it is no sooner thrown upon the ground, than the mould from which it was ejected is again, by the child in waiting, filled with another raw red-hot recruit, who by a process exactly the reverse of decapitation is shortened, not by the *loss* but by the *acquisition* of a head!

However, after all, just as 'the Marquis of —— is not the Duke of ——,' so is a bolt not a rivet, nor does it become one, until, like a bar-shot, it is made double-headed, an important process which has now to be described.

As soon as each 'set' of the half-inch iron plates which form the sides, top, and bottom of the Britannia tubes, have by a travelling crane been lifted—technically termed 'picked up,'—into their places, and have been made to touch each other as closely as possible, a moveable stage on wheels is drawn close to the outside of the tube, for the purpose of firmly connecting every set of plates to that which on each side adjoins it. This work is performed by what is termed 'a set of riveters,' composed of two 'Riveters,' one 'Holder-up,' and two Rivet-boys.

As soon as the two first have ascended the scaffolding on the outside of the tube, and when the Holder-up, sitting on a board suspended by ropes from the roof, has exactly opposite to them taken up his position on the inside, one of the boys quickly abstracts from a travelling furnace, conveniently placed for the purpose, a red-hot bolt, which by a circular swing of his pincers he hurls inside the tube towards the other boy, his comrade or play-fellow, who, as actively as possible, with a similar instrument snapping it up, not only runs with it towards the Holder-up, but as long as he can reach the rivet-holes inserts it for him therein. As soon as this is effected, the Holder-up presses against it an enormous iron hammer, which forces it outwards until it is stopped by its own head. The red protruding bolt is now mercilessly  
assailed

assailed by the two Riveters, whose sledge-hammers meeting with a sturdy reaction from that of the Holder-up, which by a vast leverage or length of handle elastically returns blow for blow, the bolt, in about thirty seconds, becomes double-headed, when one of the Riveters, dropping his hammer, snatches up a steel mould about 9 inches long, called *a swage*, which he continues to hold upon the newly-formed head until his comrade, by repeated blows of his hammer, has *swaged* it into a workmanlike form.

The bolt is thus finally converted into a rivet, which, by contracting as it cools, binds together the plates even more firmly than they had already been almost cemented by the irresistible coercion of three sledge-hammers; indeed they are so powerfully drawn together, that it has been estimated it would require a force of from four to six tons to each rivet to cause the plates to slide over each other.

The bolts for the upper holes of the interior, which, being about 30 feet high, are of course completely out of the Rivet-boy's reach, are dropped by him into a concentric iron ring, which, by a wire and cord passing over a pulley attached to one of the uppermost plates, is rapidly raised, until the Holder-up is enabled by pincers to grasp the fiery iron, which, on being inserted into its hole, he then instantly, as before, presses with his hammer.

By the operations above described, 'a set of riveters' usually drive per day about 230 rivets, of which in each plate there are about 18 per yard, in two rows, averaging only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches of clear space between each bolt-head. On the large tubes alone there have been employed at once as many as 40 sets of riveters, besides 26 'platers,' or men to adjust the plates, each having from three to four men to assist him; and when this well-regulated system is in full operation it forms altogether not only an extraordinary but an astounding scene.

Along the *outside* of the tube, suspended at different heights, are to be seen in various attitudes 80 Riveters—some evidently watching for the protruding red bolt, others either horizontally swinging their sledge-hammers, or holding the rivet-swage.

In the *inside* of this iron gallery, which is in comparative darkness, the round rivet-holes in the sides as well as in the roofs, not only appear like innumerable stars shining in the firmament of heaven, but the light beaming through each forms another as bright a spot either on the ground or on the internal surface of the tube. Amidst these constellations are to be faintly traced, like the figures on a celestial globe, the outlines of the Holders-up, sitting at different altitudes on their respective stages. Beneath them 40 or 50 Rivet-boys are dimly seen, some horizontally hurling red-hot bolts, others with extended pincers running forwards

wards with them, while fiery bolts, apparently of their own accord, are to be observed vertically ascending to their doom. This cyclopean dance, which is of course most appropriately set to music by the deafening reverberations of 70 or 80 sledge-hammers, is not altogether without danger, for not only does a 'holder-up' from a wrong movement occasionally—like a political Phaëton—all of a sudden tumble *down*, but the rivet-boys, generally unintentionally, but occasionally, it is said, from pure mischief, burn each other more or less severely, in which cases a couple of these little sucking Vulcans, utterly unable, from incessant noise, to quarrel by words, fall to blows, and have even been observed to fight a sort of infernal duel with pincers, each trying to burn his opponent anywhere and everywhere with his red-hot bolt!

But by far the most curious part of the riveting process is to be seen on the flat roof or top of the tube. This immense deck, which we have already stated to be 472 feet in length, is composed of a pavement of plates to be connected together by 18 longitudinal rows of rivets, the heads of which are to be only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart. Beneath this surface, at a depth of only 1 foot 9 inches, there is, to give additional strength, a similar stratum of plates, the space included between both being divided into eight compartments called flues, 21 inches deep by 20 inches broad, exactly resembling those of a common stove. After the horizontal bottoms and upright sides of these eight flues have been firmly connected together by the battering process we have just described, the upper stratum of plates are loosely laid down, and, being thus by the superincumbent weight of the iron covering securely adjusted, their final connexion is effected as follows:—

A tiny rivet-boy—we observed one little mite only ten years of age—in clothes professionally worn into holes at the knees and elbows—crawling heels foremost for a considerable distance into one of these flues as easily as a yellow ferret trots into a rabbit-hole, is slowly followed by his huge lord and master *the holder-up*, who exactly fits the flue, for the plain and excellent reason, that by Mr. Stephenson the flue was purposely predestined to be exactly big enough to fit *him*; and as, buried alive in this receptacle, he can move but very slowly, he requires some time, advancing head foremost, to reach the point at which he is to commence his work. On arriving there, his first process, lying on his left side, is with his right hand to pass through one of the rivet-holes in the plate above him a little strong hook, to which is attached a short hempen loop, or noose, which, supporting the heavy end of his huge hammer, forms a fulcrum upon which he can easily raise it against the roof, simply by throwing  
his



his right thigh and leg over the extremity of the long lever or handle of the instrument.

When similar preparations, by the injection of other little Rivet-boys and other stout Holders-up into several of the other flues, have been made, the signal for commencing operations is given by several red-hot bolts falling, apparently from the clouds, among the Riveters, who, leaning on their sledge-hammers, have been indolently awaiting their arrival. These bolts have been heated on the outside of the tube on the ground immediately beneath, in a portable furnace, from which a gang of lithesome rivet-boys in attendance extract them as fast as they are required, and then walking away with them, without looking upwards, or apparently caring the hundred-thousandth part of the shaving of a farthing where they may fall, or whom they may burn, they very dexterously, by a sudden swing of their pincers, throw them almost perpendicularly about 45 feet, or about 10 feet higher than the top of the tube, upon which, as we have stated, they fall among the assembled riveters as if they had been dropped from the moon.

As soon as these red-hot meteors descend upon the flat roof, another set of rivet-boys eagerly snap them up, and each running with his bolt, not to the spot where it is required, but to one of certain holes in the plate made on purpose for its insertion, he delivers it into the pincers of the little sweep, rivet-boy, or Ascanius, within the flue, who, having been patiently waiting there to receive it, crawls along with it towards his Pius Æneas, the stout recumbent *holder-up*. As soon as he reaches him he inserts for him the small end of the bolt into the hole for which it has been prepared, and through which, in obedience to its fate, it is no sooner seen to protrude, than the sledge-hammers of the expectant riveters, severely jerking at every blow the heavy leg of the poor holder-up, belabour it and '*swage*' it into a rivet.

The red-hot iron—unlike the riveters—cools during the operation we have just described; and even if a by-stander, from being stone-blind, could not *see* the change in its temperature, it could easily be recognised by the difference in the *sound* of the hammers between striking the bolt while it is soft and hot, and when it has gradually become cool and hard. But whatever may be the variety of colours or of noises which accompany the formation of every one of these roof-rivets, it is impossible to witness the operation we have just described without acknowledging, with a deep sigh, how true is the proverb that 'one half of the world,' especially the rich half, 'does not know how the other half lives;' indeed, unless we had witnessed the operation, we could scarcely have believed that any set of human beings, or rather of fellow-creatures, could professionally work from morning till night, stuffed horizontally  
into

into a flue of such small dimensions,—that they could endure the confinement which only allows them, by changing from one side to another, to throw sometimes the right leg and sometimes the left over the elastic handle of a hammer,—and above all that they could bear the deafening noises created close to and immediately thundering into their very ears!

In attentively watching the operations just described, we observed that at the *sides* of the tube it required generally eighteen blows of the hammer to flatten the end of the bolt, and then twelve blows on the '*swage*' to finish the head of the rivet; whereas, on the *roof*, the former operation was usually effected by only twelve blows, and the latter by eight or nine. At first, we conceived that this difference might be caused by a reduction in the sizes of the plates and bolts: but those in the roof proving to be the thickest and longest, we, on a few moments' reflection, ascertained that the reduction of labour in riveting the roof is caused by the sledge-hammers descending upon it by gravity as well as by the main strength of the riveters; whereas, at the *sides*, they are worked by the latter power only.

The operation cannot of course be carried on when the weather is either windy or wet. The riveters, holders-up, and rivet-boys very properly receive high wages. The first of these classes, however, strange to say, look *down* upon the holders-up as their inferiors, or rather as their menials; and again, the holders-up bully the little ragged-elbowed rivet-boys who wait upon *them*; but so it is, not only over the whole surface of the earth, but in the deep blue sea! In the stomach of the shark we find a dolphin, in whose stomach there is found a flying-fish, which, on dissection, has been found to have preyed on a smaller tribe, and so on. We have, therefore, no unkind reflection to cast upon '*riveters*,' '*holders-up*,' or '*rivet-boys*' for frowning upon, bullying, or burning each other.

*Angle-Irons*.—The plates of the tubes, having throughout been scientifically adjusted in the different positions best suited to resist the variety of strains to which, from external or internal causes, they can possibly be subjected, are finally connected together by small ribs, which are firmly riveted to the plates. The quantity of *angle-iron* thus worked through the top, bottom, and sides of all the tubes amounts to no less than sixty-five miles! The sides are, moreover, connected to the top and bottom of each tube by small triangular plates, called *gussets*, which powerfully prevent the bridge from twisting or writhing under the lateral pressure of the wind.

III. THE FLOATING OF THE TUBE.—*The Gathering*.—On the principle of '*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*'

we

we determined, in the family way, to join that respectable crowd of brother and sister reviewers, ill-naturedly called 'gapers and gazers,' who from all parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Continent of Europe, and even from the United States of America, were, in various degrees of agitation, inquisitively converging upon North Wales, for the purpose of beholding something which, although unanimously declared to be 'quite new,' few appeared very clearly to understand.

All agreed that the wonder they wished to witness was *The Britannia Bridge*: but what was its principle or its form, what it was to do, or what was to be done to it, no person appeared able to explain to anybody. Some nasally 'guessed' it was to be raised; others—*ore rotundo*—positively declared it was to be only floated. One man truly enough affirmed 'it was to go from earth to earth, straight through the air, to avoid the water'—but by which or by how many of these three elements, or by what other powers, the strange transaction was to be effected, deponent, on cross-examination, was utterly unable to detail.

As the railway from Chester—where the principal portion of the travellers had concentrated—has for several miles been constructed along the sands of the Irish Sea, the passengers during that portion of their journey had ample space and opportunity for calm observation or reflection: as soon, however, as the heavily-laden trains reached Rhyl, there was gradually administered to the admirers of the picturesque a strange dose of intense enjoyment, mixed up with about an equal proportion of acute disappointment.

In flying over the valleys and round the hills and mountains of North Wales, there repeatedly glided before their eyes a succession of scenery of a most beautiful description, which, illuminated by the sunshine of heaven, appeared, as they approached each great impending mountain, to be exquisitely improving; until all of a sudden—just as if the pestilential breath of an evil spirit had blown out the tallow candle of their happiness—nothing in this world was left to occupy their senses but the cold chilly air of a damp dungeon rushing across their faces, a strong smell of hot rancid grease and sulphur travelling up their noses, and a loud noise of hard iron wheels, rumbling through a sepulchral pitch-dark tunnel, in their ears.

Hundreds of most excellent people of both sexes, who had been anxiously expecting to see

'The rock—whose haughty brow

Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,'

were grievously chagrined and most piteously disappointed by being told—as, like a pea going through a boy's pea-shooter, they

they were unintellectually flying through a long iron tube—that they were at that very moment passing it, Straits, Castle, and all. However, the balance of the account current was, on the whole, greatly in their favour, and thus, in due time and in high good humour, all reached Bangor in safety.

It need hardly be said that, early in the morning of the day, or rather of the evening, on which the important operations at the Britannia Bridge were actually carried into effect, every boat that could be engaged, every bus, carriage, waggon, gig, cart, and hack-horse that could be hired in Bangor, Beaumaris, as well as in the neighbouring towns and villages, were in requisition to convey, by repeated trips, the curious to the object of their curiosity—and certainly on reaching it the picture exhibited was one not very easy to be described.

The first amusing moral that irresistibly forced itself upon us, as our conductor with outstretched whip was endeavouring almost in vain to drive through the crowd, was, that of the many thousands of human beings who at considerable trouble and expense had assembled, more than nine-tenths were evidently wholly and solely absorbed in subjects which, though highly interesting, were alien to the purpose for which they had congregated!

Numbers of persons with heated faces, standing around small tables, allocated in various directions, were intently occupied in quaffing off a beautiful unanalysed pink effervescing mixture, called by its proprietor '*ginger beer*.'

The dejected countenance of Punch's English half-starved dog, as, dead-tired of the gallows scene, he sat exalted on his tiny platform, was strangely contrasted with the innumerable sets of strong grinning Welsh teeth and bright eyes, that in joyous amphitheatre were concentrated upon him. In several spots the attention of stooping groups of 'ladies and gentlemen' horizontally looking over each other's backs, was solely engrossed in watching what no one passing could possibly perceive—some trick of rude legerdemain upon the ground. On a small eminence the eyes of hundreds, as they stood jammed together, were elevated towards a jaded white-cheeked harlequin, and a very plump, painted-faced young lady in spangled trousers and low evening frock, who, on the elevated stage on which they stood, jumped, kicked with both legs, and then whirled violently on one, until the rustic clown, thoroughly satisfied with the sample, and unable to resist the alluring cymbals and brass trumpet that accompanied it, slowly ascended the ladder, surrendered his penny, and then, with his back turned towards the crowd, descended into a canvass chamber to wait, or rather on a rough wooden bench to sit, like Patience on a monument smiling at Hope.

Long

Long rectangular booths, open at three sides, appeared filled with people, in great coats and in petticoats, seated around a table, all seriously occupied in silent mastication. In the moving crowd some were evidently searching for the party they had lost, while others, suddenly stopping, greeted friends they had not expected to meet.

Among the motley costumes displayed, by far the most striking was that of the Welshwomen, many of whom were dressed in beautiful gowns protected by frock-coats,—their neatly-plaited white caps, surmounted by large black hats, such as are worn elsewhere by men, giving to their faces, especially to the old, around whose eyes the crows'-feet of caution were to be seen deeply indented, an amusing appearance of doubtful gender, which—it occurred to us at the time—the pencil of *HB*, with its usual wit, might, in illustration of the *Epicene* policy of the day, very faithfully transcribe. But whatever were the costumes, the ages, condition, or rank of the immense crowd of both sexes through which our old-fashioned vehicle slowly passed, everything that occurred seemed to elicit merriment, happiness, and joy. It was, in fact, a general holiday for all; and as boys out of school make it a rule never to think of their master, so apparently with one consent had the vast assemblage around us good-humouredly agreed together to cast aside the book they had intended to read—to forget the lesson they had purposely come to study.

By the kind attention of one of the Company's servants we were conducted in a small boat half way across the rapid currents of the Menai Straits to the Little Rock, then completely beneath the water—upon which, under the able direction of Mr. Frank Forster, engineer of the line from Bangor to Holyhead, there had been erected (on a base embedded in pure Roman cement of 62 feet by 52 feet) the *Britannia* Tower, which, still surrounded by its scaffolding, majestically arose out of the middle of the stream to a height of 230 feet.

This enormous structure, which weighs upwards of 20,000 tons, and which, from being roughly quarried or hewn, displays on the outside the picturesque appearance of natural rock, is a conglomeration of 148,625 cubic feet of Anglesey marble for the exterior—144,625 cubic feet of sandstone for the interior—and 387 tons of cast-iron beams and girders worked in, to give strength, solidity, and security to the mass. The only way of ascending was by a series of ladders, communicating, one above another, with the successive layers of horizontal balks, of which this immense pile of well-arranged scaffolding was composed—and accordingly, hand over hand and step by step we  
leisurely

leisurely arose until we reached a small platform 15 feet above the pinnacle of the tower.

The view was magnificent. On the east and west were to be seen glittering in large masses the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, connected together by the narrow Straits, whose silvery course, meandering in the chasm beneath, was alike ornamented and impeded by several very small rocks and islands, round and about which the imprisoned stream evidently struggled with great violence. Upon two or three of these little islands was to be seen, like a white speck, the humble cottage of the fisherman, who alone inhabited it. About a mile towards the Irish Sea there gracefully hung across the stream, in a festoon, which, in the annals of science, will ever encircle the name of Telford, his celebrated Suspension Bridge, over which a couple of horses, appearing like mice, were trotting.

On the north lay extended a verdant country, surmounted in the direction of the new railroad by the great Anglesey column, erected by the surrounding inhabitants to the noble Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo. About two hundred yards beneath this splendid testimonial, and adjoining to a little isolated church, there modestly peeped up a very small free-stone obelisk, erected by the workmen of the tower on which we stood as an humble but affecting tribute of regard to some half-dozen of their comrades, who—poor fellows!—had been killed in the construction of the Britannia Bridge.

On the south the horizon appeared bounded, or rather fortified by that range of mountains, about forty miles in length, which bear the name of Snowdon, and among which, the loftiest, stands the well-known Patriarch of the group. Between the base of these hills and the Straits was the little wooden city built for the artificers and workmen, its blue slates and whitewashed walls strongly contrasting with each other. In this vicinity we observed, in large masses and patches, the moving multitude through which we had just driven, and who, unsatiated with enjoyment, were still swarming round one object after another, like bees occasionally dispersing only to meet again.

Lastly, close to the shore, on their wooden platform, from which the crowd, by order of Captain Moorsom, R.N., was very properly strictly excluded, there stood, slightly separated from each other, the sole objects of our journey—namely, the two sets of hollow tubes, four in number, which, under the sole superintendence of Mr. Edwin Clark, had been constructed as the aerial passages for the up and down trains across the Straits. Being each 472 feet in length, and being also of the height of an ordinary two-storied dwelling, they all together appeared like a street or row

of chimneyless houses half a mile long, built on the water's edge ; indeed, if windows and doors had been painted upon them, the resemblance would have been perfect. Of the four lengthy compartments the two on the eastern extremity, and that on the western end, had been painted red ; the remaining one, which in a few hours was not only to be launched but floated down the stream to the very foot of the tower on which we stood, had been finished in stone-colour.

We would willingly conclude our slight panoramic picture by describing the appearance of the moving water gliding past the foot of the tower far beneath ; but on going to the edge of the masonry to look down at it, we must confess that we found it to be utterly impracticable to gaze even for a moment at the dizzy scene.

In descending from the eminence we had been enjoying, we paused at 50 feet from the top to inspect the steam-engine and boiler therein inserted for working two hydraulic presses, which principally reposed upon a wall 10 feet 6 inches thick, the other three walls being 7 feet 6 inches in thickness. At 107 feet from the top, and at 103 feet from the water, we again stopped for a few minutes to enter the immense passage in the Britannia Tower, through which—strange to think—trains full of up and down passengers at railway speed are to pass and repass each other. The ends of the tubes from the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers, now reposing far away on the beach, meeting at this point on immense cast-iron plates interposed on the masonry to secure an equal pressure, are not only to be firmly connected together, but are to be substantially riveted to the fabric. To the opposite ends of these tubes, the extremities of those passing from the embankment to the two land towers just named are also in like manner to be firmly connected ; by which means each aerial gallery will eventually be composed of a single hollow iron beam 1513 feet in length, far surpassing in size any piece of wrought iron-work ever before put together—its weight, 5000 tons, being nearly equal to that of two 120-gun ships, having on board, ready for sea, guns, powder, shot, provisions, crew, flags, captains, chaplains, admiral, and all !

Lastly, to bring the component parts of this not only extended but attenuated mass of iron into vigorous action, or in other words, to enable it to exert its utmost possible strength, Mr. Stephenson has directed that after the component parts of each of the two parallel tubes have, by the process already described, been firmly riveted into one continuous hollow beam, the extremities thereof shall be lowered about 15 inches, by taking away the false keels or foundations, on which in their  
construction

construction they had purposely been raised. By this simple operation it is estimated that the tube will receive a strength of 30 per cent. in addition to that which it possessed in separate lengths, and without the precise amount of tension so scientifically devised. When thus finally completed, its total length will amount to no less than 1841 feet.

To enable this enormous mass of thin plate-iron—(the middle of which, as we have stated, is to be firmly riveted to that passage through the Britannia Tower to which we have descended)—comfortably to expand itself and contract according to the temperature of the weather—a yawning enjoyment which requires the space of about 12 inches—a number of cast-iron rollers, as well as of balls of gun metal, all six inches in diameter, have been placed on immense cast-iron frames deposited on the land towers and abutments—so that the tubes, like the tide beneath them, may freely flow forwards or ebb backwards at their free will and pleasure, or rather according to the immutable laws of the Omnipotent Power by which they have been created.

On crawling upon our hands and knees through a gap or hole in the masonry of the Britannia Tower, which had been kept open for the purpose of passing through it a stout hawser for hauling to its destination the floating tube, we suddenly perceived at its base lying prostrate immediately beneath us—on a large platform, latticed like the grating of a ship, and under which the deep stream was rushing with fearful violence, boiling, bubbling, eddying around, as well as dimpling along the piles that obstructed it—what at the first glance very much resembled the main-sail of a man-of-war stretched out to dry, but which we soon discovered to be a conglomeration of the earth-stained fustian jackets, fustian trowsers, dusty stockings, hob-nailed shoes, red sun-burnt faces and brown horny fingers of a confused mass of over-tired labourers, all dead asleep under the stiff extended bars of the capstan which they had constructed, and at which they had been working.

Although they were lying, what in country parlance is termed 'top and tail,' jammed together so closely that in no place could we have managed to step between them, not a single eye was open, or scarcely a mouth shut. The expression of their honest countenances, as well as of their collapsed frames, plainly told not only how completely they had been exhausted, but how sweet was the rest they were enjoying. In the right hands of several of them, old stumpy pipes of different lengths, also exhausted, were apparently just dropping from their fingers, and while the hot sun was roasting their faces and bare throats, a number of very ordinary blue-bottle flies in search of some game or other were



either running down their noses and along their lips to the corners of their mouths, or busily hunting across the stubble of their beards.

Although for some time 'we paced along the giddy footing of the hatches' on which they were snoring, gazing sometimes at them, sometimes at the wild scenery around them, and sometimes at the active element that was rushing beneath, no one of the mass awakened or even moved, and thus, poor fellows! they knew not, and never will know, the pleasure we enjoyed in reviewing them!

On rowing from Britannia Rock we had, of course, a full view of the remainder of the masonry, containing all together no less than 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone, of which this stupendous work is composed. As, however, it would be tedious to enter into its details, we will merely, while our boat is approaching the shore, state, that the towers and abutments are externally composed of the grey roughly-hewn Anglesey marble we have described; that the land-towers, the bases of which are the same as that of the Britannia, are each 198 feet above high-water, and that they contain 210 tons of cast-iron girders and beams.

The four colossal statues of lions—we must not compare them to sentinels, for they are couchant—which in pairs terminate the land ends of the abutments that on each side of the straits laterally support its approaching embankment—are composed of the same marble as the towers. These noble animals, which are of the antique, knocker-nosed, pimple-faced Egyptian, instead of the real Numidian form, although sitting, are each 12 feet high, 25 feet long, and weigh 30 tons. Their appearance is grand, grave, and imposing—the position they occupy being 180 feet in advance of the entrances into the two tubes, which so closely resemble that over the drawbridge into a fortress, that one looks up almost involuntarily for the portcullis.

The net-work of scaffolding, nearly 100 feet high, upon which the short tubes communicating from the Anglesey abutments to the land-tower had been permanently constructed, not only appeared highly picturesque, but was very cleverly composed of large solid balks of timber from 12 to 16 inches square, and from 40 to 60 feet in length.

*The Floating of the Tube.*—On landing we, of course, proceeded to the long range of tubes, or streets, we have described.

The arrangements which Mr. Stephenson had devised for floating the first of them to its destination were briefly as follows:—

As soon as this portion of the gallery was finally completed, the props upon which it had rested at a height above the wooden platform sufficient to enable artificers to work beneath it, were removed,

removed, so as to allow it to be supported only at its two extremities. The result of this trial satisfactorily demonstrated the accuracy of the calculations upon which the tube had been purposely constructed circular at bottom to the height or camber of nine inches, in order that when it assumed its proper bearing it should become perfectly straight—which it did.

During its formation a portion of the wooden platform under each of its ends was cut away and the rock beneath excavated, until on either side there was formed a dock just large enough to admit four pontoons, each 98 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 11 feet deep. When these docks were completed the eight pontoons,—scuttled at the bottom by valves which could either let in or keep out the water at pleasure,—were deposited at their posts; and though their combined power of floatage amounted to 3200 tons, the weight of the tube with its apparatus being only 1800 tons, yet, in consequence of the valves being kept open so as to allow the tide to flow in and out, they lay on their bottoms like foundered vessels; and thus it was curious to see crouching, as it were, in ambush beneath the tube a dormant power, only waiting for the word of command, *up and at 'em*, to execute the duty they were competent to perform.

Besides these arrangements Mr. Stephenson, in pursuance of a plan which had been deliberately committed to paper, had ordered the construction, on the Anglesey and on the Carnarvon shores, as also on stages constructed on piles at the Britannia Rock, of a series of capstans, communicating with the pontoons by a set of ropes and hawsers more than two miles in length. Of these the principal were two four-inch hawsers, or leading-strings, between which, like a captive wild elephant between two tame ones, the tube was to be safely guarded, guided, and conducted from its cradle to its position at the feet of the Anglesey and Britannia towers.

These preparations having been all completed, and every man having been appointed to his post, the valves in the eight pontoons were closed, in consequence of which they simultaneously rose with the tide, until their gunwales, like the shoulders of Atlas, gradually received their load.

At this moment the few who had been admitted to the spot watched with intense anxiety the extremities of the tubes, which, from the severe pressure they had been inflicting, had, in a slight degree, forced their way into the wooden balks that supported them. By degrees this pressure was observed perceptibly to relax, until a slight crack, and then a crevice was seen to exist between the old points of contact. In a few seconds this crevice was converted into daylight, amidst a general whisper of exultation announcing,

nouncing, 'IT'S AFLOAT!' The tube, however, was still firmly retained in its dock by two conflicting powers—namely, one set of hawsers, maternally holding it to the quiet home on which it had been constructed—and another set from the shore diametrically opposite, hauling it outwards to its destiny.

At this moment we ascended, by a long ladder, to the top of the tube, and had scarcely reached it when Mr. Stephenson very quietly gave the important word of command—*Cut the land attachments!* Some carpenters, all ready with their axes, at a few strokes nearly severed the strands, and, the tension from the opposite hawsers bursting the remainder, the long street, upon whose flat roof we stood, slowly, silently, and majestically moved into the water.

As the two extremities of the floating tube had been in alignment with those of the tubes on each side, which of course remained stationary, and whose roofs were loaded with well-dressed spectators, its advance was as clearly defined as that of a single regiment when, leaving its division to stand at ease, it marches by word of command from the centre out in front of its comrades.

Upon the deck or roof of the tube, which we may observe had no guard or railing, there was nailed Mr. Stephenson's plan, exhibiting the eight positions or minuet attitudes which the floating monster was to assume at different periods of its voyage; and, as it had 100 feet to proceed before its first change, we had leisure to gaze upon the strange interesting scene that surrounded us.

From the lofty summit of the Britannia Tower, surmounted by the Union Jack, to those of the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers on either side of it, were suspended, in two immense festoons, flags of all colours and of all nations. Every vessel at anchor, every steamer under weigh, as well as several houses on shore, were similarly ornamented. At different points on each coast, and especially upon every eminence, were congregated large variegated masses of human beings. The great green woods of Carnarvon seemed literally swarming alive with them, and, to add to the audience, a large steamer—arriving almost too late—as it scuffled to a safe position, exhibited a dense mass of black hats and showy bonnets, enlivened by a brass band, which was not unappropriately playing 'Rule Britannia,' the breeze wafting along with it the manly, joyous song of the sailors who, at the capstans on the opposite shore, were cheerily hauling in the hawsers upon which, for the moment, the thread of our destinies depended.

On arriving at Position No. 2, it became necessary to exchange the mechanical power by which the tube had been forced forwards, for that of the tide, which was to carry it end foremost down the stream to its goal. As, however, this latter power—to say nothing of

of a strong breeze of wind which drove the same way—would have propelled the lengthy mass more than twice as fast as it had been declared prudent it should proceed, a very strong power, by means of a small capstan, was exerted in each set of pontoons, to compress between wooden concentric clamps, the guide-hawsers, by which contrivance the pace was regulated with the greatest possible precision. This most important duty was confided to, and executed by, two volunteer assistants, Mr. Brunel and Mr. Locke (we rank them alphabetically); and, although the whole scene of the flotation was one of the most interesting it has ever been our chequered fortune to witness, there was no part of it on which we gazed, and have since reflected with such unmixed pleasure, as the zeal and almost over-anxiety with which Mr. Stephenson's two competitors in fame, stood, during the whole operation, intently watching him, until by either mutely raising his arms horizontally upwards, or in like manner slowly depressing them, he should communicate to them his desire that the speed might be increased or diminished.

But besides regulating the speed, it was repeatedly necessary, especially at the points we have enumerated, slightly to alter the position of the tube by means of capstans, often working together with combined powers on different points of the shores. Orders to this effect were silently communicated by exhibiting from the top of the tube large wooden letters, and by the waving of flags of different colours, in consequence of which the men of the distant capstans belonging to the letters telegraphically shown, were, at the same moment, seen violently to run round as if they had suddenly been electrified. Indeed at one point the poor fellows were all at once thrown upon their backs, in consequence of the rupture of the capstan-stop.

The duties of Captain Claxton—whose scientific and nautical acquirements had previously been evinced by floating the Great Britain at Dundrum—were highly important. Besides the experienced opinions he had contributed, he had sole command of the whole of the marine force, and accordingly from the top of the tube he continually communicated through his trumpet his orders to various small boats which, as floating aide-de-camps, attended upon him.

As he was getting ashore in the morning, we happened to see one of his crew, by suddenly pulling in the bow-oar, strike him so severely on the forehead that the blood instantly burst forth, as if to see who 'so unkindly knocked.' In half-a-dozen seconds, however, his pocket-handkerchief was tied over it, and he was giving his orders if possible more eagerly than before.

'*Jack!*' said a sailor from another boat, as with a quid in his cheek

cheek he slowly walked up to the coxswain, '*what's the matter with the Cappen's head?*'

'*A hoar struck him,*' replied the sailor to his brother 'blue-jacket,' who at once appeared to be perfectly satisfied, as if he professionally knew that it was in the nature of an oar to do so.

When the tube was at about the middle of its transit, a slight embarrassment occurred which for a few minutes excited, we afterwards were informed, considerable alarm among the spectators on shore. In one of the most important of our changes of position, a strong hawser, connecting the tube with one of the capstans on the Carnarvon beach, came against the prow of a small fishing-boat anchored in the middle of the stream by a chain, which so resolutely resisted the immense pressure inflicted upon it, that the hawser was bent into an angle of about 100 degrees. The coxswain of a gig manned by four hands, seeing this, gallantly rowed up to the boat at anchor, jumped on board, and then, with more zeal than science, standing on the wrong side of the hawser, immediately put a handspike under it to heave it up. *That man will be killed*—said Mr. Stephenson very quietly. Captain Claxton vociferously assailed him through his trumpet, but the crew were Welsh; could not understand English; and accordingly the man, as if he had been applauded, exerting himself in all attitudes, made every possible exertion not only to kill himself but his comrades astern, who most certainly would also have been nearly severed by the hawser had it been liberated; but a tiny bump or ornament of iron on the boat's head provisionally made it impossible, and the hawser having been veered out from ashore, the tube instantly righted.

The seventh movement brought the foremost end of the tube about 12 feet past the Anglesey Tower, and the rear end being now close to its destination, the hook of an immense crab or pulley-block passing through a hole purposely left in the masonry of the Britannia Tower was no sooner affixed to it than the workmen at the capstan on piles, whom we described as asleep, instantly ran round, until the tube was by main strength dragged—like the head of a bullock in the shambles—to a ring from which it could not possibly retreat. By a combination of capstan-power on the North shore, the foremost or opposite end was now drawn backwards until it came to the edge of the Anglesey Tower; and although we were aware that the measurements had of course been accurately predetermined, yet it was really a beautiful triumph of Science to behold the immense tube pass into its place by a windage or clear space amounting, as nearly as we could judge it, to *rather less than three-quarters of an inch.*

The tube having now evidently at both ends attained its position

tion over the stone ledge in the excavation that had been purposely constructed for it, a deafening—and, to us, a deeply-affecting—cheer suddenly and simultaneously burst out into a continuous roar of applause from the multitudes congregated in all directions, whose attention had been so riveted to the series of operations they had been witnessing, that not a sound had previously escaped from them; nor had they, in any place, been seen to move from the spots at which they either stood or sat.

Mr. Stephenson took no notice whatever of this salute; indeed we much question if he even heard it, for his attention was intently occupied in giving to his able and confidential assistant, Mr. Wild, directions respecting the final adjustment of the temporary fastenings by which the tube was to be retained; but the crowd of spectators—like that at a theatre when the curtain of the after-piece drops—were already seen hurrying away in all directions, by steam, by boats, by carriages, and on foot, until, in the brief course of an hour, both coasts were clear. The tide, however, during the operations we have described had become high, had turned, and was now beginning to be violent; the valves therefore having been partially drawn up, the pontoons, as they gradually filled, sank, until the widely-separated ends of the tube slowly descended to their respective shelf or ledge on each tower; and the discarded power that had successfully transported the vast gallery across the water then floating away with the stream—gently transferred from one element to another—it was thus left in the aëriiform position it had been planned to occupy!

During the operations we have detailed there were, of course, made by the spectators of both sexes a variety of observations of more or less wisdom, of which our limits will only allow us historically to record a single sample.

‘*Dear me!*’ said an old gentleman, as the tube when it first swung across the Straits was in perspective seen approaching the platform on which he sat, and which was immediately in front of the awful chasm between Britannia and Anglesey Towers, ‘*they have surely been and made it too SHORT; they must put a bit ON!*’ As soon, however, as, veering round, it approached him broadside foremost, he whispered, ‘*I’m quite sure it’s too LONG; they’ll have to cut a piece OFF!*’

A lady said to her companion, ‘*Mr. Stephenson appeared dreadfully excited during the passage! Didn’t you observe how he kept continually stretching out his arms, raising them up and then sinking them down in this way?*’ (suiting her words to the actions by which the speed of the voyage had calmly been regulated). ‘*But no wonder he was so agitated!*’

The Company’s servants were engaged until long after sunset  
in

in securing and placing in safety the various materials, &c., that had been in requisition during the day, and it was not till past midnight that, over-tired, they managed one after another to retire to rest.

On the following morning, after we had bidden adieu to the hospitable inmates of a small wooden habitation, beneath the Anglesey Tower, in which we had been very kindly received, we had occasion to pass near to a stand which had purposely been constructed in a peculiarly advantageous position, to enable the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway to witness the operation. Upon the centre bench of this platform,—the ground far around which was partially covered with bits of orange-peel, greasy papers that had contained sandwiches, and other scraps, indicative of an intellectual feast that was over,—we observed, reclining entirely by himself, a person in the easy garb of a gentleman, who appeared to be in the exquisite enjoyment of a cigar, whose white smoke in long expirations was periodically exuding from his lips, as with unaverted eyes he sat indolently gazing at the aerial gallery before him. It was the father looking at his new-born child! He had strolled down from Llanfair-pwllgwyngyll, where, undisturbed by consonants, he had soundly slept, to behold in sunshine and in solitude that which during a weary period of gestation had been either mysteriously moving in his brain, or like a vision—sometimes of good omen and sometimes of bad—had by night as well as by day occasionally been flitting across his mind.

Without, however, presuming to divine, from the rising fumes of a cigar, the various subjects of *his* ruminations, we will merely confess that, on looking up from our boat, as it glided away, at the aerial gallery he was contemplating, *we* were astonished to find ourselves very much in the frail predicament of mind of the old gentleman of yesterday whose emotions we so accurately delineated—for when the tube was lying on the Carnarvon shore we certainly fancied that it looked too heavy and too high for its object, whereas it now appeared almost too light and too low: in short, it had assumed the simple appearance which, in principle, it had been designed to bear—that of a rectangular hollow beam; and although it had in fact annulled the awful chasm between the Anglesey and Britannia Towers, nevertheless, by exactly measuring it, it now appeared considerably to have increased it!

Moreover, in viewing this low narrow passage—only 15 feet by 30—which, without cuneiform support, was stretching half across the Menai Straits—(it has been quaintly observed by Mr. Latimer Clark, in the clever pamphlet named at the head of this article, that if this single joint of the tube could be placed on its tiny end in St. Paul's Churchyard, it would reach 107 feet higher than

than the cross)—it seemed surprising to us that by any arrangement of materials it could possibly be made strong enough to support even itself, much less heavily-laden trains of passengers and goods, flying through it, and actually passing each other in the air, at railway speed. And the more we called reason and reflection to our assistance, the more incomprehensible did the mystery practically appear; for the plate-iron of which this aerial gallery is composed is literally *not so thick* as the lid, sides, and bottom which, by heartless contract, are *required* for an elm coffin  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet long,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and 2 feet deep, of strength merely sufficient to carry the corpse of an emaciated, friendless pauper from the workhouse to his grave!

The covering of this iron passage, 1841 feet in length, is literally not thicker than the hide of the elephant! Lastly, it is scarcely thicker than the bark of the 'good old English' oak; and if this noble sovereign, notwithstanding the 'heart' and interior substance of which it boasts, is, even in the well-protected park in which it has been born and bred, often prostrated by the storm, how difficult is it to conceive that an attenuated aerial hollow beam, no thicker than its mere rind, should by human science be constituted strong enough to withstand, besides the weights rushing through it, the natural gales and artificial squalls of wind to which throughout its immense length, and at its fearful height, it is permanently to be exposed!

IV. RAISING THE TUBES.—*Hydraulic Press*.—Although the tube, resting at each end upon the ledge or shelf that had been prepared for it, had been deposited high enough to allow an ordinary boat to row under it, yet the heaviest job still remained—that of raising it about 100 feet to its final resting-place. This operation, which might be compared to lifting the Burlington Arcade to the top of St. James's Church—supposing always that the said church arose out of very deep, rapid water—was, as we have already stated, to be performed by the slow but irresistible agency of hydraulic power; and as one of the presses used is said not only to be the largest in the world, but the most powerful machine that has ever been constructed, we will venture to offer to those of our readers who may never have reflected upon the subject, a brief, homely explanation of the simple hydrostatic principle upon which that most astonishing engine, the hydraulic press invented by Bramah, is constructed.

If the whole of the fresh water behind the lock-gates of a canal communicating directly with, say the German Ocean, were to be suddenly withdrawn, it is evident that the sea-side of the gates would receive water-pressure, and the other side none.

Now if a second set of gates were to be inserted in the salt-water at a short distance, say one foot, in front of the old ones—  
(the



(the water between both sets of gates remaining at the same sea-level as before)—many, and perhaps most people, would believe that the pressure of the German Ocean against the new gates would of course relieve, if not entirely remove, the pressure against the old ones—just as a barrier before the entrance of a theatre most certainly relieves those between it and the door from the pressure of the mob without.

This opinion, however, is fallacious; for, supposing that the new gates were by machinery to be firmly closed, the foot of salt-water included between them and the old gates would not only continue to press exactly as heavily against the latter as the whole German Ocean had previously done, but by simultaneously inflicting the same amount of pressure against the inside of the new gates as the ocean was inflicting on their outside, the pressure of this imprisoned single foot of water would so accurately counterpoise that of the whole wide, free ocean, that if the machinery which had closed the new gates were suddenly to be removed, they (the new gates) would be found, as it were, vertically to float between the two equal pressures!

But anomalous as this theory may appear, it is beautifully demonstrated by the well-known fact, that if water be poured into a glass syphon, of which one leg is, say an inch in diameter, and the other, say a foot, the smaller quantity will exactly counterbalance the greater, and the water will consequently, in both legs, rise precisely to the same level; and this would be the case if one leg of the syphon were as large as the German Ocean, and the other as small as the distance between the two sets of lock-gates we have just described—indeed it is evident that, if a hole were to be bored through the bottom of the new gates, a syphon would instantly be formed, of which the ocean would be one leg and the foot of included salt-water the other.

Now Bramah, on reflection, clearly perceived that from this simple principle in nature a most important mechanical power might be obtained; for if, say five ounces of water in a small tube, can be made to counterbalance, say a hundred thousand ounces of water in a large one, it is evident that by the mere substitution in the bottom of the larger tube of a flat solid substance instead of the water, a pressure upon the body so inserted of very nearly a hundred thousand ounces would be inflicted by the application of only five ounces!—and—as this pressure would of course be proportionately increased by increasing the height, or in other words the *weight* of water in the smaller tube—Bramah therefore further reasoned that, if, instead of adding to the quantity of water in the smaller tube, the fluid therein were to be ejected downwards by a force-pump, the pressure upwards

upwards in the larger tube would proportionately be most enormously increased; and *à fortiori*, as, in lieu of the old-fashioned forcing-pump, the power of steam has lately been exerted, our readers will, we believe, at once perceive that, if the instrument which holds the water could but be made strong enough, the pressure which might be inflicted within it by a few gallons of water might almost be illimitable.

The *principle* of the hydraulic press having been above faintly explained, the power and dimensions of the extraordinary engine of this nature, which has been constructed by Messrs. Easton and Amos, of Southwark, for raising the Britannia tubes, may be thus briefly described.

The cylinder, or large tube, of the syphon, which is 9 feet 4 inches in length, 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, and which is made of cast-iron 11 inches thick, weighs 16 tons. The piston, termed *the Ram*, which, pressed upwards by the water, works within it, is 20 inches in diameter. The whole machine complete weighs upwards of 40 tons. The force-pump barrel communicates with a slender tube or passage about the size of a lady's smallest finger, which, like the touch-hole of a cannon, is drilled through the metallic side of the cylinder; and thus, although the syphonic principle really exists, nothing appears to the eye but a sturdy cast-iron cylinder of about the length of a 24 lb. cannon, having the thickness of metal of a 13-inch mortar.

From the above trifling data it will be evident that, leaving friction and the weight of the ram out of the question, the lifting power of this machine must exceed the force applied to the force-pump in the same proportion that 1½-inch diameter bears to a diameter of 20 inches—which in figures amounts to about 354 to 1; and as the two 40-horse steam-engines which are to be applied to the touch-hole for compressing the water in the smaller tube would, it has been calculated by Mr. Latimer Clark, be sufficient to force the fluid more than five times as high as the top of Snowdon, or 5000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Blanc, our readers have only to increase the force in this proportion to become sensible of the extraordinary power which the hydraulic press of the Britannia Bridge is capable of exerting for the purpose of raising its tubes. In short, the power is to the weight of the tubes as follows:—

|                                              | Tons. |
|----------------------------------------------|-------|
| Weight of one of the largest tubes . . . .   | 1800  |
| Lifting-power of the hydraulic press . . . . | 2622  |

The mode in which this enormous power is practically exercised is as follows:—

The hydraulic cylinder, standing erect, like a cannon on its  
breech,

breech, on two stout wrought-iron beams bolted to each other, is, together with its steam-boiler, securely fixed in the upper region of the Britannia Tower, 148 feet above the level of its base, and about 45 feet above that to which the bridge is to be raised.

Around the neck of the iron ram or piston, which protrudes 8 inches above the top of this cylinder, there is affixed a strong horizontal iron beam 6 feet 9 inches in length, resembling the wooden yoke used by milkmaids for carrying their pails, from the extremities of which there hang two enormous iron chains, composed of eight or nine flat links or plates, each 7 inches broad, 1 inch thick, and 6 feet in length, firmly bolted together. These chains (which, in order to lift the tube to its destination, are required to be each 145 feet long) weigh no less than 100 tons—which is more than double the weight of the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, lately erected in Hyde Park—commonly regarded as one of the heaviest lifts ever effected: and certainly, when from the giddy region of the Britannia Tower, in which this hydraulic machinery, like the nest of an eagle, has been deposited, the stranger, after looking down upon the enormous weight of iron not only to be supported but to be raised, compares the whole mass with the diameter of the little touch-hole immediately before him, through which the lifting-power has to pass—and when he reflects that the whole process can, with the greatest ease, be regulated and controlled by a single man, it is impossible to help feeling deeply grateful to the Divine Power for an invention which, at first sight, has more the appearance of magic than of art.

As soon as all adjustments were prepared, and the boiler was sufficiently heated, the great piston, under the influence of severe pressure upon the water beneath it, began slowly, like a schoolboy's 'jack-in-the-box,' to emerge from the cylinder, and, apparently regardless of the enormous weight that oppressed his shoulders, he continued steadily to rise, until in about thirty minutes he lifted the tube 6 feet, and, as he could raise it no higher, the huge chains beneath were immediately secured by a powerful vice or 'clams' at the foot of the press. By letting off the water, which of course relieved the pressure beneath the piston, it descended, by its own gravity, to the point from which it had started, where the chains being again affixed to its yoke—an operation which requires about half an hour—it again, by the vitality of steam, lifted its weight another six feet; and, as the other end of the tube was simultaneously treated in a similar way, the whole was progressively raised nearly 30 feet, when, by the bursting of the largest of the hydraulic presses—a contingency which, from the faithless crystalline character of *cast* iron, it is utterly impossible for

Science

Science to prevent—the ponderous mass suddenly fell through a space of seven inches—an awful phenomenon to witness—until it was stopped by the brickwork and timber which had cautiously been underbuilt during its ascent—and from which it has still to be raised to a point a few feet above its final position, where a strong iron beam being placed beneath, it will, we trust, triumphantly be lowered to its final resting-place, to be the aerial highway of the public.

V. MR. FAIRBAIRN'S CLAIMS.—During the brief inspection which we made of the Britannia Bridge we can truly say, that, far from feeling a desire to award to Mr. Robert Stephenson the whole merit of the wonderful piece of mechanism before us, we repeatedly paused not only to reflect but to regret how little the Public would probably ever think of, or care for, the assistant-engineers, overseers, skilled artificers, and honest steady labourers, by whose zeal, assiduity, and personal courage the heavy job had practically been completed. 'Who,' we asked ourselves, 'will ever care to thank those who, surrounded by the torrent, toiled by night as well as by day at the foundation of the Britannia Tower? When that beautiful structure of scaffolding, composed of 570,000 cubic feet of timber, upon which the land-tubes have been constructed, shall be removed, who will ever expend a thought of kindly recollection of those by whose skill it was devised, or by whose enduring patience it was at no trivial risk constructed? What reward, beyond their bare wages, will the superintendents of the various departments of the work ever receive for the anxiety they suffered for several years, under a weight of responsibility which, while it promised for success no rewards, threatened for failure the severest description of moral punishment?' And, lastly, we said to ourselves, as on the top of the tube we stood over the holders-up and rivet-boys, who, stuffed together into flues in the painful attitudes we have described, were working immediately beneath our feet, 'Who, in flying across the Menai Straits, will ever feel that he is indebted for his life to the care and attention with which these poor fellows are patiently riveting, one after another, the millions of bolts by which he is to be safely transported in his aerial transit?'

Impressed with the justice of these feelings, we were therefore not only strongly predisposed to award to every person, however humble, who had been connected with this great work, the full amount of credit due to him for the particular portion of it which he individually executed, but we were ready almost to admire, and at all events to excuse, that *esprit de corps* which invariably induces every separate department to consider its labours to have been of the greatest importance; indeed, there is no better qualification

lification in a subordinate than to be what is commonly called 'proud of his work.' If, therefore, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Mr. Clark had, either collectively or individually, endeavoured to assume a larger share of merit than was intrinsically due to the important preliminary investigations they had conducted, we should indulgently have smiled at their boyish zeal, and even if we could not have approved, we should most certainly have refrained from noticing it; but in the serious appeal, or rather demand, which Mr. Fairbairn has deemed it advisable to make to the public, he has not only claimed merit which is the property of his colleagues, but has, although he occasionally renounces it, claimed for himself that of the invention itself! He has therefore forced us, as indeed every one who takes a mechanical interest in the subject, dispassionately to weigh the value of the claims he has urged, and at all events to hear the cause in which he voluntarily appears as the plaintiff.

The investigation ought to be an easy one, and so indeed it is; nevertheless we regret to say, that Mr. Fairbairn with very great ingenuity has riveted together facts, documents, and assertions which, when logically separated and compared with the evidence taken before the House of Commons, confuse, confound, and condemn each other.

We will endeavour by very brief extracts to arrange the case as fairly as possible. Mr. Fairbairn states—

'That Mr. Stephenson conceived the original idea of a huge tubular bridge to be constructed of riveted plates and *supported by chains*.'—p. 2.

'He [Mr. S.] never for a moment entertained the idea of making the tube self-supporting. The wrought-iron tube, according to his idea, was, indeed, entirely subservient to the chains.'—p. 3.

'The form which the Menai Bridge now has, was advocated by me alone.'—p. 31.

'I was anxious to clear the tube of the incumbrance of chains, which it must be borne in mind were intended from the first, not only for the support of the tubes but for the purpose of carrying them forward from the platform, on which they were to be built across their respective spans to their final positions on the piers.'—p. 48.

'Mr. Stephenson was present at one or two of the experiments afterwards made on the model-tube, and, after witnessing them, his fears were in a great degree removed; he *then* determined to abandon the use of auxiliary chains, and from that time, October, 1846, to the completion of the Conway Bridge, he relied with confidence on the strength of the tube itself, and attached a proper degree of importance to the results of *my* earlier experiments.'—p. 50.

The above-quoted assertions are all dated by Mr. Fairbairn '1849;' and as in the last of them he distinctly points out that it

was

was in October, 1846, that Mr. Stephenson abandoned the use of auxiliary chains 'for the form which the Menai Bridge now has,' which beam-like form Mr. Fairbairn positively asserts '*was advocated by him alone,*' it becomes necessary that we should refer to the following minutes of evidence which on the 5th and 6th of May, 1845, was given before the Committee of the House of Commons 'on Chester and Holyhead Railway Bill, Group 2, Thomas Henry Sutton Sotheron, Esq., in the Chair.'

'ROBERT STEPHENSON, Esq., *called; examined by*  
MR. ROBINSON.

'You are the engineer of the intended line of railway?—I am.

'Is there to be a bridge of 104 feet high and with the arches of 450 feet span?—There is.

'Do you consider that a practicable and safe mode of crossing the Menai under the circumstances?—Yes, I do.

'Is it not an arch on the plan of the Southwark Bridge?—No. Perhaps I may at once explain to the Committee the idea I have adopted. I conceive a tube. Supposing a wrought-iron tube to extend across the Straits, and that tube to have, we will say, 25 feet diameter to hold a line of railway, and the line of railway would run inside of it. In addition to that we should have to erect a chain platform *for the purpose of the building.* Then the question would arise whether the chains would be allowed to remain, or whether they would be taken away down. My own opinion is, *that a tube of wrought-iron would possess sufficient strength and rigidity to support a railway train.*

'Is this mode of construction quite original?—It is.

'It is your own view?—Yes, meeting the contingencies which have been put upon me by Government engineers.

'How would you place it in the position you mean it to occupy?—There will be a platform erected and suspended by the chains just the same as they bind an iron vessel.

'I wish to ask you whether this is your own suggestion?—It is entirely.

'From the experiments you have made, and from the inquiries you have also made, are you satisfied that that suggestion of yours is a practicable and safe one?—I am not only satisfied that it is practicable, but I must confess that I cannot see my way at present to adopting anything else.

'And in what way do you propose to unite the plates?—In the same way as the iron that is used in a ship is united.

'It will be one mass of iron?—Yes, a smooth tube made of wrought-iron the same as a ship.

'A succession of plates united together?—Yes, with rivets.

'No rods?—No rods.

'Running the whole length?—No, there may be what is termed angle-irons.

‘What would be the diameter of each of these tubes?—I should make them elliptical, 25 feet in height, and just wide enough to hold one line of railway trains.

‘What would be the distance below without support?—450 feet.

‘In each of them?—Yes.

‘You have not made up your mind as to the safety of dispensing with the chains?—No, I have not.

‘It would be impossible to do so until it is constructed, would it not?—I would rather leave that, because I would make the design so that the chains might either be taken away or left, and during the construction we should have ample opportunity of ascertaining whether we could safely take away the chains or not.

‘There would be no great advantage from taking away the chains?—No, only it would make it more costly if they remained; they would be applicable to other purposes, and they would cost from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*

‘You have no doubt, Mr. Stephenson, that the principle applied to this great span will give ample security to the public?—Oh! I am quite sure of it.

‘And you said that although you thought that an iron tube of the thickness you have mentioned, viz.  $\frac{7}{8}$  of an inch above and below, and a little less on the two sides, *will bear any weight that is likely to be put upon it* in the shape of trains?—Yes.

‘You feel perfectly confident upon that point?—Yes, I feel perfectly confident; but with a view to remove any doubts upon that point, I feel it necessary to make a series of experiments, not that it will convince me more than I am at present, but that it shall convey confidence to the Board of Directors under whom I am acting.’

It has since been stated in a memorandum written by Mr. Stephenson,

‘that the Committee before whom he was examined, alarmed at his project, were inclined to hesitate about passing the bill; that their apprehensions were mainly appeased by General Pasley saying that the chains were not necessarily to be removed; and that, as the bill would evidently have been lost had he (Mr. Stephenson) insisted on removing them, he modified his opinion as above quoted.’

Our readers will now observe whether or not such a necessity really existed.

‘General PASLEY was called in and examined by the Committee.

‘On the whole, therefore, General Pasley, you think a bridge built on the plan proposed by Mr. Stephenson would give ample security for trains passing there?—I feel convinced it would.

‘And you believe it to be a practicable plan?—Quite so.

‘But you do not advise the removal of the chains?—I do not. I see no advantage in it.

‘Do you think there would be any hazard in removing them?—I think it would be better to leave them.

‘It

‘It is difficult to answer the question until the bridge is actually built, is not it?—Yes.

‘Previously to a railway being opened, it is usual to send you to ascertain the security of the railway, is it not?—Yes.

‘And therefore you probably will be sent down to ascertain the security of this bridge before the railway is open to the public?—Yes.

‘And could these chains be removed without the sanction of the Government?—I do not know. I do not see any objection to their being there. *I should recommend their not being removed.*’

Without offering any opinion on the foregoing allegations and evidence—we will at once proceed to the causes of Mr. Fairbairn’s retirement from the service of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, and of his publication of the large costly volume before us. The details had best be explained by himself.

Mr. Fairbairn publishes two letters (a portion of one of them in italics) from Mr. Stephenson, of which the following are extracts:—

1. 23rd August, 1847.—‘I was surprised at your letter this morning, asking me if I wished you to take charge of the floating and lifting. *I consider you as acting with me in every department of the proceedings.*’

2. 7th February, 1848.—‘My dear Sir,—I only reached London this morning from Newcastle, when I received your previous note, upon which I will speak to you verbally. You allow your feelings to get the better of you respecting Mr. Hodgkinson, and I think improperly; for it is clear that his experiments alone have given the true law that governs the strength of different sized tubes. Both your plan and my own for calculating the strength are empirical; but Hodgkinson’s experiments and his deductions from them give the true law with remarkable consistency.

‘Yours faithfully, ROBERT STEPHENSON.’

‘But,’ says Mr. Fairbairn, ‘what chiefly led me to this decision [his retirement] was the position assumed by Mr. Stephenson: his public misrepresentation of the position I held under the Company, and his endeavour to recognise my services as the labours of an *assistant* under his control, and acting entirely under his direction. Had Mr. Stephenson in his public address done me the justice to state my independent claim to some of the most important principles observed in the construction of the tubes, I might perhaps have continued my services until the final completion of the whole undertaking, and most assuredly this work [Mr. F.’s book] would never have come before the public.’—p. 171.

‘Upon the completion,’ continues Mr. Fairbairn, ‘of the first Conway tube it was resolved by the gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighbourhood to entertain Mr. Stephenson at a public dinner, which should at the same time celebrate the satisfactory conclusion of this great engineering triumph.’—p. 172. . . . ‘In the course of his address



at the Conway entertainment Mr. Stephenson is reported to have made the following observations :—“ I believe it will be expected of me—indeed I should feel it improper if I were to omit on this occasion detailing very succinctly a few facts with reference to the rise and progress of the idea which led to the construction of tubular bridges ; because in doing so, it will not only afford me an opportunity of explaining to you precisely what the origin was, but it will also give me the opportunity of expressing my obligations to those who have so largely aided me in bringing about the result which we are met to commemorate.” —p. 174.

The following are the ‘*observations*’ of which Mr. Fairbairn complains :—

‘ As soon as the bill was obtained, and it became time to commence, I obtained the consent of the Directors to institute a very laborious and elaborate and expensive series of experiments, in order more thoroughly to test experimentally the theory I had formed, and also to add suggestions for its full development. It was then that I called in the aid of two gentlemen, eminent both of them in their profession—Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson. They had both distinguished themselves for elaborate series of experiments on cast-iron bridges ; and although this was a different material, still from their accomplishments and skill they were well qualified to aid me in my research. They heartily went into it ; and the result is what you now see under the walls of your venerable old castle. But having mentioned these two names, there is another gentleman that I wish to call to your notice—a gentleman to whose talents, to whose zeal and ability from the commencement of this undertaking, I am much indebted ; and indeed the full development of the principle of tubular bridges is by no means in a small degree indebted to him—I allude to my assistant, Mr. Edwin Clark. He has been my closet companion from the commencement of the preliminary investigation. No variation or inconsistency in the experiments eluded his keen perception : he was always on the look-out for contingencies that might affect the success—though not the principle, still the success—of the undertaking ; and he and the other gentlemen whom I have just named are the three to whom I feel deeply indebted for having brought the theory I first broached to such perfection ; and I thus publicly tender them my acknowledgments.’—p. 176.

Two days after this speech Mr. Fairbairn communicated to Mr. Stephenson his resignation, the reasons for which he explains in his book as follows :—

‘ Mr. Stephenson [in his speech at the Conway dinner] states that he called in the aid of Mr. Hodgkinson and myself at the same time. Now it is essential to the proof of my claims that this assertion should be explicitly contradicted. It was I, and not Mr. Stephenson, that solicited Mr. Hodgkinson’s co-operation, and this was not done until I had been actively engaged for several months in my experimental researches, and after I had discovered the principle of strength which was offered in the cellular top, and not only proved the impracticability of

of Mr. Stephenson's original conception, but had given the outline of that form of tube which was ultimately carried into execution.

'When Mr. Stephenson had made up his mind to claim in the manner he did the whole merit of the undertaking, it is not difficult to understand his reason for giving Mr. Clark—his own assistant—so prominent a position.'—p. 177.

As it is perfectly immaterial to us what feelings Mr. Fairbairn may entertain or express as respects his colleagues, Mr. Hodgkinson and Mr. Clark—we have no observations to offer on that point; but as it appears from the foregoing extracts that Mr. Fairbairn complains of Mr. Stephenson having 'endeavoured to recognise his services as the labours of an assistant under his control,' it is necessary to state, or, if Mr. Fairbairn prefers it, unequivocally to admit, that Mr. Stephenson—having engaged Mr. Fairbairn to make a series of experiments for the purpose of determining the best form of tube and the law of its resistance to fracture—having on the 13th of May, 1846, further recommended to the Board that Mr. Fairbairn should be engaged 'to superintend with him the construction and erection of the Conway and Britannia bridges'—and having still further recommended that a salary of 1250*l.* per annum, which Mr. Fairbairn enjoyed for more than two years, should be granted to him: all of which appointments and recommendations the Board of Directors 'at Mr. Stephenson's recommendation sanctioned and ordered'—certainly *did* consider Mr. Fairbairn as an 'assistant under his control.' The Directors of the Company, rightly or wrongly, entertained the very same opinion; and as Mr. Fairbairn in his Letter of Resignation above referred to had styled himself '*engineer along with yourself* for the tubular bridges,' the Board deemed it proper to direct that in reply to that letter the following very significant minute should be transmitted through their engineer-in-chief to his *insubordinate* :—

'Copy. *June 7, 1848.* Read—Letter from Mr. Fairbairn, dated 22nd May, tendering his resignation of the appointment of *assistant* to Mr. Stephenson in the construction of the tubular bridges. Resolved—That Mr. Fairbairn's letter be referred to Mr. Stephenson with a request that *he* accept the proffered resignation of Mr. Fairbairn, and that, inasmuch as the appointment was originally made by *him* (Mr. Stephenson), he do so in such terms as he may think proper.'

All this seems strong—but strange as well as strong to add—Mr. Fairbairn, in the preface of his own book, himself acknowledges 'the honour which he felt in having been selected *by Mr. Stephenson* as the fittest person to elucidate the subject and conduct the inquiry.' Moreover, in addition to 'the honour,' Mr. Fairbairn enjoyed the exquisite *advantage* of supplying

supplying from his boiler-manufactory at Millwall all the iron which, between his meals, he luxuriously crushed, broke, and bruised in experiments, the whole of which cost the Company no less than 6000*l.*; besides which it appears from the Board's minutes that Mr. Fairbairn allotted to himself a most lucrative contract for the construction of the iron-work of the bridges; which contract, to the great displeasure of the Directors, he immediately sold at a profit of several thousand pounds to Mr. Mare of Blackwall; in short, Mr. Fairbairn, like every eminent tradesman, naturally enough worked for money, and not for fame; and if the Company had proposed to have paid him in the latter coin, he would, no doubt, have very laconically corrected their mistake. Leaving therefore Mr. Stephenson completely out of the case, may not Mr. Fairbairn be fairly asked whether he conceives that the credit of the investigation he was engaged to make legitimately belongs to the Board of Directors, who paid for the experiments, or to the individual who was paid for conducting them?

If Mr. Fairbairn, after having expended 10,000*l.* in searching for coals or in boring for water, had in either or in both cases been successful, would he have claimed the merit of the result for himself, or would he have given it to the honest foreman, who, at wages of three guineas a week, had been engaged by him to conduct the expensive investigation he had proposed?

Mr. Fairbairn's third and last complaint is, that Mr. Stephenson has withheld from him the sole credit of the final adoption of rectangular tubes, with rectangular flues in the tops and bottoms thereof. Now Mr. Hodgkinson very stanchly maintains that it was *he* who first recommended rectangular tubes. It however appears, from the following extracts from Mr. Fairbairn's own statements, and written reports to Mr. Stephenson, as published in his book, that these discoveries, instead of belonging to any one of the triumvirate, were the natural sequences of the investigation recommended by Mr. Stephenson and sanctioned and paid for by the Board of Directors.

'The peculiar nature,' says Mr. Fairbairn, 'of the investigation, and the almost total absence of data for the successful prosecution of the inquiry, operated in a great degree to retard its progress. The transverse strength of an iron tube composed of riveted plates *was an entirely new subject* (p. 209). . . . Weakness was found where strength was expected, and hence repeated changes of form as well as changes in the distribution of the material became absolutely necessary (p. 210). . . . We have not as yet arrived at the strongest form of tube; we are nevertheless *approaching that desideratum* (p. 15). . . . Some curious and interesting phenomena presented themselves in these experiments. Many of them are *anomalous* to our preconceived notions of  
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of the strength of materials, and *totally different* from every theory yet exhibited in any previous research (p. 39). . . . Although suspension chains may be useful in the construction in the first instance, they would nevertheless be highly improper to depend upon as the principal support of the bridge (p. 41). . . . The difficulties experienced in retaining the cylindrical tubes in shape, when submitted to severe strains, *naturally suggested the rectangular form*. Many new models of this kind were prepared and experimented upon (p. 9). . . . *These experiments led to the trial of the rectangular form of tube with a corrugated top, the superior strength of which decided me to adopt that cellular structure of the top of the tube which ultimately merged into a single row of rectangular cells.*—p. 12.

(Which Mr. Hodgkinson, as before stated, declares was the result of *his* previous calculations.)

Again, Mr. Fairbairn, on the 3rd of April, 1846, in reporting to Mr. Stephenson, states:—‘It has already *been determined by experiment* that the strongest section yet obtained is that of the rectangular form;’ and this being one of the important ‘*quæsitæ*’ which Mr. Stephenson by the investigation he confided to Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues had been desirous to obtain, it was by *his* recommendation approved of by the Board of Directors and finally adopted.

Having now concluded our extracts from Mr. Fairbairn’s book, on the merits of which we have, for his sake, examined scarcely any other witness than himself, it only remains to be observed that annexed to the volume there are a series of costly plates curiously indicative of the text. Mr. Fairbairn states—

‘It will, I think, be generally allowed that it was very natural I should desire to have my name *publicly* (Ital. *sic*) associated with Mr. Stephenson’s as Joint Engineer for these Bridges.’—p. 170.

And accordingly in his plates Mr. Fairbairn has offered to the public a beautiful

‘PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE

‘RESTING ON THE CENTRE OF THE MENAI STRAIT.

‘ROBERT STEPHENSON AND WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, ENGINEERS.’

Now the facts of the case, or rather of the picture, are briefly as follows:—

1. The masonry of the lofty tower, so faithfully represented, was erected under the *sole* superintendence of Mr. Frank Forster, C.E.

2. The tube, not so correctly represented,—inasmuch as at this moment it is 77 feet 2 inches below the position it occupies in the picture,—has almost entirely been constructed under the sole superintendence of Mr. Edwin Clark, C.E.

3. Mr.

3. Mr. Fairbairn did not for a single day work at the construction of the tower, or, excepting a few occasional visits, at that of the tube.

‘SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.’

MORAL.—The sums expended by the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company to the 30th June last have been as follows:—

|                                                  | £.        | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----------|----|----|
| Cost of Tubular Bridge for crossing the Conway . | 110,000   | 0  | 0  |
| Ditto ditto ditto Menai Straits                  | 500,000   | 0  | 0  |
| Remainder of the line, &c. . . . .               | 2,971,587 | 0  | 0  |
| Total expenditure . . . . .                      | 3,581,587 | 0  | 0  |

Contribution to be paid towards the construction of  
the Holyhead Harbour of Refuge . . . . . 200,000 0 0  
Present market-value of original stock . . . 72 per cent. discount.  
Ditto of preferential stock at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.  
interest issued by the Company to obtain  
funds to complete the works . . . . . 20 per cent. discount.

The above figures strikingly illustrate the consequences of the system, or rather want of system, which the Imperial Parliament has hitherto pursued in railway legislation.

If the communication between England and Ireland *via* Holyhead, had—on the principle which at the time we earnestly recommended—been considered as one great arterial line, the proportionate expense of contributing to a harbour of refuge, as well as the enormous cost of raising the two bridges necessary for crossing the Conway and Menai Straits to a height sufficient for the distinctly different purposes of railway traffic and the sailing of large vessels, might, with some appearance of justice, have been thrown upon the aforesaid large Company;—although, in the day of M’Adam roads, Telford’s bridges over the very same places, and the construction of harbours, were considered as *national* works, and were accordingly executed at the cost of the public. Very improvidently, however, the moderately remunerating portions of the line were *first* established by Parliament;—and thus the little Company which, with feeble means, was to continue from Chester the circulation of the Royal mails—of goods of all descriptions—of first, second, and third class passengers—and of Her Majesty’s troops and artillery between London and Dublin, was saddled not only with its own natural burden, but with the preternatural works we have described; indeed, in order to obtain its Act of Parliament, it was so completely at the mercy of the Government, that it was obliged to submit to certain excruciating terms which—with the non-payment to the Company of its 30,000*l.* a-year for the mail-service, which the members of the late administration well

well know was ensured to it—and with a competition between the Government and the Company's steamers most lamentably inflicting a serious loss upon both parties—have, it appears, reduced the value of its shares in the market by more than 70 per cent., and, of course, completely drained its capital of all dividend. 'And,' it has been said, '*so much the better for the public!*' Be it so! we have no desire to relieve the proprietors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway from the terms (whatever they may be) of their contract. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that, if Parliament holds every Railway Company hard and fast to its bargain when it has made a bad one, it ought not, at all events, by *ex post facto* legislation, to let loose the public from every imprudent engagement which they, on their parts, have contracted to perform. We will exemplify our meaning by a particular case.

At the fag-end of last Session Lord Monteagle introduced into the House of Lords a bill, which, though hastily approved by a vote of that House, was very properly, as we think, discountenanced by Lord John Russell, and finally thrown out in the House of Commons, to deprive railway proprietors of the power they now enjoy of solely auditing their own accounts.

It was not attempted to be shown that an auditor appointed by the public could increase the number of trains—improve station accommodation—or give additional security or even comfort to any description of persons travelling by rail. It was not attempted to be shown that the proposed measure would confer a single additional privilege upon railway *share-owners*. On the contrary, it was frankly admitted that '*to THEM the books of the Company are by law at all times open;*' but as a highly popular doctrine, it was honestly and unscrupulously explained that the real object of the proposed audit-bill was to enable *the public*, by legislative 'clairvoyance,' accurately to ascertain the present and prospective state of every Railway Company, in order that the proprietors thereof might be prevented from any longer selling their shares to the aforesaid 'public' at prices above their intrinsic value.

If Parliament were to force every horse-dealer to divulge the vices and infirmities of the sorry animal he is at this moment 'chanting,' there can be no doubt that the public, by a general illumination, would have vast reason to rejoice. If Parliament were to oblige the proprietors of all quack medicines to publish the exact cost of the ingredients which compose them, there can be no doubt that John Bull might henceforward repeatedly swallow a peck of pills for less money than he is now paying for 'a single ounce box.' In fact, for aught that we in our sequestered hermitage know, it may be very possible, that if every

every merchant's ledger were, to-morrow morning, by legislative enactment, to be declared public property, the prices of sugar, tea, iron, hides, coals, and a hundred other articles in the market, would, in the course of a few hours, be lowered. It has, however, hitherto been considered that the British merchant's counting-house is as much 'his castle' as his residence; that his accounts are as sacred as his person; and that, morally speaking, nothing but a suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act can authorise the seizure of either the one or the other.

When Mr. Stephenson's magnificent project of a cast-iron bridge of two arches, 100 feet high at the crown—which, instead of costing 600,000*l.* (being at the rate of 1000*l.* per yard), could have been executed for 250,000*l.*—was rejected by the Admiralty, that powerful Board very justifiably declined to advise by what other means the stipulations they required, should, or even *could*, be effected. The doubts, the difficulties, the risks, and the uncertainties were all, with an official shrug, very prudently thrown upon the little Company; and if the *expenses* of the Chester and Holyhead Railway could thus be legitimately forced into darkness, is it just, after the proprietors have not only performed their bargain, but have nearly been ruined by doing so, that their *accounts* should, by an *ex post facto* law, be dragged into daylight, not merely to gratify idle disinterested curiosity, but for the open avowed object of shielding the public—or rather public stockbrokers—from the very risk and pecuniary uncertainty which they (the proprietors) were forced to encounter?

But, as in all transactions 'honesty is the best policy,' so we submit that the proposed interference with the rights of Railway proprietors to be the sole auditors of their own accounts, is not only unjust, but impolitic. Thousands of owners of Railway stock have, by a fatal experience, lately learned that it is possible for a joint-stock company, as it is possible for any of the individuals composing it, to encourage profuse expenditure, to act dishonestly, and, for a short time, to veil impending ruin by mystified accounts. The antidote, however, to this poisonous admixture of indolence and fraud is already working its cure. The punishment of the principal transgressor has already become 'greater than he can bear;' and a salutary suspicion has not only spontaneously aroused the proprietors of two hundred millions of Railway property, who had hitherto very culpably neglected their own affairs, but has materially depreciated all Railway stock; and there can be no doubt that this wholesome castigatory depression of their property below its intrinsic value will, *to the evident benefit of the share-purchasing public*, continue to exist, until Railway proprietors have sense enough to perceive that it is  
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their *interest* to remove the suspicion which created it, by the prompt establishment of that open examination, and that honest as well as disinterested audit of their accounts—(in the last half-yearly printed statement of the London and North-Western Railway Company's affairs we observe that there was expended in six months in 'audit and account 2488*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*')—which will satisfy men of business; and which was, no doubt, Lord Monteagle's object, when—with rather more zeal than consideration—he proposed that it should forcibly be effected by Act of Parliament.

The desideratum, however, we feel confident, can be obtained by milder means; and although between buyers and sellers of all descriptions contention must always exist to a certain degree, we trust that the proprietors of the rails which have gridironed the country, and those who travel on them, instead of unnecessarily snarling over the invention, will feel that it is alike their interest and their duty to join together hand in hand, magnanimously to develop to its utmost possible extent the greatest blessing, or at least one of the very greatest, which has ever been imparted to mankind.

It is generally asserted by railway proprietors, who are of course self-interested in the question, that the existing practice of rating their respective Companies according to their earnings—their industry—or, as it is technically termed, their 'profits in trade,' is unjust, because the same system, or fiscal screw, is not equally applied to landowners, manufacturers, or shopkeepers. It is argued that, so long as our old-fashioned highways, besides levying tolls, are allowed to tax for their maintenance every parish through which they pass, it is unreasonable that the same parishes should at the very same moment, by a process diametrically opposite, be allowed to transfer a large proportion of their domestic rates for the support of their poor, &c., upon railways, which, it is affirmed, have, generally speaking, not only grievously overpaid for the land they occupy, but have materially increased the value and prosperity of every city, town, village, hamlet, and field through which or near which they pass.

Upon this serious and important question, involving some general re-adjustment of assessments of every description, we shall abstain from offering any opinion, because we are convinced that, sooner or later, it will be duly considered by Parliament. In the mean while, however, it is with deep regret we observe that the innumerable direct as well as indirect impositions and taxes which—rightly or wrongly, legally or illegally—have been imposed upon our railways, are already producing the lamentable consequences we ventured to predict. From want of funds,



funds, even our greatest railway-companies are openly abandoning branch-lines which they had almost completed; they are reducing the number of their trains; economising at their stations; in fact, in various ways, in proportion not only to the expenses imposed upon them, but moreover to the reductions made in their original Parliamentary tolls, they are—perceptibly as well as imperceptibly—curtailing the convenience and accommodation which, from a sound regard for their mutual interests, they would most willingly have maintained for the public.

We feel confident that in this unfortunate, short-sighted, narrow-minded conflict the British Nation is discredibly warring against itself; and having not inattentively watched the practical working of the system, it has been our humble endeavour—by a few pen-and-ink sketches, which we now conclude—to attract the attention of the public to the magnitude of the works of our arterial railways, in order that from the good sense and good feelings of the community these new highways may receive that fostering protection and genial support without which the fruits of Science cannot be matured.

ART. IV.—*Le Congrès de la Paix. Vaudeville: donné avec le plus grand succès au Théâtre des Variétés.* 8vo. Paris, 1849.

NO maxim in political science can be more clearly demonstrated, and few are more important to be ever kept in mind, than the difference between questions of Domestic and Foreign Policy in one very material respect. The former are level, generally speaking, to the comprehension of a very large part of the community; men can, for the most part, form sound opinions upon them, because they turn upon facts within their knowledge: they affect so immediately and so palpably men's interests, that no very gross mistakes are likely to be committed in discussing them, and therefore the public opinion and public feeling on them are much to be regarded—often to be even consulted by statesmen in forming their own opinions regarding such subjects. But it is altogether otherwise as to questions of Foreign Policy. Though the interests of the people are deeply involved in them, the information of the people respecting them is necessarily most scanty; they turn upon points far removed from the apprehension of the multitude, and even unapproachable by persons much above the mass of the community; they are of a refined and subtle description, and demand for their consideration both greater sagacity and far more extensive knowledge than *the public* (in any rational sense of that word) possesses. Moreover, the public feelings

feelings are apt to be excited unwisely and unreflectingly upon these matters, and without any regard to the real interests of the community. Nay, these feelings are prone to vary, suddenly to veer about, promptly to run from one extreme to its opposite; partly from ignorance, partly from inexperience of affairs, partly from want of due reflection, partly from heat of temper: so that public opinion upon foreign affairs is really very little to be regarded by those in whose hands the government of a country may be placed. Even in ancient Greece, where the people studied no other questions of a public nature, where the form of the government gave them entire control, and thus called on them constantly to consider those questions; above all, where the greatest statesmen were always prelecting on even the minute details of the subject, and the subject itself was of small extent and little complication,—even in these favourable circumstances, so different from our own, nothing could be more erroneous than the views taken of those questions by the people, and nothing, in the estimation of these statesmen, could be more perilous to the public interest than yielding to the popular opinions, and being guided by the feelings of the multitude at large.

To take but one example how dangerous it would be to follow the impressions occasionally made on the public mind by questions of Foreign Policy, let us only regard the greatest question of all—that of peace and war. How often have we seen the people by unanimous consent bent upon rushing into all the enormous perils of war, far outstripping their leaders among the factions of statesmen in their clamours for a rupture with foreign states, and seeking to control the wisdom of such men as Walpole, when he refused to break with Spain, and Pitt when he was so anxious to avoid the war with France? But furthermore, even when the public voice is most warlike, and when it is followed, we cannot say that ‘voice is still for war.’ On the contrary, at the first reverse, or even while all prospers, upon the first demand of supplies and imposition of taxes, the desire of peace, however unseasonable, is found to succeed the rage for war, like the cold to the hot fit of a fever. Often, when the continuance of peace would be both impolitic and perilous, public opinion is wholly, and unreasonably, and blindly averse to war. Often, when the continuance of war has become of absolutely indispensable necessity, public opinion is bent upon peace. Not seldom when peace is necessary, warlike are the sentiments of the uninformed and unreasoning multitude.

But there are other questions of foreign policy far more above popular comprehension. The expediency of provisions in treaties for consulting our mercantile and other interests—the necessity  
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of stipulations for securing our foreign possessions—the arrangements made for regulating in an advantageous manner to us and to all others the distribution of power among various states—the delicate and difficult questions regarding the international concerns of all foreign countries: these and other subjects are so utterly unknown to the people at large, that they can no more be trusted with deciding upon them, and their opinion can have no greater weight regarding them, than upon any questions in the abstract sciences. The public opinion upon a point of algebra would be of about as much value as upon a question of Foreign Policy like any one of those we have just enumerated. Add to all this the total want of individual responsibility, nay, of even identity in the body of the people, who may one day decide that Charles-Albert must be supported as Deliverer of Italy, and affirm that his success is certain because all Lombardy is for him; and then find that the Italians wholly distrust him—that, except the Milanese coffee-houses, all Lombards are against him, and he is utterly defeated—whereupon all who had prophesied and supported hide themselves, and pretend never to have held any such language;—and then you have a proof how little reliance is to be placed on the anonymous public in Foreign matters.

We are the more disposed to bring this subject before our readers at the present time, because of the singularly absurd movement which has lately been witnessed both in London and in Paris upon some questions of Foreign Policy. We conceive that the gross errors into which multitudes of well-intentioned persons have fallen, require to be pointed out, in order to ward off the mischievous consequences of their agitation. We also regard it as important to point out the evils of some proceedings held at a late Peace-Congress, for the purpose of showing how that signal folly has not only brought ridicule upon a good cause, but tended to prevent the really useful exertions of those who preferred absurdly chasing chimeras and phantoms.

First of all we have to note the gross, the almost unparalleled inconsistency of those frequenters of a Congress for Peace—in having about a fortnight before they set out on their crusade against war been parties to as fanatical a crusade against peace. The insignificance of the individual leaders in this abortive movement must not blind us to the mischiefs which they attempted to work. Evil designs may fail by happy chance, and evil-doers may be as noted for their folly as for their wickedness, as contemptible for their impotence in executing as for their recklessness in forming their plans. But it becomes the watchful guardians of the general interest to unveil such men's bad intentions, and prevent others from becoming the thoughtless instruments

ments of their pernicious designs. Nor can it be justly affirmed that any knot of agitators is to be disregarded, how silly and how feeble soever in their own persons, as long as they have thousands as ignorant and foolish as themselves to cheer them on or to follow at their heels. Now we refer to the scene enacted at a great London meeting late in the last session, and apparently, how strange soever it may seem, in some kind of concert with the Whig Government in Downing-street, even in the House of Commons.

There flocked to this assembly at the London Tavern a vast concourse of persons profoundly uninformed upon every one particular relating to the question which brought them together; utterly unreflecting on the possible consequences of their movement: absolutely careless of the ruin their agitation might bring upon the country if unhappily it should be found general enough, and the Government prove wild enough, to produce a rupture with Austria and Russia, or which is the same thing, a general European war. The subject of declamation, which no courtesy can make any person term discussion, and which it would be the most unfeeling irony to call deliberation, was the late rebellion then raging, yet near its termination, in Hungary, and which it required not only our Austrian ally's own forces, but also the aid of her Russian neighbour to suppress. The right or the expediency of a London mob-meeting to declaim in favour of those rebels and against their lawful rulers, was about as manifest as would be the right of a mob-meeting at Vienna to denounce our Government for sending troops into Canada when the rebellion of Papi-neau raged there, or for suspending the Habeas Corpus in Ireland when Smith O'Brien was doing the work of a traitor. The ignorance of the Austrian multitude on Canadian and Irish affairs could not easily surpass that of the London multitude on the affairs of Hungary and of Transylvania.

This gathering was presided over by a very respectable chairman, in the person of Mr. Lushington, member for Westminster,—of whom we shall take leave to say, without offence we trust we may say, that he is less conversant with the law of nations, or even with the municipal law of his own country, than his brother the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty—and that he afforded a singular instance of the risk which a worthy man meaning no harm always runs when he lends his name to proceedings which neither himself nor any one else can have the least power to control. This will presently be very remarkably seen as we go on to mention who else figured on that occasion, and what was done ere the meeting closed; namely, that when he had heard most warlike speeches and made one himself, he innocently wondered any man should speak of war! Associated with this gentleman there were

were others, not great luminaries of the Senate, not stars of the first magnitude in the parliamentary sphere, nor yet of the second, haply not even of the third; possibly taken from the Milky Way, (or Milk-and-Water way,) and of importance invisible to the naked eye. Lord Nugent and Mr. R. M. Milnes, both more famous as poets than orators, added their joint weight to the load imposed upon the hustings. There was a revolt—above all, a revolt against Austria; nay, more, a battle for a mere name—and therefore the patron of Poland, Lord Dudley Stuart, was sure of being found in the midst of the assembly, pouring forth the strains which are found to lull asleep even those who can listen to Mr. John O'Connell:—nay, there were actually present real Poles—their countrymen Bem and Dembinsky being in the field; but still they, the said Poles, having just as much to do with what was going on in Hungary as the Huns have with what is passing at Quebec, or the Cape, or Ceylon, or indeed any other of those numerous settlements, all of which are under the dispensation that for inscrutable purposes, unless the depriving us of all colonies be the design of Providence, has placed our colonial empire under Earl Grey's administration. Besides these intrusive Poles, Hungarians, true Magyars, were likewise present, and of their interference no one has the same right to complain: but they were there in the capacity of rebels to their lawful sovereign; and however they may enjoy the patronage of the Foreign Office, we cannot but think that senators of this country would have acted more warily—shown more common sense, as well as a more decent respect for the avowed policy of their country, at all times knitting her with Austria—had they abstained from fraternizing with those men now in open rebellion against the Austrian crown, and bent upon lowering and disgracing the most amiable and promising young prince whose brow it encircles. But we had, in the abundance of fifth-rate men, well nigh overlooked 'Richard Cobden.' He too, though but lately engaged in agitation for reducing army, navy, and ordnance, must needs attend the convocation for encouraging Hungarian revolt and attacking Austria—and there he was not quite the man of 'unadorned eloquence.' On the contrary, he far exceeded in his vagaries his predecessor of Rome, who once perorated holding an infant in his arms, and his more recent predecessors of England—Burke, who wielded a dagger in debate—Whitbread, who over-awed the House by the production of a pewter pot. These were poor feats compared with Mr. Cobden's. He denounced, solemnly denounced the Autocrat; he declared his resolution to annihilate him and his vast empire: he proceeded symbolically to do so; he grasped a dirty cover of a letter in his hand,

hand, and crushing it, pronounced with awful emphasis the sentence of annihilation on sixty millions of men—saying, ‘Thus I crush them, as I would this sheet of paper.’ The mode of doing so proved to be by declaring every capitalist a traitor to his, Mr. Cobden’s, principles (whatever they may be), who should dare to disobey his command, and lend Nicholas a shilling!

The feelings of this meeting (though with omission of such *action* as had immortalized it) were speedily re-echoed in the House of Commons. On the following Saturday, a day when no one expects any contested business, and therefore none but the men in office think of attending, a conversation was got up by some retainers of the Government, as Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes (destined, by his own lively imagination, for a foreign mission), and others, which gave Lord Palmerston an opportunity to pour forth his sighs in favour of Hungarian revolt, in the absence of all real adversaries, and gave those who had so magnanimously hoisted the sham colours of opponents, an opportunity of declaring how gladly they withdrew their motion, more than satisfied with the noble Viscount’s explanation. But this had not been said before a still greater than the Viscount had amply committed himself—not before the far calmer and more cautious Lord John Russell (now King or Queen, we hardly know which from the words of the Government papers\*), anxious to preserve his colleague’s triumph and partake of the popular gale, had risen to speak, and said little, it is true, to the purpose, but apologised for having inadvertently called the war in Hungary an ‘insurrection.’ What would these ministers of the British Crown have said if Prince Swartzenberg (object of Lord Palmerston’s special dislike) had apologised for terming the movement of Smith O’Brien in Ireland, or that of Papineau and Lafontaine in Canada, a rebellion? Grateful to the agitators, however, was this self-correction of Lord John; and the halls of the London Tavern and Hanover Square re-echoed with shouts of applause towards the ‘noble declarations of Her Majesty’s Ministers,’ as well as vehement invectives against our allies, and frequent exhortations to Lord Palmerston to complete his good work by snapping the slender thread to which he had gradually reduced the bond of peace in Europe. Soon after he was desired by many of these lovers of revolt, enchanted with his avowed propensities, to sit for his portrait—in the costume of the god Mars, we presume, rather than of Cupid—as a present to the amiable and accomplished person who shares his name, if not his opinions.

\* We refer to the Palmerston evening print (Globe) of Sept. 17: ‘In England the Prime Minister is both Minister and King. The Queen is but a sleeping partner.’ This is unexampled.

That the noble Viscount entertained sanguine hopes of his favourite revolvers in Sicily beating our Neapolitan ally, as well as of his pet king, Charles Albert, defeating our Austrian friends, no doubt whatever now remains. His Lordship had the power of selecting what papers should be laid before Parliament, and keeping back such as he chose to conceal—yet his heavy Blue Book \* distinctly proves his breathless impatience to acknowledge the Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily, in case he might be pleased to accept the crown tendered by the rebels, and his equally fixed resolution to ward off by means of our naval forces the evil day which should crush the revolt and confirm King Ferdinand on his throne. We also know that by a slight ‘inadvertence,’ as he phrased it, this impartial minister gave the Sicilian rebels leave to obtain at the Tower a supply of arms, while he deliberately refused all support to a prosecution against them for gross infraction of our municipal laws by fitting out expeditions in our ports to aid their revolt. Of the hopes cherished in favour of the Hungarian rebellion, we have as yet less distinct evidence; yet his whole language and that of his newspapers sufficiently prove him to have been sanguine on this subject also. The language of these papers, indeed, was truly disgraceful—one daily and one weekly print notoriously under the patronage of the Foreign Office, if indeed they be not in part the productions of the ministerial pen, openly espoused the Hungarian cause—with unblushing effrontery trumpeted up every traitorous name, however vile—and pertinaciously inveighed against the Emperor of Austria as the ‘inhuman butcher of his subjects’—thereby intending to designate that Prince in the exercise of his bounden duty—that of suppressing a rebellion. The hopes which inspired all these speeches, despatches, and paragraphs, were fated to suffer the disappointment to which Lord Palmerston ought now to be as well habituated in his foreign administration, as Lord Grey is in his colonial; for we doubt if in any age two more unlucky wights ever administered the affairs of any country—and it is the peculiar fortune of England to have the benefit of both their services at one and the same time. The Macaulay correspondence some years ago showed how the two rivals for the favour of the goddess *Atychia* (she who presides over *Ill Luck*) feel towards each other. That diverting historical Novelist, taking the Palmerston side when addressing the worthy dealer in snuff, showed that his Viscount did not care one pinch of his correspondent’s wares for the other party; and that to the Earl’s dislike of meddling, aggressive, lecturing, impotent, but impertinent courses in the Foreign Office—courses which he naturally desires

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\* Papers on Sicily and Naples, last Session.

to monopolize in his own department—the country had been indebted for the cruel calamity which befel the Whigs some years ago, of being unable to form a ministry, and their much deplored postponement of the sweets of place without power for a few months. But now the lurid star of the Colonial Secretary seems almost to be eclipsed. Rebellion we have, it is true, more or less openly raging in our most important colonies in the West, and governors, against whom all mankind exclaim, do their best to ruin our character and influence in the East. But Atychia (half-sister to Nemesis) has seemed even to exceed this boon when answering the prayers of her faithful worshipper now suffering, with a patience that surprises the clerks in Downing-street, the martyrdom of sitting for his picture. She not only lets him have his picture (which it is hoped the subscribers may not forget to pay for); but nothing else can she refuse him. Charles Albert, twice defeated and forced to abdicate—the Reforming Pope driven from Rome—his capital occupied by French troops—Bologna in the occupation of the Austrian arms—Florence restored to the Grand-Duke, after the Palmerston insurgents had been expelled *by the people*—all this seemed enough to gratify the strongest appetite for disaster. But the goddess was disposed to be yet more liberal. The ‘spoiled child of misfortune’ was fated to reap yet further wreaths of the cypress that we hope he delights in, for he gathers no others. The Sicilians were utterly defeated; their revolt entirely crushed; the leaders forced to leave the island, and be exiles for life to Carlton Gardens and Downing-street; every vestige of hope against either Ferdinand—(the Bourbon or the Hapsburg)—extinguished; and yet even that was not all. Hungary continued to fight, and Viscounts to hope, and Pulskeys to flatter, and papers to puff, while limners sat before their easel to hand down among future ages the likeness of the *ci-devant* juvenile Whig. Sad reverse! All these prospects are overcast, and the background of the canvas grows spontaneously sombre: the Russian, and still more the Austrian arms are triumphantly successful. Kossuth throws up the Dictatorship, and flies to escape the gallows; Georgy, a man of courage and conduct, succeeds him—only to see that the cause is desperate, and to surrender; a complete consternation takes place, and the Hungarian insurrection, to which Lord John Russell apologised for giving its right name, is finally crushed, like that of Sicily; nothing remaining for the victors but to show that they are as merciful as they are politic and powerful. Nay, their magnanimity has been as rapidly as signally displayed, for the Emperor Nicolas, as if to confound all the maniacal abuse of the liberal press, is already withdrawing his troops.



But the bounty of the ungracious deity whom our Foreign Secretary worships with such assiduous devotion has no bounds. As her box, kept like those of Downing-street by her favourite minister Pandora, is bottomless, so inexhaustible are the streams that flow. Our great statesman would not have the emblems of his divine patroness inscribed on the portrait, however appropriate they might be; for one of them is a Cupid's image reversed; but his piety is as fervent as if he had submitted to that mark of his ceaseless homage to the bounteous Atychia. Hardly were his tears dry, shed over the fate of our excellent allies Kossuth and Bem, when news arrived that the Queen of the Adriatic, too, had surrendered—surrendered at discretion, and set free an army and a fleet for the purposes of the Austrian Government. Indeed some there are, we suspect the Viscount among the number, who upon the whole regard the intervention of Russia—the grand achievement of his policy—the event to which all his Italian speculations inevitably led—as rather a more choice gift of the power he serves, than all the rest of the chaplet she had entwined around his august temples.

The Hungarian and Venetian news came upon the London Meeting men with no greater effect of surprise and produced no more consternation than upon the Government. The poor, ignorant creatures who flocked to the alehouse and the playhouse to howl out their sympathies and to vent their rage, seemed to be no whit less prepared for the catastrophe which had actually happened while they were thus promiscuously assembled, than the ministers who have the exclusive access to all authoritative official intelligence, and who read (if they choose—or when they choose) all the despatches of all the ambassadors. It is true that these high functionaries may plead the absence from Vienna of our ambassador there—though, to be sure, that was entirely their own work—they having ordered him home at the most critical emergency of his mission, in order to have the benefit of his (probably reluctant) vote upon the wild measure for destroying our naval supremacy by passing Mr. Ricardo's bill to repeal the Navigation Laws. Still—even making all allowance for the want of despatches from Lord Ponsonby—their utter ignorance of what all mankind, excepting only the agitators and their dupes, knew, that Hungary could not by possibility prevail in the conflict, does seem extraordinary, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that their passions had blinded them and rocked their reason to sleep. As to the real original merits of the Hungarian question, we must own that on no supposition whatever can we well believe it possible that any men pretending to call themselves ministers could have been, either first  
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or last, as ignorant as their partizans who bawled at meetings and subscribed for portraits. Surely they must have known that of all the absurd delusions which ever bewildered the popular brain, the most absurd was the notion that the Hungarian constitution was a scheme of good government—that Austria wished to deprive the people of it, and that the independence of Hungary was the real bone of contention between the Hungarians and Germans. Lord Dudley Stuart declared that the Hungarian Constitution closely resembled the English:—but the noble historian of Europe, Lord John Russell, must have known better. He could not be ignorant that, except perhaps the old elective monarchy of Poland, a more execrable government than the Hungarian neither does nor ever did exist—we will only say in Europe, though we doubt if there be a worse in Asia or even in Africa. An eighth of the people are nobles, by far the greater number without fortune, but all of them, under this quasi-English constitution, were clothed with the privileges of alone possessing land, alone being exempt from every public burthen, alone being free from arrest even for crimes, unless taken in the fact. The local revenues, to which they contributed nothing, were intrusted to their management; so that they compelled the unhappy peasants and burghers to pay for the roads and the bridges which they and their tenants used for their local convenience. Nay, not content with these privileges, each noble possessed in the villages the absolute monopoly of meat and of wine. The technical description of the people, as contradistinguished from the noble class, is sufficient to convey the idea of their condition in that land whose liberty roused the admiration and claimed the protection of our agitators—*plebs misera contribuens*—‘the miserable tax-paying multitude.’ It was within the last fifteen years an additional grievance, and of the most severe kind, that justice was administered in the Lord’s Court, between vassal and vassal, and between lord and vassal, by judges whom the lord himself named. Nay some, though few, enjoyed the power of inflicting capital punishment. This constitution, ‘the idol of Hungarians,’ as one of their own writers terms it, is charged by another with having for ‘three hundred years caused the nation to be wretched, degenerate, and grovelling in the dust.’ And this is that system in which the learned Lord Dudley Stuart finds ‘a close resemblance to the British Constitution!’ In 1835 Prince Metternich introduced important reforms in it, especially by reducing the lord’s power of punishment and limiting the jurisdiction of his courts. He subjected the nobles to taxes in respect of all new-purchased lands, and restricted the vassals’ labour materially—conferring on the lords, in return for this invasion of their privileges,

leges, the freedom to sell or devise their lands. The Hungarian reforms of that eminent statesman were all in the direction of liberty, and all levelled against the overgrown power of the nobles—a race numerous beyond all example of European monarchies, and wedded at once to the name of Hungary and to their own oppressive privileges. With this class of men Austria and her veteran minister could not fail to be unpopular. With the body of the people it was far otherwise—exactly as in the Cracow insurrection of 1846 we saw the peasantry and the burghers not only stand aloof from the Polish agitators, but rise against their feudal oppressors, and exercise unjustifiable cruelties against the privileged class, whose attempt to shake off the fetters imposed upon them by the Austrian Government for the protection of the people, that people regarded with the abhorrence of self-interest, if not of loyalty.

The Hungarian insurrection had not only many of these native nobles on its side; but also many Poles. There were eighteen Polish officers in high command; and Bem, their best General, except perhaps Georgy, was of that nation. This is the constant result of insurrection wherever it breaks out. In every conspiracy, in every riot, in every bloody assassination for political objects, Poles are ever found to take a forward part. No one who reflects on the injustice of which their country had been made the victim could wonder at a high-spirited people for cherishing the memory of their former day amidst fond dreams of revenge and resurrection. Every allowance must undoubtedly be made for them. Yet in the case of communities as of individuals, it is absolutely necessary that the lapse of time should be allowed to confer a title to quiet possession. Fourscore years have well nigh elapsed since the ever-turbulent independence of Poland was struck at by irresistible power—and since the final consummation of her doom much above half a century has been spent in restless agitation on the one hand and grappling with an uneasy dominion on the other. How long is Europe to be kept in confusion and strife because the Poles are madly bent on regaining a name? For it is a name, and nothing but a name, that they are seeking—it is a mere name, to regain which they would plunge Europe in fire and blood. No regard for public liberty—not a thought of the people's happiness—not an idea of even national prosperity ever crosses the Polish mind. Give them the government of Turkey or Algiers—nay, the government established over any tribe in Central Africa—only call it the 'Government of Poland,' and none of them, speaking as to the bulk of these restless men, care in what misery, in what slavery, their country is to exist. Nay, the worse the better—for the rights of  
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the noble to tyrannize as heretofore over his wretched vassal are exactly the object for which they are bent upon fighting. No wonder that the congenial cause of the Hungarian nobles found willing supporters among such Poles. It had a triple title to their sympathy and co-operation; it was a rebellion—it was a revolt against Austria—and it was the cause of feudal oppression against the interests of the people.

Happily the insurrection has been completely put down; happily for Europe quite as much as for Austria—for assuredly had the struggle continued but a little while longer, nothing could have prevented the general peace of Europe from being broken, and the world once more plunged into interminable war. Such a consummation alone was wanting to instal our Foreign Secretary in the very highest place within the fane of the goddess he adores—nay, to plant him as the High Priest in her adytum. All rivalry in her favours between the Colonial and the Foreign Office would at once have ceased. But hard the lot of the ingenious artist who had hoped to reap immortality by his fine and bold device of placing the Viscount under an umbrageous cypress—muttering as he painted, partly in recollection of whom and partly in remarking for whom he was painting—

‘*Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
Uxor; neque harum quas colis arborum  
Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*’

Hard his lot would have been, for he must have added a much more dismal foliage—the deadly nightshade (*belladonna*) in honour of the one—the *mandragora* (or *mandrake*) in honour of the other. Nay, we question if the upas itself must not have had a place on the memorable canvas. So that it might have resembled the great *chef d’œuvre* of Titian—and the martyrdom of Peter the Hermit (or Palmer) been forgotten in the glories of Palmerston the Hun. However, all this difficulty was spared to the artist as well as to Europe; and the interesting picture retains its pristine outlines.

On the eve of this news arriving to plunge Downing-street in despair, a notable act of practical wisdom was performed by certain of our great men. Mr. Cobden had not yet crushed the Russian empire; but relying on his positive promises, and wise in their generation from much deep reflection and ample profound knowledge, those we allude to, nothing doubting that ultimate success must crown the struggle for Hungarian liberty, and for Lord Dudley Stuart’s English form of government, that established on the Gneiss, deemed it exactly the moment for solemnly urging the Ministers ‘to interfere actively in behalf of that  
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Constitution which,' they also assure Lord John Russell, 'bears such a striking resemblance to our own.' They beseech him to help in 'preserving institutions which have had an unbroken series of existence (qy. as to the possible meaning of this?) since the foundation of the monarchy,' that is to say, as we presume to suggest, just one thousand years—a thing the addressers are certainly profoundly ignorant of; because that aggregate of injustice and cruel oppression which we have already pointed out, as making the old government of the Magyars the very worst in the world, is thus proved to be precisely that in whose behalf these good men urged Lord John Russell and his colleagues to put forth all their bellicose energies. This singularly edifying document lies now before us—sharing in the columns of the autumnal press the interest excited by the cholera and the Bermondsey murder. It is signed first and foremost by the name—the honoured name—of Fitzwilliam—borne by a most worthy man, endued with as great an alacrity of wandering out of the ordinary path frequented by men of sense—though always from amiable feelings—as any one we could mention. Of Lord Beaumont we need say little; of Lord Kinnaird less. Lord Nugent and Mr. Milnes we have mentioned already; Lord Dudley Stuart's congenial name we wonder not to find attached to so wise a document. Signed it was by several others of the same sagacious school—but ere they could present this paper, the news came which put an end to the whole question. Their wisdom, however, was conspicuous to the end. Others, it is likely, would have been thankful that their sanguine expectations had not been published to the world on the Tuesday when the news was to arrive on the Wednesday. But far from it! They must be understood to have regretted that they had not secured the opportunity of being laughed at, with due speed—for, incredible as it may seem, they actually published their performance, names and all, in the papers of Thursday—so determined were they not to be deprived for a day longer of that gratification which some men benevolently feel in being the cause of merriment to their neighbours.

We have marked the narrow escape which we had, and all Europe with us, of a general war—the fruit of our foreign minister's restless meddling—for to him more than all others must be ascribed that condition of the Austrian affairs in Italy which made her requiring the aid of Russia necessary for her safety; and a Russian campaign continuing a few months in Germany must have led to a general war. But surely if ever war was waged by Nations without the shadow of a ground—without any one semblance of a rational object—this would that war have been.

been. Europe would have been visited with the extreme calamity of war without the possibility of any one pretending that a single national interest or point of national honour was involved. Nothing, no, absolutely nothing but a mere name would have been the whole matter in dispute. The world would have suffered countless ills, because the Hungarian nobles desired to have a nominal independence, under which they might find some means of renewing and prolonging their iron rule over unhappy peasants, and the Poles desired to have a revenge on those who had taken away the name of their country—the consequence of which, if they achieved it thoroughly, must be a similar re-establishment of an outworn system of feudal oppression. No one pretends that Austria ever dreamt of taking away a representative government from the Hungarians. No one ever denied that they were to have a Diet and to be governed as a distinct kingdom, parcel of the great Austrian monarchy. But they insisted on having the name of a separate monarchy—and the nobles insisted on having the continued domination over their fellow-subjects.

The general outline which we have given of the late agitation shows, in a striking manner, the utter ignorance of all who bore a part in it, respecting every one of the several matters which entered into the argument, and which necessarily, in the eye of sense and reason, were decisive of the questions at issue. But the most extraordinary part of their whole hallucination was the pyebald mixture of extravagant doctrines concerning Peace with the constant and prevailing itch for War. Strange to tell, those who led this movement for Hungary, had been the leaders also of the movement against armies, navies, and ordnance—the unbending supporters of peace, at all hazards—but a few weeks before they became intoxicated with the beverage of Polish growth, and panted and bellowed for a breach with no matter how many Kaisers and Czars in favour of the liberal and enlightened Magyars.

We are now to note the strange antics which a delegation of these men went over to play in Paris in less than a little month after they had been making the welkin ring in London with invectives against Austria, offering up prayers for Hungarian rebellion, and threatening to destroy the great empire of the North.

It seems that out of America have come, among other offsets of that rank soil, among Mormonites and St. Simonians, and Repudiators, a body of Peace-preachers, headed by one Elihu Burritt, and their grand fundamental doctrine is, that war is an evil to be eschewed—peace a blessing to be cherished; but, as the novelty of this creed is less remarkable than its truth

truth is self-evident, and as its practical usefulness seems more than questionable, they add another tenet—that meetings, what they term *Congresses*, ought to be holden of various nations to profess the principles—the very commendable, primary principles of their faith—the principles, to wit, that crime is wrong, consequently the greatest of all crimes most wrong; that innocence is right, consequently the avoiding the greatest of crimes is very, very proper. This addition to their simple and salutary nostrum is as if a doctor were to recommend water as a wholesome thing to use, and when no one was much impressed with the depth of his discovery, were also to add a recommendation that meetings be held—Water Congresses—for the purpose of professing loudly, anxiously, eloquently, the attachment of all present to that Pindaric beverage.

The place chosen for the last Peace Congress was Paris, of whose inhabitants, whatever other virtues may adorn them, it cannot very justly be predicated that they are in a peculiar degree the worshippers of peace—at all times and in all circumstances indifferent to military glory—altogether as a people careless of renown, dead to ambition, self-denying as to the measure in which it shall be gratified—or overscrupulous in the choice of the path to such gratification. The locality selected being the capital of the most ambitious and warlike people in Europe; the time chosen for this display of peace-preaching was equally judicious—for it was soon after the whole French nation had elected for their ruler a person only known to them as bearing the name of one whom they universally idolized for his military genius, his having conquered half the civilized world, and led to destruction some millions of his subjects to gratify his inordinate lust of dominion. Nor was even this all—the time chosen coincided also with warlike proceedings—instituted with the unanimous consent, amidst the loud applause of all parties in Paris—almost all in France—proceedings instituted merely for the purpose of showing that France could still fight—and that to do something warlike she was resolved, whatever might be the pretext, or how useless soever might be the object sought. In such a place and at such a time our great Peace-Congress met, and, as Parliament was not sitting in England nor the National Assembly in France, all men's eyes were of course to be fixed upon its operations.

The first thing which struck, and forcibly struck, all who attended to this proceeding, was that, after all the parade about a Congress of all Nations—with all the charms which invest the sweet name of Peace—with the entire freedom from other occupations which enabled any one so minded to attend a meeting  
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in a most accessible spot, at a most favourable season, and in a town full of other attractions—nay, with all the love of display which predominates in the French nation—not a single Frenchman of name, weight, or influence in politics, except one very eminent journalist—nor a single man besides ever heard of in society, except an eminent poet, could be prevailed upon to join this Congress! Such is the fact; and it speaks volumes on the folly of preaching peace in a Congress at Paris. From other countries there was the same meagre attendance. No one had ever heard before of Elihu out of the Old Testament. From Belgium one respectable, but little-known, person attended. England sent one or two worthy Quakers and also some three Members of Parliament, of whom two were positively unknown, and the third, Mr. Cobden, more remarkable for the praise bestowed on his ability than for that ability itself, well enough known as an agitator, but a professional agitator, who had fallen lately into general derision from his overweening vanity, and into something still worse from his having consented to receive a large sum of money in reward of his services in Parliament—no creditable proceeding in any case, but least so when it leads to a suspicion that a man's own affairs were in disorder before he took up the more gainful trade of disordering the affairs of the nation. Our recent party history affords a memorable example of the consequences produced on a man's influence by leading a mendicant life. How much better had it been for Mr. O'Connell to proclaim at once his insolvency, and live in honest poverty, if he would not return to an industrious life! Yet he was a man of real power over his countrymen, and of incomparably greater talents, as well as more eminent in every way, than Mr. Cobden, or a dozen Mr. Cobdens. We have, however, stepped aside from our comments on the Peace Congress to note the insignificance of those who bore a part in its proceedings; and as we perceive the French press falls into the error of imagining the person whom we have last mentioned to be still a person of real weight and consideration in England, it was necessary to explain how this is the very reverse of the truth.

We believe it may safely be affirmed that no failure was ever more complete than the one we are describing. A set of as dull harangues as ever were spoken could only boast of M. Victor Hugo's and M. Emile de Girardin's as an exception to this character. Speeches uttered by them, on whatever topic, could hardly fail to show some striking qualities—and these, however little of wisdom they might display, were at least lively, eloquent, and attractive. In all the others the accounts from Paris are unanimous in recording the total want of either eloquence or argument; and M. Girardin has since retracted every word that he



he said as to the propriety of reducing the armed force of the only country he knows much about—France. But in fact, the very meritorious *Vaudeville*, appropriately placed at the head of our paper, affords the best possible commentary on the whole of this affair—and it clearly proves, by its unbounded success, the universal feeling with which the sages and their whole procedure were contemplated by high and low among the acute Parisians.

The Congress sat three days to hear proposals of absolute impossibilities as practical plans—long and laboured invectives against human vice and folly—chimerical notions of public policy fit to furnish out a new chapter in Swift's *Laputa*. In truth we doubt if the witty Dean would not have been startled at a serious proposition to prevent war by preaching peace, and to settle all disputes between nations by arbitration, and rejected it as too strong for even *his* irony.

Now we must once for all affirm that not any of the Elihus and Cobdens themselves are more averse to all war than we are—and we will add that every one statesman and every one prince in the world will cheerfully join in the same sentiment. All speak against it, because all must speak against the greatest crime which any one can commit. But then, when the occasion arises, the same persons who had assented freely to the peace doctrine tell you it is no fault of theirs if they make an exception in this case, the case in hand, on the ground of self-defence; there being hardly a second example of Frederick II.'s extreme candour, in telling the world that he invaded Silesia because it lay convenient to his dominions, and he had a fine army, a large treasure, and the ambition of a young king. But we are more honest than the princes we refer to, and declare our sentiments to be very heartily and sincerely those of the Congress. Furthermore, we hate robbery, despise swindling, and abhor murder. But then we cannot pretend to say that sermons could be safely substituted for prosecutions, or that we have the least hope of putting down crimes by a Virtue-congress assembled to inculcate hatred of vice. Such meeting and lecturing may do some little good, and if it do not interfere with the more effectual operation of the Criminal Code, no one can object to it. But, if we saw such things operating on the minds of prosecutors and juries to make them distrust penal infliction, and rest their whole hopes upon preaching, we should hold them as cheap as we now hold the Paris Congress.

To sum up its absurdities in a single sentence—Who is to enforce the decrees of the arbitrators? A dispute arises between Austria and Sardinia. Arbitrators are appointed, or the standing Council  
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of Arbitrators decrees against Austria. Supposing all chance of bias, of the bias impressed by conflicting national interests, were out of the question—supposing the judgments of the Arbitrators unimpeachably just in every case—(and who can make such a supposition without taking for granted a restoration of the Golden Age?)—still we ask how is the award to be enforced? What is to make Austria submit? The only answer which the Peace-preachers can possibly make to this obvious question is that she must be compelled to submit. Then who is to compel her? The other powers represented in the Congress—and how? By what is proverbially and justly called the *ultima ratio*—force of arms. But who is to secure unanimity? and what chance is there of the minority yielding to the majority? Now the minority will of course take part with Austria, for whom they had given their judgment; and this must inevitably lead to a general war. So that the admirable contrivance of the Congress to prevent all war is the conversion of a quarrel between two powers into a general war among all powers—of a quarrel which, without the Court of Arbitration, might have been settled between the disputants, into a quarrel in which each, finding himself supported by many others, is sure not to give way. We question if the wit of man ever yet invented a plan more certain to produce and extend the evils of war than this refined notion of the Peace Makers. Observe, all nations must be prepared for war just as much as they now are; because, if they are not, the party against whom the decision is pronounced will utterly disregard the Congress. And then the mere existence of a place where all grievances may be discussed is sure, by the constant progress of human passions, to create grievances and foment quarrels. We leave the reader to imagine the endless scope for endless intrigue which this Convention of Arbitrators would afford to all the courts in the world, and the thousand chances which would thus be given to raise disputes that never could have had an existence in the ordinary and ancient course of political affairs.

But then of course our Peace-doctors answer us by saying that all nations are to become moderate and dispassionate in viewing their own interests; that no power will ever dream of attempting anything which the Arbitration Court would not sanction; that none will so much as imagine the possibility of unduly gaining over a majority of the Congress to their own side; and that, as for half a million being applied, or even a million, to gaining votes for an interest worth an hundred millions, such a thing is out of the question, because all the five hundred members of the Congress are to be perfectly honest and incorruptible. And, no doubt, the

the whole of this notable folly does rest on the assumption that animosity, and selfishness, and sordid love of gain, and cruel disregard to human suffering, in short, that vice of all kinds has for ever quitted the world, and that the reign of peace and exalted virtue has begun upon earth. Surely no more needs be said to prove the unutterable folly of this scheme. As for the Quakers, we greatly respect that sober brotherhood, and can quite understand their adopting this speculation. They deny the lawfulness of all war, even for self-defence. They maintain that no force whatever is to be employed for any purpose whatever. They consider it a crime, nay, a sin, to seize pirates and slave-traders on the high seas. They deem it contrary to religion as well as morals to protect life and property except by entreaty and by preaching. These amiable enthusiasts would perhaps be puzzled to show how a nation of Quakers could protect its rights or enforce its laws; but, waiving that not urgent topic of debate, we admit that they incur no special reproach by joining in the present agitation. They say, Disband all your army, and sell all your navy and your stores; trusting to Providence, or to an improved feeling of mankind, for preserving you from any attack. But Mr. Cobden only contends for reducing our military and naval establishment to what it was ten years ago—that is, more than double what it was just before the great revolutionary war; and how he should join this absurdity is not quite so easy to imagine; for, assuredly, allowing of such an establishment at all assumes that war cannot be put down by any preachment or any Congress.

We have said that one evil of the present movement is its preventing other more rational and practical reforms in the intercourse of nations. Some have asked why the Congress did not apply their great minds to framing resolutions and delivering orations against murder, forgery, and highway-robbery—and no doubt the leaving these flagrant evils untouched is a great oversight, and affords grave matter of charge against our men of European name and renown—our men who can make nearly as good speeches in French as in English. We are sure, too, that their success in that other attempt would have been quite as considerable as in this—that their Morality-movement would have borne fruit quite as early as their Peace-movement: but we are now regarding matters of foreign or international policy. We view the Cobdens, the Ewarts, the Elihus, the Hindleys, not as the salt of the earth merely, but as the chosen representatives of nations—nay of all nations—the Solons of the species, the law-givers for mankind—the orators of the human race—as so many Anacharsis Cloots's assembled to settle the affairs of the whole earth—if, indeed, the great man who can crush the Russian empire

empire with his voice, as he crumples a piece of paper, may not also project a threat to the moon to prevent that 'refulgent lamp of night' from ever withdrawing from us the benefit of her mild and useful beams. Therefore it is of the omission to deal with great obstructions in the intercourse of nations that we complain; and we feel assured that this silly Peace-movement has been prejudicial in preventing such efforts as might really have tended to a practical and useful object.

No one who has been accustomed to read the Quarterly Review will expect in the pages of this journal a panegyric on free trade; but our own consistency leads us to look for a little of a like quality among others, and we feel that something might have been anticipated from the sage Cobdens and Hindleys, the eloquent Ewarts, towards obtaining that reciprocity abroad which they so confidently told us would meet our Corn-Law repeal; and to be sure, a fitting occasion was furnished for preaching their economical doctrines to France. Especially as, doubtless, universal repeal of restraints upon commerce would have a tendency to make war less likely, we might have reasonably expected such dogmas to be ventilated at a grand Peace Congress. But no such thing. Our sages in council assembled—these conscript fathers of the human race—seem to have dreaded the approaching near to any topic so liable to be considered within the scope of practical minds. They kept to safe generalities, which could lead to no results, and were secure from all dispute; and thus, among other consequences, ran no risk of the hisses which we verily think Free-Trade lectures would have been greeted with at Paris, as they are at all English meetings not convoked by ticket.

But another matter would really have been of some importance towards remedying a great practical evil which now afflicts society; and while men bewilder themselves in such vague generalities as alone filled the mouths and the ears of the late assembly at Paris, we can expect no effort to be made for the purpose of removing that evil. We allude to the scandalous state of the international law respecting debts and crimes. While the Continent is open to us—while each European state is separated from its neighbour only by a strait, a river, a mountain, or an imaginary line—no creditor can have the benefit of any judgment he may obtain against his debtor—no prosecutor can obtain the punishment of the criminal whom he has brought to trial and conviction. It was lately stated in Parliament that a sentence of the Court of Chancery, affirmed upon appeal by the House of Lords, and vesting in a respectable person the right to receive 50,000*l.* of which a knave had defrauded his family, became utterly valueless because the party went abroad with all his funds, and, after eluding all pursuit,

pursuit, died, leaving the property to his mistress. No law existed by which redress could be obtained in this grievous case. So, had the Bermondsey couple, who have just been arrested while attempting to escape, been fortunate enough to reach other shores than our own, it would have been wholly impossible to bring them to trial—if they only avoided going to the one or two states with which we have treaties of mutual surrender. But these treaties are next thing to inoperative, owing to the different laws of different countries; and they only are meant to embrace three offences—murder, forgery, and fraudulent bankruptcy. The worthy bill-broker who favoured the wise men in congress assembled with his views of war, and who asserted of his own knowledge that most of the great States are at this moment bankrupt, must surely have assented to a proposition for making it no longer possible that one debtor (say his own debtor), or one felon (say a forger upon Messrs. Gurney and Overend), should, by removing half a day's journey from the scene of his extravagance or his fraud, escape all legal process, whether to compel restitution of borrowed money, or to inflict punishment for offences. In truth the European nations can hardly pretend to be termed civilized, or be said to live under a regular system of law, as long as this crying evil is suffered to deform society. It amounts to a repeal of all law; and leaves to each party, whether in a civil or a criminal suit, the option of either submitting to the laws of his country or defying them. How much more rational had it been for our delegates to enlighten the world by pointing out this grievous abuse—to disseminate useful information respecting its operation—and to seek by united remonstrances with all governments the only effectual remedy in a general treaty for surrender of parties, with due provisions and guards against abuse. But then such a course would not have furnished due scope for tiresome, trashy, trumpery speeches on matters that all are agreed about, and the effusion of commonplaces, repeated weekly and daily ever since the great Deluge, and repeated in vain.

We conceive it to be a further practical evil resulting from the Congress, that if its labours have any effect beyond disturbing the gravity of such as read their records, they must operate injuriously in preventing the public opinion from being pointed, for praise or for blame, towards meritorious or mischievous conduct in the rulers of the world. If a great public crime is committed—like the invasion of Lombardy by Charles Albert, or the attacks on Spain or Germany by Napoleon, or on Mexico by the Americans, or the partition of Poland—(now become matter of history—as merely so, in fact, as the overthrow of the Byzantine empire by the Turks)—the reprobation which, in a wholesome state of the public feelings, should

should forthwith be lavished on the wrongdoer, is at once repressed by the men of Congress, and lavished upon human nature in general. 'Oh,' say they, 'all war is bad, and all equally bad.' Of course there can be no line drawn, no distinctions made, no exceptions allowed to the general and inflexible rule. Is a nation attacked in its territory, or in its honour—more to be kept inviolate than any territorial dominion? No sympathy for its gallant resistance, 'because,' says the bill-broker, 'I abominate all war, and cannot allow any people to defend themselves by the sword.' Thus all distinctions of right and wrong are confounded and lost in this senseless cry for settling every dispute by peaceable means. We dare venture to predict that if the American repudiators succeed—in spite of the well-meant but impotent proclamation of their feeble Government—in fitting out a marauding expedition to take Cuba, we shall, as an answer to all complaints from other countries, receive an immediate reference to the Elihus of the Paris Congress, and be told, that no doubt it was wrong, nay, very wrong, but that all war is equally wrong, and that such profligate proceedings are the inevitable consequence of nations entertaining armies and navies, and settling their disputes by the sword.

We have little room left for stating what ought to be the general principles for governing the relations of civilized countries; but their enunciation will occupy a small space, and we add it, careless how much offence it may give to our wise and temperate Palmerstons, our ripely informed Dudley Stuarts, and our all-authoritative 'Richard Cobdens.'

We hold it to be clear, then, both in point of honesty and policy, that the only true course for England to take is to abide religiously by the faith of treaties; that each succeeding ministry should consider itself as much a party to the solemn covenants entered into by its predecessors as if its own seals were affixed to the bond.—Next, we conceive it to be almost as much an act of justice, and quite as much a wise course of policy, to abide by the ancient and well-recognised relations of alliance which bind us to certain powers, with whom we have in a long course of ages shared the fortunes of peace and war; not to court ephemeral popularity by paying our court to other powers—their avowed adversaries.—Again, and above all, we regard it to be the very height of both injustice and impolicy, in any country, but most especially in one composed of above a dozen different dominions, and peopled by as many separate races, to scrutinize the titles of other powers to their various provinces; seeking in their origin for flaws in these titles, and setting up a new-fangled doctrine of 'nationality' to the utter disturbance not only of practical arrangements, but often also of the best historical associations. The in-

terest of all Europe is to prevent changes, to maintain peace. No other intelligible rule can by possibility be laid down, except that the state of actual possession must be regarded, and every one be treated as a wrong-doer who would attempt to shake it. Thus the Treaty of Vienna may have been well or ill framed; the distribution of power thereby made may have been a wise and a just one, or the reverse. It signifies not.—That is the law of Europe; that is the system which all are bound to maintain who were parties to the treaty—bound in good faith as well as in policy; but that is the system which even they who were no parties to its establishment in 1815 are by every rule of policy bound to maintain, because it is established; because it has, for more than the third part of a century, been the rule uniformly followed; and because even a faulty system of territorial arrangement, once settled, and for a length of time acted upon, is infinitely more advantageous to the world at large than pulling the fabric to pieces and trying to construct a new one. As in civil society the existing state of property is alone to be regarded, and for the benefit of all is to be firmly upheld, with the severest penalties to those who would commit any aggression on any part of it; to be upheld too merely because it exists, without regard to the violence or the fraud in which possibly at some remote date it had its origin;—so is the established distribution of dominion to be held sacred—and, for the benefit of each and of all, to be religiously guarded against all innovation, all attack. This is the true, the plain, the intelligible principle which alone can safely govern the conduct and guide the opinions of nations. It is the principle for which our Marlboroughs and our Wellingtons fought, for which our Chathams spoke, for which our Godolphins counselled, for which our Williams both counselled and fought. It is the true rule both of policy and of justice; and as long as nations are resolved to uphold it, and prepared to punish all who rebel against it, so long will the dominion of states be secure from overthrow, and the best protection be afforded for the weak against the strong—ay, and the most effectual guarantee be established of the general peace, the strongest barrier be raised against war; while the impotent efforts of ridiculous Congresses fail to produce any one effect except that of making their members pitied or laughed at, according as any one who reads their effusions may be more or less charitably inclined, more or less endued with patience for human folly.

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ART. V.—*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County, and Remarks on their local Distribution.* By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.Z., F.Z.S. London. 1849.

THE pursuits of natural history possess a various and multi-form interest. When followed out in their strictly scientific character by such men as Cuvier, or our own Professor Owen, they present us with remarkable generalizations which not only exhibit the clearest marks of design and plan upon which the whole world of animated being has been constructed, but throw ever and anon remarkable light upon some of the greatest intricacies of our own organic construction. The discovery that the lower manifestations of animal life are forms through which the higher animals pass, throws a new light upon the conditions under which those higher animals exist in those preparatory stages in which it is often singularly difficult to explore the secrets of their being. But there are many other advantages which wait upon the study of natural history for those who cannot follow it to these scientific heights. No innocent pursuit which possesses sufficient interest to engage the attention, and so to sharpen the faculties and enlarge the mind, will ever be condemned by the true philosopher. And this pursuit, specially, exercises some, and those very important faculties. A good practical naturalist must be a good observer; and how many qualities are required to make up a good observer! Attention, patience, quickness to seize separate facts, discrimination to keep them unconfused, readiness to combine them, and rapidity and yet slowness of induction; above all, perfect fidelity, which can be seduced neither by the enticements of a favourite theory, nor by the temptation to see a little more than actually happens in some passing drama. But besides these advantages which it shares with many other pursuits, natural history has some which are peculiarly its own. Whatever tends to attach man to the works and manifestations of God in the natural world around us, addresses itself to higher faculties than those which reside merely in the understanding.

We are not indeed of those who have any very strong faith in mere rustic innocence—men's passions are just as strong, and are often even coarser in their manifestation amongst an ignorant rustic population than they are amongst those inhabitants of our towns whom mere sentiment would condemn to an almost hopeless degradation. But then these rustics are exactly those whose eyes are most sealed to the beauties and the marvels amidst which they daily walk. Amongst the Spitalfields weavers, many of whom are great bird-fanciers, and many more amongst our best practical



practical entomologists, there is probably far more appreciation of the beauties of the country which they rarely visit, and of the wonders of animal life, with which they can only now and then come into actual contact in the ramble of a summer holiday, than is to be found amidst the rustic population of our ten thousand parishes. It is amongst these then, and not amongst those who neglect the riches in the midst of which they live, that the real effects of these pursuits are to be traced; and no one we think can entertain a doubt as to what are their effects who has seen amongst these very weavers the softening, harmonizing, and elevating tendencies of such tastes amidst the many depressing accidents of their life of toil. And there are very many amongst ourselves for whom we should specially prescribe the cultivation of such pursuits as these. There are not a few causes in operation in the present day which tend to wean our gentry from a country life. The personal importance which the possession of land formerly conferred is already much impaired, and probably will be still more lessened as estates are divided and wealth diffused. Our modern improvements in agriculture, reducing as they must the business of cultivating the soil more and more to the ordinary laws which govern manufactures, tend to diminish the natural beauty of the country, and to break in upon some or other of the pleasures of its possessors. It is not merely that some of these are attacked directly, but even more, that many of them are rendered accidentally impossible. It is not only that at the prayer of tenant-farmers acts of Parliament are framed, which inexorably decree the extermination of fourfooted game, but that the march of improvement incidentally destroys or banishes other and harmless tribes of animal life, which have formed heretofore the instruments of country amusement. How imperceptibly and unintentionally this may be brought about, may be illustrated by the fact of the annual diminution—now stated without doubt by some of our most accurate ornithological observers—in the numbers of our swallows (*Hirundo rustica*) and martins (*Hirundo urbica*), and which seems to be caused by the great diminution already created in their favourite food of the Tipulidæ and ephemeral flies by the draining of our wet and marshy lands. For it is evident that the same causes must be producing the same effects upon our snipes and all our tribes of wading and swimming birds; whilst other causes of a like kind must be reducing the number of our really wild *Tetraonidæ*—causes which have already once exterminated (what the spirited efforts of Lord Breadalbane promise to restore) our indigenous Capercailzie (*Tetrao uro-gallus*), and our great bustard (*Otis tarda*). Such, we say, must be more or less the progress of events; for by all, or almost all our leading men in the science of agriculture,

ture, the hedge timber of England is doomed:—very many of its woods are to be grubbed, its downs broken up, its marshes drained, and with some of these changes, however on the whole beneficial, must disappear much sylvan beauty and many sylvan sports. And all this must have an immediate effect upon the attractiveness of country life. There can scarcely be a wider difference than that which exists between the feelings towards his estate of the lord of the soil, whose pleasures, occupations and pursuits are all, in some way or other, connected with its possession, and his who sees in his highly cultivated acres nothing more than a productive investment of a certain amount of capital. We are ourselves great admirers of the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents; but it is impossible to feel any special affection to the Scrip which conveys or attests their ownership—and very little more can be felt towards landed property which has no other quality than that (first and greatest, as we freely admit it to be) of paying with a sweet simplicity its annual rent. Such an owner may well say when he visits his estates, ‘Went to-day upon my own land—very much like every body else’s land.’

Now as we hold it to be a matter of great national concern to keep alive as far as possible that warm affection for a country life which has from time immemorial distinguished our nobility and gentry, we should rejoice in the prevalence of any tastes or pursuits which tended in any way to add to and prolong its attractions. And amongst these we should give a high place to natural history. Nor is there any other branch of natural history for the study of which we in England have such facilities as for the peculiar branch of ornithology. With the exception of the insect tribes, which, from their diminutive size and from many associations connected with them, are little likely (even though Messrs. Kirby and Spence have written their history) to be general objects of interest, the list of the English fauna is remarkably scanty, except amongst the birds. Civilization has long since extirpated all our larger wild quadrupeds. Few indeed of any size are left to us. An occasional badger and otter, foxes, hares, rabbits, squirrels, stoats, weasels, mice, and rats (and even amongst them the great grey, or, as our friend Mr. Waterton insists on calling him, the Hanoverian rat, has *all but* eaten up the old black rat of England\*)—these nearly complete our catalogue; so that the naturalist who was restricted to our fourfooted creatures would have to complain with Edgar,

‘That mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom’s food for seven long year.’

But this is not the case with our birds. They in numerous families are still rejoicing in their liberty around us, whilst occa-

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\* A few old Blacks (whom Squire Western would have stuck to, had he been living in these degenerate Whig days) still survive; but they are a feeble folk.

sional stragglers visit us from the British tribes of other and more richly furnished countries. Our migratory birds come to us every year from Africa: our own familiar raven may be met with not only throughout Europe, but croaks as gravely as with ourselves on the shores of the Black and Caspian seas; visits our Indian metropolis of Calcutta, forces its way over the guarded shores of Japan, dwells amongst our busy descendants in America, ranges from Mount Ætna to the Iceland cold of Hecla, and braves the rigour of the Arctic regions as far as Melville's Island.

The powers of motion, moreover, possessed by birds, causing them to circulate far more widely and freely over the earth than other animals, give us the additional interest of detecting from time to time the presence of rare sojourners who commonly haunt warmer climates or colder latitudes. Add to this that all the accidents of birds are pleasing: their appearance; their voice, from the rich melody of our warblers to the laughing taunt of the gull or the solemn hooting of the owl; their habits, from the domestic familiarity of the robin to the wild soar of the Falconidæ,—all tend to secure for birds an interest and regard which is shared with them by few of the quadrupeds.

No branch, therefore, of natural history seems to us so likely to engage followers amongst ourselves as ornithology; for its materials are everywhere present and always attractive in character. Nor is the possession of such tastes a small gain to their possessor. Objects of new interest surround on every side the opened eye of the naturalist, and give a fresh zest to his former pursuits. When once these tastes have been created, those who from not being sportsmen were almost without interest in our natural fauna, find every copse and down peopled with living objects of interest; whilst he who heretofore has been a mere sportsman finds new attractions which increase his love of Nature. Of old time, indeed, amongst the English lovers of field-sports have ever been found those who have been led on to love those tribes of creatures whose presence and whose song peoples and gladdens the brake and forest. It is a beautiful touch in the ballad of 'Robin Hood' which represents the gentle outlaw as surrounded by these natural minstrels:—

'The woodwale sang and would not cease,  
Sitting upon the spray,  
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay.'\*

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\* There is still dispute what the *woodwale* was: some say a species of thrush, others the woodlark. The bird figures in a pretty verse of *True Thomas*:—

'I heard the jay and the throstell,  
The mavis menyd in her song:  
The wodewebeber yd as a bell,  
That the wode aboute me ronge.'

Even

Even as Spenser writes of one of *his* heroes:—

‘ Now whenas Calepine was waxen strong,  
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
To take the air, and hear the thrush’s song.’

But there are still too many sportsmen who need to have their slumbering senses aroused and to be taught the interest they might find in such a converse with Nature.

Such an one is not Mr. Knox. He is manifestly a sportsman, and a keen one. He has followed the ‘ eagle and the grouse on the dark, misty mountains and rock-bound coast of Mayo ’ (p. 2); and on the flat shores of western Sussex ‘ often during the Siberian winter of 1838, when a *whole gale*, as the sailors have it, has been blowing from the north-east,’ he might be found ‘ sheltered behind a hillock of sea-weed with his long duck-gun and a trusty double, or half buried in a hole on the sand, watching the legions of waterfowl as they neared the shore and dropped distrustfully amongst the breakers ’—&c. (p. 9); yet whilst others have longed with impatient fretfulness for the commencement of their sport, chiding at the long delays of reluctant reynard, or brooding sadly over the treachery of public men and the low price of corn, he has found a philosophic interest in ‘ carefully watching for a very scarce bird (the *Melizophilus Dartfordiensis*) whilst the fox-hounds have been drawing the great gorse covers.’

Already our readers perceive that we are introducing to them a genuine enthusiast. In truth, though written by a man whose profession and habits differ in many respects from his, the volume continually reminds us of our old delight, White of Selborne. Like White, Mr. Knox is a scholar bred at Oxford, and like White he is a close observer of nature, who jots down what he sees in his own neighbourhood or excursions from mere love to that of which he writes, and not to make a book. His volume has sprung from a set of letters written to a friend with tastes and occupations which were like his own. It is one great advantage of such local works that they are invested with a living reality which mere general works of science cannot possess. We walk with White through his favourite woods, and listen with him in the dewy evening to the distant owls, ‘ all of which,’ according to his friend, ‘ are hooting in B flat.’ Mr. Knox carries us in the same way with him through Sussex. The peculiarities and remarkable variations of this county, with all of which Mr. Knox is thoroughly familiar, make it an excellent district for ornithological observation. Throughout its whole extent of 76 miles it stretches along the sea-coast, indented at its western extremity into deep  
bays,

bays, which from their narrow and shallow mouths run almost into salt-water lakes, on the flat shores of which slumber rather aguish hamlets, looking in the distance like Dutch villages. These, throughout the winter especially, are visited by numerous tribes of wading and swimming birds, amongst which are not seldom to be found the rarer visitants of our island. Here, if he will be content to watch, and sometimes to wade for them, the patient duck-hunter or naturalist may see sights which shall at least faintly remind him of the grand lines in which are pictured what may to the letter be seen at this day in some of the great plains near Erzerum, where the traveller looks down upon a valley positively crimsoned in its whole extent by the millions of birds of the richest plumage which are congregated on its flats:—

--- ὡς ορνίθων πετεινῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ,  
 Χηνῶν ἢ γερανῶν, ἢ κύκνων δολιχοδείρων,  
 Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι Καῦστρου ἄμφι ῥέεθρα,  
 Ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα πετῶνται ἀγαλλόμεναι πτερύγεσσι,  
 Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμῶν.

Of the vast multitude in which even on our own shores birds of this family congregate together, our readers may form some idea when we mention that we heard recently of one discharge of a large duck-gun killing 140 dozen of the species called stints.

To the east the coast rises into the high precipices of the range of Beachy Head, still the favourite haunt not only of guillemots, razor-bills, auks, gulls, and ravens, but even of that noble falcon the Peregrine, whose tutored instincts furnished so large a share of the amusements of our ancestors. Leaving the immediate sea-board, there succeeds a low tract of rich land between the sea and the South Downs, which, before and after the annual migrations of various species, harbours vast flights of our different birds of passage. Mr. Knox maintains that these migrations are not confined to those birds which from their insectivorous habits are commonly reputed birds of passage, but extend very widely amongst the conirostral tribes also, including the gold-finches, linnets, and grosbeaks. The arrival of our vernal visitors is thus described:—

‘On fine dry days in March I have frequently seen pied wagtails approaching the coast, aided by a gentle breeze from the south, the well-known call-note being distinctly audible under such favourable circumstances from a considerable distance at sea, even long before the birds themselves could be perceived. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood, where but a short time before scarcely an individual was to be found, are soon tenanted by numbers of this species, and for several days they continue dropping on the beach in small parties.’—  
 p. 81, 82.

Of

Of the departure of these winged hordes Mr. Knox says —

‘ About the beginning of September, an early riser ’—

We hope our readers will notice what we believe to be specially true, that all good observers must be early at their post—

‘ visiting the fields in the neighbourhood of the coast may observe them flying invariably from west to east, parallel to the shore, and following each other in constant succession. These flights continue from daylight until about ten in the forenoon; and it is a remarkable fact that so steadily do they pursue this course, and so pertinacious are they in adhering to it, that even a shot fired at an advancing party, and the death of more than one individual, have failed to induce the remainder to fly in a different direction; for, after opening to the right and left, their ranks have again closed, and the progress towards the east has been resumed as before.’

It is not difficult to surmise the reason of this proceeding. To compare great things with small, long before the lines were laid for the direct conveyance of our countrymen by the shortest transit into France, this annual string of warblers, under the guidance of unerring instinct, and without any such long deflections from the straight course as we groan under and pay for, was making for that spot upon our coasts whence the transit of the Channel could be accomplished with the shortest flight and least interruption from the cliffs of Dover.

It is a singular fact, for which no solution is offered, that the course of the larks who frequent these same fields at the same period of migration is the exact opposite of the warblers. The larks fly uniformly from east to west, and in numbers sufficient to give rise to a so-named ‘sport,’ towards which a strange peculiarity of the birds themselves contributes. Mr. Knox thus describes the custom:—

‘ A piece of wood about a foot and a half long, four inches deep, and three inches wide, is planed off on two sides . . . in the sloping sides are set several bits of looking-glass. A long iron spindle, the lower end of which is sharp and fixed in the ground, passes freely through the centre; on this the instrument turns, and even spins rapidly when a string is pulled by the performer, who generally stands at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards from the decoy. The reflection of the sun’s rays from these little revolving mirrors seems to possess a mysterious attraction for the larks, for they descend in great numbers from a considerable height in the air, hover over the spot, and suffer themselves to be shot at repeatedly without attempting to leave the field or to continue their course.’

It were well if creatures of a higher organization than larks would take warning by their example, and beware lest the charms of such sparkling gewgaws of the earth should draw them down from the higher flights appointed for them. What tragic voices might

might be heard by the students of 'Emblems' in such a narrative as this!—

'To any one witnessing it for the first time the spectacle is sufficiently curious. Perhaps at this moment the shooters, having all reloaded, are awaiting the approach of the next detachment; presently a voice exclaims, "Here they are, look out!" and a cluster of dark specks becomes visible at a great distance. In a few moments he perceives that this is a flock of larks.' . . . 'Four or five parties occupy one field, and as many shooters are attached to one lark-glass; but notwithstanding the crowd and the noise of voices, mingled with the continued roar of guns, the infatuated birds advance stupidly to them, hover in numbers over the decoy, and present the easiest possible mark to the veriest tyro that ever pulled a trigger.'—pp. 128, 129.

Above this rich district rises the range of the South Downs, frequented by their peculiar winged inhabitants, among which abound the well-known wheatear (*Saxicola œnanthe*), and at certain seasons that most graceful of the English hawks, the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*). Few parts of England afford greater beauties than this tract of country. The softest ærial lights, ever changing from morning till evening, mellow the wide expanse of the open downs on which the sea breezes of the Channel seem to come forth to sun and dry themselves; whilst at every turn hollow combes run gracefully up from the deep valleys, with the velvet lawns of their bottoms and sides tufted by the ash, the beech, or the feathery juniper, or sometimes shaded by the soft dark verdure of ancient yew-trees, whose venerable trunks confirm the tradition which assigns their planting to the age and religious rites of our Druid forefathers. Over these may be seen poised in the air below you the graceful form of the kestrel, or windhover hawk, as it prepares to dart upon the mice or larger insects which its keen eye detects amongst the herbage. The northern, and occasionally, as in the case of Charlton Forest, the southern side of these downs is often clothed with large woodland tracts, where the tapping blow and wild laugh of the woodpecker is never long unheard, and where the honey-buzzard and larger species of falconidæ may be detected by the curious. To this succeeds a band of sandstone hills capped often (as at Parham with its heronry, for a graphical and highly entertaining account of which we must refer our readers to Mr. Knox's pages) with woods of Scotch spruce and silver fir, all sheltering their peculiar winged visitors. These sand-hills finally subside into the great valley, where, it seems, so long ago as in the days of Drayton, 'the daughters of the mighty Weald—

'Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,

Under the axe's stroke fetch'd many a grievous groan;'

but where still happily the oak-tree flourishes in numbers and to an extent which, when viewed from any eminence, may well remind  
us

us of the ancient forests of 'merry England.' Nothing can exceed the sweetness and abundance of the song of the nightingales amidst the brakes of these oak-woods in the early summer. From every bush and every streamlet side are poured forth the bursts of their music, whilst the whole family of warblers complete the chorus. It is the absolute fulfilment of Spenser's hardly less melodious description:—

‘ But the small birds, in their wide boughs embow’ring,  
Chaunted their sundry tones with sweet content ;  
And under them a silver stream, forth pouring  
His trickling streams, a gentle murmur sent.’

In these various localities may be found specimens of almost all our remaining native birds. Of the indigenous species, it is true, as we have said above, that some have disappeared, and others are disappearing; yet though we lack a multitude of species in which the richer fauna of other countries abounds, we still have enough to trace the wonderful gradations of structure by which, ‘in nature which has no gap,’ family passes into family throughout the world of organized being. Perhaps one of the most beautiful instances of this transition may be found in the passage from the falconidæ to the strigidæ, which may be observed amongst our own birds. From the proper falcons, which fly only by day, and obtain their food by the rapidity and boldness of their assaults, we are led imperceptibly to a class of birds organized, as at first sight it would seem, entirely like the true falcons, and actually classed heretofore with them, but which, when closely examined, are found to have a softer plumage and the traces of that peculiar arrangement of the feathers of the neck and head, which is so well known by all in its full development in the owl, and which gives to those birds the appearance of wearing a ruff set around the face. The object of this arrangement of the feathers, which is called by naturalists ‘the facial disk,’ is very difficult to determine. It may be connected with the auditory apparatus which is so essential to and so large in these noiselessly moving nocturnal birds. In the first divisions of the owl family this arrangement is still incomplete, reaching only half round the eye, till in the type of that genus, our own barn-owl, it becomes fully developed. The same arrangement is distinctly traceable in the *Circi*, or harriers, four of which are found amongst the birds of England. A close observation of their habits reveals another difference between them and the true falcons. Instead of pursuing their quarry in the broadest daylight, they are seen to skim in the evening over the dewy fields, and to secure their prey by that stealthy noiselessness of their flight which the exceeding softness of their plumage renders possible. A still closer examination shows us that in their anatomical proportions and arrangements, as in their habits, the harriers have approached almost



almost as near to the neighbouring family of the owls as to that of the falcons, from which they are departing. This transition of one family into another is made yet more remarkable by the existence of an owl (the hawk-owl, *Surnia funerea*), which in manner and appearance closely resembles the preceding family, having in shape and flight a distinctly falconine character, and pursuing its prey almost entirely in the daytime. By such nice distinctions are the cognate families of nature at once approximated and divided.

It is to the vulgar neglect of such niceties as these that much of the needless destruction of our indigenous fauna is due. For though we may hope that there are not left many gamekeepers who, like one met with by Mr. Knox, kill that well-known and welcome harbinger of summer the insectivorous cuckoo, because in autumn he changes his bill and claws and becomes a hawk—(an error old enough to have been refuted by Aristotle)—yet there are still many useful and many harmless members of our scanty list of birds which are habitually doomed to an equally unmerited slaughter. Against these ignorant enemies of our feathered tribes Mr. Knox continually protests, giving up to unpitied destruction the fierce and rapacious sparrow-hawk (whom Mr. Urquhart would consider the very Lord Palmerston of our woods), but fighting the battles of kestrels, honey-buzzards, ravens, and others with a zeal and an acuteness by which we hope he may, before more of our indigenous species are absolutely rooted out, make many converts amongst the owners of our soil, with whose protectionist habits such a guardianship of our native birds would most aptly harmonize. What is to be destroyed is now too often left to be settled by the tender mercies of the gamekeeper, whose first impression is that all strange birds 'destroy the game.' When this error is supported by the undoubted fact that some birds closely allied to those for whom we plead do destroy vast quantities of game, the escape of the innocent from such a tribunal is as impossible as it was for a suspected witch to avoid drowning when her innocence could only be ascertained (and even then doubtfully, because her familiar might have forsaken her) by her actually dying. The case of the kestrel or windhover hawk, one of the most beautiful of our natives, is exactly in point. The food of this bird is grasshoppers, mice, and such other small game, and nothing but absolute want will lead it to feed upon birds. It is a highly useful and perfectly harmless member of winged society, but it bears the sins of the sparrowhawk, that unpitied slaughterer of its weaker brethren. What devastation the sparrowhawk will work in a game preserve, in the breeding season especially, may be learned from the experience of our author, whose  
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keeper found in one nest fifteen young pheasants, four young partridges, five chickens, a bullfinch, two meadow pipits, and two larks, all in a fresh state. The well-known story of a man who, in a time of scarcity, maintained his family for weeks by robbing the larder of a hawk, the nest of which he had discovered, is quite consistent with this abundance of spoil. Mr. Knox does not mention, what we believe would have been found to be the case, that in every instance the legs of the victims are broken by their practised capturers. Now we think it would not be reasonable to expect any ordinary gamekeeper with such facts before his eyes to spare birds which, whilst their habits are altogether different, are yet so like the offending species that it requires some knowledge of natural history to distinguish between their respective female birds. How slowly such long-established prejudices yield, we may learn even from the great propounder of the sole value in natural history of induction from well-proved facts. For Lord Bacon himself spoke of 'the birds of paradise that they have in the Indies that have no feet, and therefore they never light upon any place but the wind carries them away.'\* That great philosopher also found 'the cause that birds are of swifter motion than beasts,' not in the strength of their muscles, the projecting processes of their bones, and the marvellous provisions for their specific lightness, but in 'the greater proportion of their spirits in comparison of the bulk of their bodies than in beasts.'† And again, speaking slightly of the true cause why birds alone can imitate the human voice, the strength, namely, and peculiar variety of the muscles of the throat, he accounts thus fancifully for the well-known fact:—'I conceive that the aptness of birds is not so much in the conformity of the organs of speech as in their attention; for speech must come by hearing and learning, and birds give more heed and mark sounds more than beasts, because naturally they are more delighted with them and practise them more, as appeareth in their singing. We see also that those that teach birds to sing do keep them waking to increase their attention. We see also that cock-birds amongst singing birds are ever better singers, which may be because they are more lively and listen more.'‡ It is the more curious that Lord Bacon should have attributed this power in birds to the greatness of their attention, because he himself prescribes the use of mathematics to give this special faculty to 'bird-witted children.'

With such an example before us, is it reasonable to leave it to be determined by wholly uninstructed and often strongly prejudiced men what is and what is not mischievous amongst our native birds? We earnestly entreat those of our readers who have

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\* Speech concerning Undertakers.

† Nat. Hist., Cent. VII.

‡ Nat. Hist., Cent. III.

the power, to prevent our being thus robbed of one of the great ornaments of our woods and fields.

But, speaking on this subject, we must once more introduce our readers to Mr. Knox in his capacity of guardian of a certain pair of ravens, the clientship of which he had undertaken.

‘During ten months out of the twelve you may now find a pair of ravens in Petworth Park : perchance if the sky be clear, you may perceive them soaring aloft at such a height as would almost ensure their escape from observation, were it not for their joyous and exulting barks, which, in spite of the distance, fall distinctly on the ear ; or if the weather be wet and gloomy, you may see them perched on the summit of one of the huge hollow oaks in the flat of the park, the crooked and withered branch from which they sit projecting like the horn of some gigantic stag from the dense foliage ; or perhaps you may find them concealed in their snug retreat among the evergreen boughs of a clump of Scotch firs near the Tower hill, their favourite haunt during the last five years, and where they now appear to be permanently established. But to return. Their expulsion from this neighbourhood, many years ago, was as follows :

‘A pair of these birds had built their nest on a lofty tree in the park, and as a matter of course were discovered by one of the keepers. Suffering them to remain unmolested during the period of their nidification, he waited until, deceived by his Machiavelian policy, the ravens treated his appearance, even when armed, with comparative disregard. Ill did he repay their misplaced confidence ! One day, when the period had nearly arrived at which an addition to the family was to be expected, and the eggs were in his opinion “got hard,” a rifle-bullet, directed through the bottom of the nest, stretched the female bird lifeless within it ; and shortly afterwards, her partner, who had been catering for her at a distance, was saluted on his return with a volley of shot, which laid him quivering at the root of the tree, and completed the success of the functionary, who in those days used to perform among the feathered tribe the triple duties of judge, jury, and executioner.

‘Years passed away, and the raven continued unknown in this part of West Sussex, until one day, in March, 1843, when riding in the park, near a clump of tall old beech trees, whose trunks had been denuded by time of all their lower branches, my attention was suddenly arrested by the never-to-be-mistaken croak of a raven, and the loud chattering of a flock of jackdaws.

‘I soon perceived that these were the especial objects of his hatred and hostility ; for after dashing into the midst of them, and executing several rapid movements in the air, he succeeded in effectually driving them to a considerable distance from his nest. During this manœuvre the superior size of the raven became more apparent than when viewed alone, and his power of flight was advantageously exhibited by comparison with that of his smaller congener. The latter, indeed, seemed to bear about the same relation to him, in point of size, that starlings do to rooks when seen together.

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'The raven's nest was placed in a fork on the very summit of one of the highest of these trees, while their hollow trunks were tenanted by a numerous colony of jackdaws. Some of the holes through which these entered were so near the ground that I had no difficulty in reaching them when on horseback, while others were situated at a much greater height. These conducted to the chambers in which the nests were placed, and which were generally far removed from the external aperture by which the birds entered their tower-like habitation. On thrusting my whip upwards into many of these passages, I found it impossible to touch the further extremity, while a few cavities of smaller dimensions were within reach of my hand, and contained nests constructed of short dry sticks, some of which were incomplete, while in others one or two eggs had been deposited. The next day I returned to the place on foot, provided with a spy-glass, for the purpose of observation. On my arrival I found that the ravens were absent, and that the jackdaws, availing themselves of this, had congregated in considerable numbers, and were as busily employed about their habitations as a swarm of bees; some carrying materials for the completion of their frail and yet unfinished nests, others conveying food to their mates, and all apparently making the most of their time during the absence of their tormentor. There being no cover or brushwood at hand, and the branches being yet leafless, I was unable to conceal myself effectually; but having sat down at the foot of the tree containing their nest, I awaited the return of the ravens.

'Nearly an hour elapsed before the arrival of the male bird, and I was first made aware of his approach by the consternation which it appeared to spread among the jackdaws. Like most animals under similar circumstances, when conscious of the approach of danger, they rapidly collected their forces on a single tree, keeping up all the time an incessant chattering, each bird shifting its position rapidly from bough to bough, while the raven, who held some food in his beak, satisfied himself on this occasion with two or three swoops into the terrified crowd, and having routed the mob, he approached the tree in which his nest was placed. Before arriving there, however, he evidently became aware of my presence, and dropping his prey, which proved to be a rat, he ascended into the air to a great height in circular gyrations, after the manner of a falcon, where he was soon joined by his consort, and the two birds continued to soar over my head while I remained there, uttering not only their usual hoarse croak, but also an extraordinary sound resembling the exclamation "Oh!" loudly and clearly ejaculated. At first I could hardly persuade myself that it proceeded from the throat of either of the ravens, but my doubt was soon dispelled, for there was no human being within sight, and after carefully examining one of the birds for some time with my glass, I observed that each note was preceded by an opening of the beak, the distance of course preventing sight and sound from being exactly simultaneous.'

We must interrupt Mr. Knox to remark that, from his surprise at the raven's 'Oh!' he seems to be unacquainted with the extent and variety of Ralpho's vocabulary. It is said by one learned  
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writer that 'the raven has a hundred different notes:' for this we do not vouch, but we can answer for it that he has a great many, and several most remarkably *human*. To proceed: our agreeable narrator says—

'In the following year the beech grove was deserted for the fir-clump. I shall never forget my delight on discovering their new retreat near the Tower hill during the spring of 1844. In their new quarters the ravens now reign unmolested, the nest itself being concealed from ordinary observation among the evergreen boughs near the summit of one of the tallest trees, so as to escape the notice of the wayfarers who traverse Upperton Common or pass along the high road which here skirts the ivy-covered park-wall. Nay, even within the precincts, where these birds and their establishments are now held sacred, those who occasionally visit the spot for the express purpose of "having a look at the ravens" are generally disappointed, as they mount the steep hill and approach the clump, at seeing nothing of either of the birds, and at the apparent desertion of the place; but they are quickly undeceived. The short and angry barks of the male are just heard as he emerges from the dark boughs; then, if the young have been hatched, he is soon joined by the female, and both continue to soar round the heads of the strangers, gradually increasing their distance until they reach a considerable height, and occasionally varying their hoarse cry with the singular note to which I have already alluded. Their retreat is therefore, as I have said, secure from ordinary observation; but what nest can escape the scrutiny of an Argus-eyed school-boy, especially if his cranium should present a development of the true ornithological bump? Soon after the ravens had taken up their quarters here, a truant youth, wandering over the Common with his empty satchel on his shoulder, caught a glimpse of one of the old birds, marked him down into the clump, and having satisfied himself by an exceedingly rapid process of reasoning that its abode was there, and that the discovery and appropriation of its contents would repay him for the perils of the adventure, he scaled the wall, climbed the tree, robbed the nest, deposited four "squabs"—all that it contained—in his book-bag, and escaped undiscovered with his prize.

'Imagine my feelings when, on visiting the fir-grove a few days after this occurrence, I could find no trace of either of the old ravens! At first curiosity was succeeded by suspicion, then suspicion by anxiety, and at last anxiety by conviction that something untoward had occurred; but on entering the clump the whole truth flashed upon me at once: splinters of short, brittle boughs, on which the climber had attempted to rest his feet as he ascended the tree, lay around, mingled with portions of the lining, which was composed of the hair of the fallow-deer. Could the robber have taken *all* the young birds? So, to put an end to suspense, I mounted to the nest, clutched one of the branches immediately beneath it, raised myself up, and eagerly peeped into the interior. Empty! Not a bird, not a feather within it! Nothing but deer-fur and fledgling-dust! What was to be done? If even one squab had been left, there would still have been room for hope that the attempt to protect the raven in his native haunts might possibly

sibly not have turned out, as now, an apparent failure. Another week elapsed, during which all inquiries—and they were many and searching—after the lost ones were unattended with success. I now visited the clump every day, but my ears were no longer gladdened by the welcome bark of the parent birds. Ring-doves and starlings roosted in the branches of the trees, and even the spiteful jackdaw, who had hitherto kept at such a respectful distance, now chattered among the boughs, as if he could not resist the temptation of having a look at the nest, with a view to appropriating a portion of it to his own use on a future occasion.

‘Well, at last the young birds were discovered, half-starved, in the possession of their original captor, who willingly delivered them up. It was proposed to rear them in a state of domestication, and the operation of clipping their wings had already been performed on three of them before the idea occurred to me that, even yet, “at the eleventh hour,” it was just possible that the restoration of the remaining perfect bird to the nest might have the effect of attracting the attention of either of the old ones if they should happen to revisit the neighbourhood. Although but a “forlorn hope,” the attempt was worth the trial. It was late in the evening, I remember, when I put it in execution, and the next morning found me again on my way to the fir clump. Impatient to learn the result of my experiment, yet entertaining only a shadowy belief in the possibility of its success, I hastened to the park. Scarcely venturing to raise my eyes as I ascended the slope, I listened attentively, but no sound indicated the return of my absent friends. However, the scene soon changed, and amply was I repaid for all my previous care and anxiety on perceiving, as I topped the hill, both the old ravens issuing from the trees, and flying round my head just as if nothing had happened. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was true, nevertheless; my experiment perfectly succeeded; the young bird was safely reared; the ravens have since brought up several families in the same nest; and as this little episode in their biography has served to increase the interest taken in their welfare by those who have now, fortunately, the disposition as well as the power to protect them, I trust that they may long live in peace and security, and that if any lover of the picturesque or admirer of our native birds should hereafter visit the Tower hill during “trysting time,” he may never find “the raven’s clump” untenanted.’

So Mr. Knox leaves the story. We can give our readers one more act in this aerial drama. In the spring of this year the ravens returned to their old nest, and repaired and occupied it according to their wont; incubation was already begun, when a violent spring-storm actually beat the mother from her nest and scattered the eggs upon the ground. After a few days the ravens began to repair the damage of the storm, and abandoning the unfortunate tree, they constructed upon another their new nest. ‘But,’ alas! as the poet sang:—

‘Ravens though, as birds of omen,  
They teach both conjurers and old women

To tell us what is to befall,  
Can't prophesy themselves at all.'

A second storm, almost as soon as the nest was completed, again marred their work, and actually tore the nest itself from the tree. For a few days the ravens were missing: after these they returned, but conjugal disagreement finished what the violence of the winds had begun. The work of nidification was re-commenced, but one bird was set upon repairing the original, the other upon building a new nest. For a day or two the divided work proceeded, when, as if by mutual compromise, both abandoned their separate undertakings, and flew off together in search of a more favoured spot.

The appearance at the same moment of a pair of ravens, who proceeded forthwith to build and incubate at Parham Park, about eight miles distant, seems to mark out that place as the haven of their choice.—' *Italiam læti Latiumque petamus.*' There they will have the company of a goodly settlement of herons, who, like themselves, were driven from afar to seek the shelter of its ancient woods and hospitable owner.

With this narrative we take our leave of our readers, only adding that we are sure that Mr. Knox will feel his labours amply repaid if he has won by them one more votary to a loving observation of nature. In doing so he will have enlarged at once the enjoyments and the powers of his pupil. 'The world of sensible phenomena,' says Humboldt, 'reflects itself into the depth of the world of ideas, and the rich variety of nature gradually becomes subject to our intellectual domain.' Of no phenomena is this profound observation more true than of those which concern the mechanism of life. Doubtless it was for our moral as well as our intellectual training that we were placed by the Creator in the midst of these tribes of animated beings, who, sharing so much of our living energy, but lacking the gifts of personality, are around us and familiar with us in the strangest of all acted masques and suggestive mysteries. The very sight of them may awaken us to a sense of the unsolved riddles of being by which we are surrounded, and teach us the spirit of reverential inquiry, in which alone it is profitable or safe to seek to find out the ways of the Inscrutable. The soul thus taught its proper lessons by the visible creation around it will be less apt to dogmatise and more ready to believe when it is brought into contact with the higher worlds of moral and spiritual being which touch him on every side, whilst it will enter into the pregnant climax of the Psalmist—' *All thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and thy saints give thanks unto Thee;*' for it will discern the high privilege of collecting from the material creation their instinctive adoration and pouring it with conscious volition into the treasury of God.

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ART.

- ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Proceedings of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland upon the Letter of His Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, recommending providing of Practical Instruction in Husbandry in the South and Western Districts.* Dublin. 1848-9.
2. *Returns of Stock and Agricultural Produce in Ireland in the years 1847, 1848.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Folio. 1848-9.
3. *The Science and Practice of Agriculture in Ireland.* By Thos. Skilling, Botanical Lecturer at Glasnevin. Dublin. 1845.
4. *Essay on the Elements of British Industry, English, Scotch, and Irish.* By W. Burness, late Land Steward to his Grace the Duke of Manchester. 8vo. 1848.
5. *Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.* By D. Owen Madden, Esq. Dublin. 1848.
6. *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.* By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. sup.-royal 8vo. London. 1841.
7. *The Irish Sketch-Book.* By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. [W. M. Thackeray, Esq.] 2nd Edition. 3 vols. London. 1845.
8. *Remarks on the State of Education in Ireland, &c.* By Henry Newland, DD., Dean of Ferns. Dublin and London. 1849.

WE have frequently of late, and particularly in our last autumnal Number, brought to the notice of our readers the best information we could find and the most accurate opinions we could form on the *political* condition of Ireland—its evils—their causes and their most probable remedies. We shall endeavour in this article to select from the works above enumerated, as well as from the reports of some of the numerous tourists who have lately visited Ireland, such evidence of its *moral* and *social* state as may complete the picture, and, if we are not mistaken, reflect additional light on our former views of the general subject. We have seen with great pleasure that, even independently of the Queen's visit, the season has produced in Ireland an extraordinary affluence of tourists from England and the Continent. It cannot be otherwise than conducive to the advantage of Ireland for the future, and to the justification of England as to the past, that as many impartial eyes as possible should see the actual condition of the Irish people, and should learn, even as far as such a cursory transit will permit, what the real grievances of that unhappy country are.

The three massive volumes of Mr. and Mrs. Hall are written professedly 'to induce the English to see Ireland and to judge for themselves;'



themselves ;' and both their verbal descriptions and their graphic illustrations are very likely, as far as they may reach, to have that effect, which we too are willing to assist by our commendation of the general spirit and execution of the work. The authors are, we believe, both Irish—the lady certainly is, as we learn from some of her former publications—and their pages have no doubt some strong traces of that national partiality and that tendency to exaggeration which are so peculiarly Irish.\* There is also too much, at least for our taste, of Irish eloquence—'luxuriant lakes,' 'sparkling billows,' 'tremendous cataracts,' 'gnomes of the mountains,' and the like—which tend to dim the beautiful realities ; and a great deal too much of Irish dialogue and story-telling, of which, like garlic in the *Cuisine provençale*, a sparing spice is very well, but any excess nauseous. Few have the delicate hand with which poor Miss Edgeworth interwove those homely threads into her finer texture. Even in Mrs. Hall's professed novels the eternal Paddies and Judies, however accurate the individual portraits may be, grow tedious, but in a topographical and itinerary work like that before us they are worse. For instance, just as the tourists are entering Killarney they stop short, *à propos de bottles*, to expend eight of their great pages on the tragic wooing of Larry Coyne and Anty Casey, which has no more to do with Killarney than with St. Giles-in-the-fields. We may, however, say on the whole, that the literary, legendary, and antiquarian portions of the work are compiled with laudable diligence—the illustrations (though occasionally trifling) for the most part clear and interesting—and the statements and opinions are in general as sensible, candid, and trustworthy as could be expected from

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\* As, for instance, they say of the Victoria Hotel near Killarney, that it is 'a very splendid establishment, which may vie, both in *external appearance* and in the *costly character* of the interior, with any hotel in Brighton or Cheltenham' (i. 184). Now the Victoria is nothing at all like this. It is a building of two low stories of no architectural pretensions at all, very moderately furnished. The bedchamber which a friend of ours was obliged to put up with a few weeks ago, though the house was by no means full, was a poor place with shelving ceilings and no chimney or ventilation, about 10 feet by 12, containing two beds without curtains, a single chair and no room for a second ; and the whole establishment is about what one might expect at one of the rural hotels on the coast of Devonshire or the Isle of Wight. Its real peculiarity is that it stands in a little pleasure-ground of its own, with a gate, a lodge, and an ornamental drive, within a few hundred yards of the lake, over which it has a most charming prospect, and looks like what we believe it originally was—a small and very plain gentleman's cottage, enlarged by additions in the same style. But it is comfortable and well served. Mr. and Mrs. Finn (an *English* woman, the tourists tell us) are attentive and obliging, and reasonable in their charges ; and we are glad to rescue this pretty little place from Mr. and Mrs. Hall's awful comparison with the less comfortable and, in every sense, more 'costly' hotels of Cheltenham and Brighton.' It is sometimes so full in the season that it would be prudent to write to engage beds. There is a public coffee-room for gentlemen.

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writers who fairly confess their 'unwillingness to say anything discreditable to the country and the majority of its people' (vol. i. p. 279).

Mr. Thackeray's book we in a former number referred to as containing, under the light mask of merriment and *persiflage*, a great deal of sober, useful truth. With our present object it becomes necessary to notice it in more detail—for nowhere that we know of can an English reader find so just and so striking a picture of Ireland as she actually is, or more judicious hints as to the real causes of her chronic and proverbial misery. The pseudonyme and the pleasantry may detract in some respects and in some quarters from the effect that a more serious work might have had; but when we consider how long Ireland has been flattered and *flummeried* by delusive apologies for whatever might be hinted at as faulty, and inflated panegyrics on whatever admitted of any degree of commendation, we almost doubt whether the author could have made himself so usefully heard in a graver form and in his own proper person;—

'—— Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.'

Mr. Thackeray is a quick yet deep observer of nature; and if the ludicrous side of objects be the first to strike him, it must be admitted that he is not slow in discovering and exhibiting their more serious import and consequences. In short, we earnestly advise those who wish to understand Ireland to read the 'Irish Sketch-book;' and any that wish to travel thither to take it as a hand-book, that may be, we think, as implicitly relied on for accuracy of observation as it will be admired for the striking fidelity of the author's pencil, and—bating a few vulgarisms of the assumed character—the lively power of his pen.

Steam-navigation has so nearly *bridged* St. George's Channel, that the passage from Holyhead to Dublin is usually made in four hours, and has been made in three. The railroads already enable a Londoner to reach Dublin in one day, and Cork or Killarney in another; and the small cost at which the mere locomotion can be performed is additionally attractive. These circumstances, which have occasioned so great an increase of visitors this season, will probably continue to have a like or even a greater effect in future; but we must, on the other hand, recollect that this cheap and rapid mode of travelling tends very much to lessen a tourist's opportunity of acquiring solid information. Even now he may proceed by railway, with a short interval of road-travelling, from Belfast or Londonderry to Dublin, and thence uninterruptedly to Cork—the opposite extremities of the island—

island—almost without seeing, and in a still less degree, knowing, anything of the agricultural state of the country or the habits of the people. It will, however, be long before the highlands of Donegal, Connemara, or Glengariff can be flown by on the wings of a railway; and it is to be desired that the facility with which one may traverse great and comparatively uninteresting distances should induce British visitors to explore the many collateral scenes where, with the gratification of picturesque curiosity, may be combined the higher—shall we not say—*duty* of acquainting themselves with the actual condition of the people, for which the world considers England as culpably responsible—a responsibility to which it must be confessed that England has—until we might almost say the appearance of Mr. Thackeray's work—submitted in a kind of sullen and abashed silence. We do not know any writer who has so manfully as Mr. Thackeray ventured to put the saddle on the right horse, nor do we recollect to have ever heard in either house of Parliament any bold and uncompromising denial and refutation of the always exaggerated, generally false, and frequently seditious and treasonable imputations with which the British Government and policy in Ireland have been for the last forty years so unmeasuredly assailed.

When Sir Robert Peel made his celebrated declaration that his *great difficulty* in undertaking the government of the Empire was to be Ireland, he confounded, we think, or at least by that vague expression led others to confound, two very distinct things. It was not *Ireland*, accurately speaking, that constituted the difficulty he apprehended—it was the strength and violence of the political faction which had so long made Ireland its battle-field, and endeavoured to enlist the passions, as it had usurped the name, of the Irish people in its party conflicts. Powerful as this parliamentary Opposition undoubtedly was, and formidable as Mr. O'Connell's out-of-doors agitation may have appeared, we stated at the time our conviction that they would have afforded no very serious, much less an insuperable difficulty to an honest, firm, and vigorous Government. And this the result sufficiently proved; for after all the treasonable menaces of Conciliation Hall, and all the insurrectionary array of Tara and Mullaghmast, Sir Robert Peel found no more difficulty in dissipating the still more menacing assemblage at Clontarf and in sending Mr. O'Connell and his associates to Newgate, than in dispersing an ordinary mob and committing its ringleaders to Bridewell. Nor did this exertion of courage and authority embarrass him even in Parliament; on the contrary, it strengthened his parliamentary position and facilitated the general measures of his administration.

And

And when at last that administration fell, it was not by *Ireland* (though an Irish Bill happened to be the nominal occasion), but by suicide.

There was, however, and there is another, a different, and a greater difficulty, which, though Sir Robert Peel did not, perhaps, at that moment allude to it, better deserves the generic designation of '*Ireland*'—the moral and social condition of the people—the '*Irish ulcer*,' as the *Times* calls it—which, though its depth and extent had not yet been exposed as they have since been by the terrible agency of pestilence and famine, must have created in any man of ordinary foresight, and in any Government alive to its true responsibilities, a more painful anxiety than any political embarrassment. The evil, indeed, is of so peculiar and complicated a character, that even now, when all are forced to admit the melancholy symptoms, few are agreed as to what may be considered as the real cause of the disease, and still fewer as to any specific remedy. Nay, we are prepared to find that of the two sources to which *we*, after long, painful, and, as we persuade ourselves, dispassionate consideration, are inclined to attribute the greatest share of the mischief—namely, first, some Celtic peculiarities of the national character; and, secondly, the influence of the Popish priesthood—we are prepared, we say, to find that all Ireland will unanimously contradict the first, and three-fourths of Ireland the second. Dr. Johnson, with that double-edged wit wielded by that strong common sense which he so eminently possessed, once said, when contrasting the mutual adhesion of Scotchmen with the mutual repulsion of the Irish, 'No, Sir, the Irish are a fair people—they never praise one another.' An opinion which they themselves express by a strange proverbial metaphor, which, like most Irish eloquence, is more remarkable for its force than for its precision or elegance—that, 'if you put one Irishman on a spit, you will easily find another to turn him;' but though thus well disposed to *roast* one another, they are very sensitive as to any reflections on their country; and an Irishman—the most intelligent, and in his own personal relations the most civilized—will not hesitate to deny, or if they are too notorious to be denied, to endeavour to palliate, and even defend, defects, errors—nay, barbarisms, of which he himself would not be guilty, and which he therefore patriotically resolves not to believe, and, if necessary, not to see. The first step, then, towards the regeneration—for that is the word—of Ireland is that nauseous but indispensable preparative to a course of alterative medicine—TRUTH. We are well aware of the difficulty of exhibiting so very unusual and unpalatable a draught—how hard it is to find the main ingredient—

ingredient—how difficult to persuade the patient to swallow it—and what a universal concert of expostulation, disgust, and even rejection is likely to ensue ! But sooner or later, if the patient is to be saved, the *truth* must be told ; and, if so, the sooner the better.

Not that the truth itself is new :—every authority from the dawn of Irish history has testified it—but all the authority of history, nay the evidence of our own senses, has been disregarded and stifled under national vanity and party-spirit. Mr. Moore and Mr. O'Connell, even while they are describing their country as having been degraded and debased under the brutifying oppression of a thousand years, still, with an inconsistency not unsuited to the subject, proclaim her

‘ First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,’

and her people to be ‘ the finest peasantry in the world.’ We do not pretend to comprehend exactly what is meant by the praise of ‘ first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.’ We take it to be equivalent to the claim that every lady has to that of angel, and to be of even less intrinsic value. As to the *finest* peasantry in the world, we shall see, as we proceed, but too much cause to doubt whether, on the contrary, impartial justice would not bestow on them a superlative degree of the opposite quality.

Let us not be for a moment misunderstood : when we reject these mischievous exaggerations, we do not therefore deny an original and real substratum of good and even high qualities in the Irish character. The country itself is rich and beautiful—she has tracts of exceedingly fertile soil and regions of enchanting scenery which nothing can surpass. Her people, too, are clever, witty, good-natured, good-humoured, and, let us add, distinguished for purity in some of the most important points of morals, beyond, we think, any other people in the world. These qualities may be largely conceded to both the country and its inhabitants, and are the lights of the picture. But there are deep shades which we shall exhibit presently on better authorities than our own. We read—what indeed the extant pictures attest—that Queen Elizabeth in her old age forbade her portrait-painters to use any shadows ; and so modern Irish patriotism endeavours to exhibit the face of their country. They will not admit that there is any speck on her glorious orb, though they cannot but confess, and indeed complain, that she has been somehow, and for a thousand years, under an eclipse. We believe that there is not one of these Quixotic admirers of an imaginary Dulcinea who loves the real Ireland better than we do ; but the better we love the real Ireland, the more strong is our conviction of the duty of endeavouring

vouring to rescue her from the deplorable extremity to which she has been reduced, not more, we are satisfied, by the unexpected inflictions of Providence than by the extravagant, the almost incredible obstinacy, apathy, and perversity of her own people.

And why should *we* hesitate to tell the truth? The Irish patriots, as they call themselves, accuse *England* of all the misfortunes and miseries of Ireland. Even the other day, when we sent them ten millions of alms, they told us that it was only a paltry, ungracious, and forced restitution of a long series of robbery; and whenever they are driven to admit that there is anything wrong either in the habits or feelings of their countrymen, they compensate the reluctant avowal by charging it all on the selfish policy and jealous tyranny of England. Why therefore are *we* not to retaliate on such wild misrepresentations by statements of the sober truth? Why are we not to insist on a fact—*notorious* to all who are not blinded by national vanity or deceived by popular declamation and delusion—namely, that all of civilization, arts, comfort, wealth, that Ireland enjoys, she owes exclusively to England—all her absurdities, errors, misery, she owes to herself—and not accidentally, but by a dogged and unaccountable obstinacy in rejecting not merely the counsels, not merely the example of England, but in disputing, thwarting, and intentionally defeating all the attempts that England and Englishmen have, with most patient and prodigal generosity, been for nearly a century, and especially for the last fifty years, making for her advantage? This unfortunate result is mainly attributable to that confusion of ideas, that instability of purpose, and, above all, that reluctance to steady work, which are indubitable features of the national character; but also, no doubt, in a most important degree to the adverse influence of the Roman Catholic priests, who have always been jealous of any improvements or instruction, even in the ordinary arts of life, proffered by the Saxon, which they—not illogically, we must own—have looked on with apprehension as likely to diminish their own influence and as the probable forerunners of light and education in other directions.

The recent famine, however—like every infliction which comes from the chastening hand of Heaven—has brought with it some compensation in a most salutary lesson, which, if properly improved, seems destined to awake the conscience of Ireland herself, and to open the eyes of the rest of the world to the real state of the case. The measures of agricultural instruction which Lord Clarendon has sagaciously conceived and benevolently promoted (and of which we shall speak more largely by-and-bye) afford us a strong hope of a lasting improvement. It is true that  
attempts

attempts in the same direction have been made, for the last eighty or ninety years, in numerous localities all over the island by individual landlords, with no great immediate and very little permanent success; these, however, were insulated efforts, not always judiciously planned nor perseveringly followed up on the part of the landlords; and, for the reasons just stated, looked on with indifference—if not jealousy—by a priest-ridden people too well contented with their former slothful and squalid condition; but the famine and its accompanying scourge have, we trust, subdued that obstinacy, and prepared their minds for the public system of instruction which Lord Clarendon offers, and to which his skilful management has obtained, as it would seem, the co-operation of the majority of the Romish priesthood. We have much to complain of in Lord Clarendon's dealings, as the organ of the Cabinet, with the Romish hierarchy; but in this special case, where he was acting in a more individual capacity, and where the necessity of an early result was urgent, we are satisfied that he acted wisely and fortunately in seeking and obtaining the concurrence of the priests—without which no immediate, and probably no eventual, good could be done, particularly in the remote districts which called for his Excellency's first attention.

We are far from wishing our readers to accept without other authorities our estimate of the national character, which from the earliest period seems to have been a source of weakness to the empire and of wretchedness to the island itself. The exordium of Spenser's famous dialogue on Ireland, though somewhat antiquated in style, is unfortunately as true in substance to-day as it was 300 years ago:—

*'Eudoxus.* But if that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodious a soyl as you report, I wonder that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that nation to better government and civility.

*'Ireneus.* Marry, so there have bin divers good plottes devised, and wise councils cast already, about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is *the fatall destiny of that land that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect*; which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that hee *reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England*, it is hard to be knowne, yet much to be feared.'

Old Lithgow, the celebrated Scotch pilgrim, spent six months of 1619 in making 'a general surveigh of the whole kingdom;' and he reports:—

'I

‘I found the goodness of the soyle more than answerable to mine expectations; the defect only remayning (not speaking of our colonies) in the people, and from them in the bosom of two graceless sisters—*ignorance and sluggishnesse*. True it is, to make a fit comparison, that the barbarian Moor, the Moorish Spaniard, the Turk, and the Irishman are the least industrious and most sluggish livers under the sun.’—p. 425.

And he proceeds to describe the ‘miserable and brutish fashion’ of their dwellings, which, however, seem hardly worse than a large number of them now are :—

‘Their fabricks are three or foure yards high, and erected in a singular frame of smoake-torne straw, green, long, prick’d turffe, and rain-dropping wates. Their halls, parlours, kitchens, barns, and stables all in one, and that one (perhaps) in the midst of a mire, where in foule weather scarcely can they find a drye part; and their penurious food semblable to their neid condition.’—p. 429.

Dean Swift, one of the keenest observers of mankind, and one of the most zealous friends of Ireland, in a sermon on her condition, draws a picture that differs very little from what he would now see :—

‘In most parts of this kingdom the natives are from their infancy *so given up to idleness and sloth*, that they often choose to beg or steal rather than to supply themselves by their own labour. They marry without the least view or thought of being able to make any provision for their families; and whereas in all industrious nations children are looked upon as a help to their parents, with us, for want of being early trained to work, they are intolerable burdens at home, and a grievous charge upon the public, as appeareth from the vast number of ragged and naked children led about by strolling women, and trained up in ignorance and *all manner of vice*.—The farmers and cottagers almost throughout the whole kingdom are, to all intents and purposes, as real beggars as any to whom we give our charity in the streets.—Alas! the whole nation is almost reduced to beggary by the disadvantages we lie under and the hardships we are forced to bear; *the baseness, ignorance, thoughtlessness, squandering temper, slavish nature, and uncleanly manner of living of the poor Popish natives*, together with the cruel oppression of their landlords—I say, that in such a nation how can we otherwise expect than to be overrun with objects of misery and want?’—*Scott’s Swift*, viii. 124.

There are, however, two points in the Dean’s strictures on his countrymen here and elsewhere in his works, which we suspect to have been exaggerated—the personal immorality which he attributes to the poor, and the ‘cruel oppression’ of the gentry. He wrote in the neighbourhood of a most wretched suburban population, always the most dissolute portion of any nation, and under the



the influence of a strong personal antipathy to Irish squires, of whom at that day a majority were particularly odious to him for some reasonable and for some unreasonable motives. At least if the Dean did not overcharge these two points, they—as his friend Lord Orrery remarks in a note on the passage—very rapidly began to correct themselves; for the personal morals of the poor (in many essential particulars) and also the paternal care of the higher order of gentry as to their tenants soon became very remarkable; but as the natural philosophers demonstrate that no force of tension can overcome the intrinsic gravity of the catenary curve, so it seems that no power that has, as yet, been tried in Ireland has been able to overcome the *vis inertiae*—the *insouciance*, *inconsequence*, and idleness of the Irish character. It is noticeable that in endeavouring to convey to our readers the most prominent features of the Irish character the *English* language fails us.

Arthur Young, the most pains-taking, candid, and judicious of agricultural inquirers, made what we may call a professional tour in Ireland in 1776, and subsequently a more protracted visit. Above forty years after Swift's Sermon, his description, the result of extensive personal observation, has the same leading traits:—

‘The manners, habits, and customs of persons of considerable fortune are pretty much the same everywhere—at least there is very little difference between England and Ireland. It is amongst the common people that we must look for those traits by which we discriminate a *national character*. The circumstances which struck me most in the common Irish were vivacity and a great and eloquent volubility of speech. *Lazy to excess at work*, but at play they show the greatest agility. Curiosity insatiable—hospitality to all comers, be their own poverty ever so pinching—warm friends, revengeful enemies, hard drinkers, and quarrelsome—great liars, but civil, submissive, and obedient.’—*Young's Tour in Ireland*, part ii. p. 75.

Besides this general description, he complains in almost every district that he visits of the striking absence of industry; and in some cases he observes that nothing but absolute *hunger will force them to work*. In the county of Wexford, however, he fell in with what he calls ‘a Saxon colony,’ the descendants of the first English settlers in Ireland; and here he sees a sudden change.

‘These people are *uncommonly industrious*, and a most quiet race. In fifteen or twenty years there is no such thing as a robbery. The little farmers live very comfortably and happily, and many of them are worth several hundred pounds. They all speak a broken Saxon language, and not one in a hundred knows any thing of Irish. They are evidently a distinct people, and I could not but remark that their features and cast of countenance varied very much from the *native Irish*. The girls and women are handsomer, having better features

features and complexions. Indeed the women amongst the lower classes in general in Ireland are as ugly as the women of fashion [the English race] are handsome. The industry of these [Saxon] people, as I have already mentioned in several particulars, is superior to their neighbours, and their better living and habitations are also distinctions not to be forgotten.'—*Ib.*, p. 82.

Mrs. Hall, visiting that same district in 1837, observes a peculiarity which we doubt whether she would have seen in any other part of Ireland :—

'I journeyed from Bannow to Wexford, a distance of sixteen miles, without encountering a single beggar, or even one who appeared to need alms.'—*Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, i. 43.

Two or three gentlemen in Ireland introduced about the reign of George I. colonies of German Protestants (*Palatines*, as they were called) to work model farms for the improvement of their estates and the instruction of their native tenants, with some temporary success in the first point, but little or none in the second ; and the isolated Germans, of whom Young saw some so late as 1776, have been long since overpowered and lost in the general laziness and misery.

'Their improvements have been ploughing with the wheel plough, which, with two horses, works easily without a driver. They brought in cars with *wheels* ; there were only sliding ones before. They also sow all their potatoes in drills with the plough, and also plough them out, and this with great success—but *nobody follows them* !'—*Young*, p. 303.

Then follows (pp. 311-317) a detail of the superior industry, economy, agricultural produce, personal cleanliness, and comforts of these naturalized Germans, which afforded a marked contrast with the unhappy Irish who would not 'follow them.' Their hard-working women especially afforded a 'perfect contrast to the *Irish ladies*.' One of these colonies was established by Mr. Quin (ancestor of Lord Dunraven), on his estate of Adare, near Limerick. Mrs. Quin endeavoured to stimulate 'the Irish ladies' to imitate the industrious Germans :—

'Ever attentive to introduce whatever can contribute to the welfare and happiness of her Irish tenants, Mrs. Quin offered premiums to induce the women to make hay, cloaks, stockings, &c., &c.—but *all would not do* !'—*Ib.*, p. 311.

We need not make any special extracts from Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's exquisite illustrations of Ireland prior to the Union—they are in every one's memory, and have left impressions of the improvidence, thoughtlessness, and indolence of the Irish character, which, though exhibited in a fictive shape, have always been

been recognised as exact copies from the life. Mr. Croker, in his 'State of Ireland, Past and Present,' published in 1807, when the only bias on his impartiality must have been in favour of his country, gives substantially the same picture that Young had done thirty years before. After sketching the general characteristics of the nation, he proceeds :—

'The condition of the peasantry was of late utterly and is still almost barbarous. In *agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert; hereditary indolence* would incline them to employ their lands in pasturage, and it is always more easy to induce them to take arms [in insurrections] than to cultivate the earth and wait on the seasons. *When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth,* or as willingly employ them in riot: *strange diversity of nature, to love indolence and hate quiet!* Who will call this people civilised, or wonder that they are turbulent?'—*State of Ireland*, xxv.-xxvii.

In a lighter strain, but to the same serious and melancholy conclusion, is the more recent evidence (1838) of the elegant and kind-hearted Lady Chatterton :—

'It is the fashion to attribute to England all or most of Ireland's sufferings; but I think a dispassionate and accurate view of Ireland would prove that a mistake, . . . and that from *the strange character of its people* the principal miseries and misfortunes of Ireland arise. What must strike a stranger most in a visit to Ireland, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, *common sense*. *It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense* and moderation in its inhabitants, and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. *Common sense*, I repeat, is lamentably wanted; and *this occasions all other wants*. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin, in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer, in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back;—this is generally done by folding her cloak—her only cloak—round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways.'—*Rambles in the South of Ireland*, i. 18, 19.

And Mrs. Hall—Irish by birth, as Lady Chatterton is by adoption—is driven in the first pages of her 'Lights and Shadows of

of Irish Life' to exclaim on the absurdity of one of the peasantry:—

'*Irish all over!* The people here are constantly reasoning—like madmen—right from wrong principles—or like fools, wrong from right ones; and *are likely to remain so till a complete change* is made in their managing and management.'—i. 49.

Mr. Burness, a Scotch land-steward and practical agriculturist, who had managed the Duke of Manchester's estates both in Huntingdonshire and Armagh, and is therefore practically intimate with the agriculture of the three countries, computes from the statistical returns that a million of Irish labourers are employed on about one-third or at most one-half the quantity of arable land that is tilled in a much higher style by a million of British labourers in England and the lowlands of Scotland. He found too from personal experience that one Englishman did double the work of an Irishman; and that on the whole any assigned quantity of labour was dearer in Ireland than in England—although the Irish rate of wages was barely half that of England: 'and yet,' he adds—

'You will find this people stirring up one another by noisy declamations and clamorous complaint against the laws of the United Kingdom—the whole terminating in tumult and agrarian outrage.'—p. 13.\*

And finally, to bring down the evidence to the latest period, and from a quarter the least susceptible of any Anglican bias, hear what Mr. Owen Madden writes in 1848. After stating the great improvements effected in the south of Ireland towards the end of the last century by Mr. Anderson, a *Scotchman*, he says:—

'I cannot help reflecting what a vast deal of good would result from scattering a hundred Andersons through Munster and Connaught—a hundred men self-reliant and enterprising. We are eternally told of the cruelties of England at such a time; of the bigotry and tyranny of the Protestants in such a reign; of the tumults and rebellions of the Catholics at another time. All these past evils are pleaded to stop the censure of *present apathy and of contemporary indolence.*'—*Revelations of Ireland*, p. 284.

We have selected, from a cloud of witnesses to the same general effect, this series of testimonies, because they come in succession, at intervals long enough to have exhibited improvement had any occurred, and from writers all of whom (except Lithgow) were partial to the Irish. It cannot be denied that they establish the

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\* Mr. Burness's book is small in bulk, but it contains an extraordinary condensation of details, all illustrative of the same general conclusions, and will well repay the attentive reader.

fact

fact that natural indolence and sloth, reluctance to labour, lazy contentment with a beggarly, or worse than beggarly, mode of life, have been for three hundred years the peculiar characteristics of the Irish peasantry; and we take upon ourselves to assert that this natural disposition of the people, not corrected, but rather, we fear, encouraged by their priests, is the chief, and in itself an all-sufficient cause of the greater share of that wretchedness which has become a proverbial characteristic of the Irish nation.

We do not mean to deny that there has been a mischievous system of land-letting in Ireland—that many Irish landlords have partaken of the national characteristics of being impatient, improvident, and unjust—that the class of pseudo-landlords called middlemen were and are a grievous anomaly—that up to 1780 the rivalry of adverse commercial interests, and up to the Union the antagonism of distinct parliaments, fettered the productive powers of Ireland; but all these would have been insignificant and, at worst, temporary embarrassments if the people themselves had been by nature active and industrious. The Statute-book and the recorded debates of both Houses of both Parliaments are irrefragable evidences that there never has been any British minister who has not, apart from mere political questions, dealt frankly, and even kindly, with Ireland, and been earnestly desirous of raising her to a perfect equality with Scotland and England. If she has not attained that level—if Irish wretchedness be still a proverb—it is attributable to herself, to her own people, to their want of energy, and to either the baneful influence or culpable apathy of their priests, and not to either English Ministers or the English public.

Let us examine the case practically.

The recent failures of the potato-crops, which have given such an intensity to Irish distress, and created so great a curiosity and interest as to the causes and extent of the calamity, were not altogether unprecedented, nor by intelligent persons unforeseen. There have been in the present century several failures of the potato,\* and one particularly in 1822, in which, in addition to large public grants, there were private subscriptions from England amounting to 300,000*l.*, a sum so ample that there was a large residue above what was required. There was another alarm of the same kind, and similar demands, though to a smaller amount, on the public purse, in 1831; and in 1835, 1836, 1837; and again in 1839. But it was not by occasional alarms only, however frequent, that the Irish people, if they had had common foresight and industry,

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\* See 'Quarterly Review,' January, 1846.

ought to have been warned of the precarious position in which a potato-fed population must always stand. Under the most favourable circumstances the potatoes could never be preserved for a whole year. They generally, and that only with care, lasted about nine months. For three months the peasantry have always been put to their shifts to supply their place, and oatmeal—an equally indigenous production—was the cheapest and readiest substitute. This important fact, which every Irishman, gentle and simple, must know, which Arthur Young notices (*passim*), and which was the basis of his earnest recommendations of a better and more varied course of culture, produced no effect whatsoever on the general practice. No succession of crops—the same eternal reliance on the potato—the same miserable culture of a scanty oat—the land growing every year more exhausted, left the alimentary condition of the poor in Ireland worse, we are satisfied, in the year 1845 than it had been in 1745—certainly worse than it was in 1776, when Arthur Young offered his unavailing advice. Why, it may be asked, did not the gentry counteract and remedy this neglect? We might answer epigrammatically, that the gentry were Irish also; but the epigram would be in a vast number of cases unjust. In the first place, the peculiarity of the tenure under which the greater part of Ireland is held deprived the nominal landlord of much, and generally indeed of all, that influence and control which a real landlord might have over his tenants. Large tracts of forfeited lands were originally granted to a few great proprietors, who, unable to people or cultivate such extensive possessions, under-granted them at a fee-farm profit-rent to a more numerous class of undertakers—who again granted or sub-let for long leases to others—and so on till the land, burdened with so many profit-rents to various landlords, reached, through the hands of the last middleman or land-jobber, the real cultivator at an exorbitant rack-rent; and so rooted had this system become, that the poorest tenant who could obtain a lease became immediately a middleman in his turn, and hard as his own condition was, there were others always ready to find ‘in the lowest depth a lower still.’ Many of the earlier grants of these series were perpetuities—many that may in law be considered as middlemen are in fact independent landlords, paying only a kind of quit-rent—and there are sometimes two or three successive grants of perpetuities; there were also long leases, for lives, for years, and for both; and since the unfortunate grant of the elective franchise to the Roman Catholics, and the still more unfortunate adoption of the legal quibble by which leases for lives were considered as electoral freeholds, the Irish landlord was induced, for political purposes, to cut up

his land into miserable forty-shilling freeholds, and to part with it for one, two, or three lives—generally his own, his son's, and the tenant's. He thus not only lost all direct power over his property, but was even obliged to manage the tenant (and the worse the tenant was the more management he required) in order to secure his vote—which, however, of late years he never got unless through the favour of the Priests, in whom it may be truly said the whole of this *forty-shilling* franchise was for all practical purposes vested. This is now avowed by the organ of the priests:—

‘The priests were the real sinews of O’Connell’s fifty years’ war. They worked for him in every capacity; they were his field-m Marshals and his tax-gatherers. The *priests were the men who carried the popular elections* in spite of bent brows and *impending ejections*; and more than all, they were the men who *wedded religion to agitation*, and thereby infused a charmed life into the latter.’—*Nation*, 15th Sept., 1849.

It is quite clear that in such a state of things the real power, and therefore the moral responsibility of even the best landlords, were extremely limited; but notwithstanding these difficulties, we find a great number of landlords making very strenuous and in most cases judicious efforts to improve their estates and instruct and civilise their tenantry. A large proportion of Young’s pages is occupied with attempts of this kind; and we have already given two or three instances of their total failure, as far as regarded the improvement of the tenantry—‘*nobody followed them!*’ Two of these attempts, to which Young gave special attention and large commendation, are worth remarking.

Among the afflicting accounts which the daily papers present us from all parts of Ireland, from none (except perhaps from Skibbereen) have they been more distressing than from Westport. Now we find from Young, and we know from other sources, that nowhere in Ireland or England were there to be found more public-spirited, judicious, and liberal improvers than the landlords of Westport—the Earl of Altamont, in Young’s time, and his son the first Marquis of Sligo, who succeeded in 1781, and died in 1809. The latter was so zealous an improver, that he was about 1801 the founder and first president of a great agricultural institution called ‘The Farming Society of Ireland.’ Nor have we any reason to suppose that the late lord, the second Marquis, was inattentive to his estates and tenantry. Those noblemen were habitually resident at their fine seat of Westport, and created, indeed, the pretty and as it seemed thriving town adjoining; they introduced manufactures into the neighbourhood, and gave the best examples of and encouragement to agriculture, both by cultivation and favouring the export of corn, which they built ware-houses

houses to store and a pier to ship—‘*but all would not do!*’ The *genius loci* has been too strong for the exotic industry they had produced; and Westport, even before she had become a focus of pauper wretchedness, was sneered at as a monument of the folly, as it is now termed, of improvements which the country is not prepared to imitate and support. In 1842 Mr. Thackeray found Westport desolate, though it had not yet become a lazaret-house.

‘There was a long handsome pier, and one solitary cutter lying alongside it, which may or may not be there now. As for the warehouses, they are enormous; and might accommodate, I should think, not only the trade of Westport, but of Manchester too. There are huge streets of these houses, ten stories high, with cranes, owners’ names, &c., marked Wine Stores, Flour Stores, Bonded Tobacco Warehouses, and so forth. These dismal mausoleums, as vast as pyramids, are the places where the dead trade of Westport lies buried—a trade that, in its lifetime, probably was about as big as a mouse. Nor is this the first nor the hundredth place to be seen in this country, which sanguine builders have erected to accommodate an imaginary commerce. Millowners over-mill themselves, merchants over-warehouse themselves, squires over-castle themselves, little tradesmen about Dublin and the cities over-villa and over-gig themselves, and we hear sad tales about hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.’—vol. ii. pp. 92, 93.

Mr. Thackeray’s sarcasm is too generally just, but in this particular instance we think he magnifies the original disproportion—at least we have reason to believe that about the beginning of the century Westport was a busy place, with no more commercial accommodation than there was immediate or probable use for.

The other instance to which we have alluded of calamitous failure on the part of improvers is the estate of Strokestown, recently infamous by the murder of Major Mahon, for the mortal offence of endeavouring to rescue his property from the hands of a pauper and mutinous tenantry, who would neither pay rent nor cultivate the land, nor permit others to do so. We find in Young that Mr. Mahon, the Major’s ancestor, was an active and judicious improver. He occupies a large share of Young’s favourable notice. He imported a ploughman from Suffolk to instruct the boys not only of his own estate, but of his neighbours’, in the art of ploughing—a notable desideratum, it seems; for, wonderful to say, it was only the day before Young arrived at Strokestown that he had found the farmers drawing their ploughs and harrows by their *horses’ tails!*

‘Indignant reader!’ he exclaims, ‘this is no jest of mine, but cruel, stubborn, barbarous truth. It is so all over Cavan.’—p. 170.

and, as he subsequently saw, in other parts of Ireland also.



‘Near Castlebar their husbandry is admirable! They have three customs which I must begin with:—

‘*First*, they harrow *by the tail*.

‘*Item*, they *burn* the corn in the straw without thrashing it.

‘*Item*, the fellow who leads the horses of a plough *walks backward* before them the whole day long; and in order to make them advance, strikes them in the face.’—*Young*, p. 209.

He adds, (p. 174,) that even in Fermanagh, close to the civilizing influence of the benevolent lords of Florence Court, the *ploughing by the tail* had been abandoned only seven years before his visit. To all which evidences of humanity and common sense among the ‘finest peasantry in the world’ may be added the practice of plucking the feathers of their live geese, and the tearing off, or rather tearing *out*, the wool from the backs of their live sheep, to save the trouble of shearing. Most of these things Young repeatedly witnessed in the year 1776, in a Christian country, where many who are still alive were then living—when Lord Plunkett was twelve and the Duke of Wellington seven years old—when the young Grattan and the mature Flood were wasting in obscure party squabbles the eloquence and energies which would have been better employed in endeavouring to render unnecessary such a disgrace to their country as a *statute law* against *ploughing by the tail*, *burning corn in the straw*, and *tearing out the wool of live sheep*.

It is true that those more gross and brutal barbarisms have now vanished; but have we essentially improved the moral condition of the people? They no longer, indeed, excoriate sheep or plough by the tail, but they murder landlords! Hear Mr. Thackeray:—

‘Look yonder at those two hundred ragged fellow-subjects of yours; they are kind, good, pious, brutal, starving. If the priest tells them, there is scarce any penance they will not perform—there is scarcely any pitch of misery which they have not been known to endure, nor any degree of generosity of which they are not capable: but if a man comes among these people, and can afford to take land over their heads, or if he invents a machine which can work more economically than their labour, they will shoot the man down without mercy, murder him, or put him to horrible tortures, and glory almost in what they do. There stand the men; they are only separated from us by a few paces; they are as fond of their mothers and children as we are; their gratitude for small kindnesses shown to them is extraordinary; they are Christians as we are; but, interfere with their interests, and they will murder you without pity.’—*Sketch-book*, i. 160.

It seems to be the fashion to say that the country is of late years wonderfully improved. The first greeting that any one who revisits Ireland after a few years’ interval receives, is the self-complacent question, uttered in a tone that challenges an affirmative

mative answer, 'Do you not see a vast improvement in everything?' We confess that, with the evidence before us, we could hardly venture to give the expected reply, though we suppose that Irish friends would be scandalised at our hesitation.

Take, for instance, the main point of all—food. There is no hint, in all Young's voluminous details, that there had been of late years any want of food. On the contrary, he repeatedly notices, with a homely expression of satisfaction, that the poor, ignorant, and uncultivated people had '*always a bellyful*.' Now has that been the case in our day, even before the late positive famine? In 1838 Lady Chatterton deplored the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Cork being reduced to gather nettles for food (*Rambles*, ii. 121). In the month of August, 1842—three years before the potato-blight of 1845—Mr. Thackeray saw at Kilcullen, only twenty-two miles from the capital, on the great southern road—

'but few people, except a crowd round a meal-shop, where meal is distributed once a-week by the neighbouring gentry [cruel landlords!]. There must have been some hundreds of persons waiting about the doors. Going a little further, we saw women pulling weeds and nettles in the hedges, on which dismal sustenance the poor creatures live.'—vol. i. p. 44.

As he proceeded, he found matters still worse :—

'Throughout the south and west of Ireland the traveller is haunted by the face of the *popular starvation*. It is not the exception—it is the condition of the people. In this fairest and richest of countries, men are suffering and *starving by millions*. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their cabin doors with no work, scarcely any food, no hope seemingly. Strong countrymen are lying in bed "*for the hunger*"—because a man lying on his back does not need so much food as a person a-foot. Many of them have torn up the unripe potatoes from their little gardens, and to exist now must [*qu. neglect to ?*] look to winter, when they shall have to suffer starvation and cold too.'—vol. i. p. 146.

Again: Young, in his extensive and accurate inquiries, found that almost every peasant, or, as he sometimes phrases it, 'every cabin,' had at least *one* cow, many *two*, some *three*—and this throughout the whole country. In one district in Cork he notices, as an exception to be regretted, that some cabins had *not* a cow. He even gives, from his own inquiry and inspection, numerical tables of the condition of the people on estates in three provinces.

He examined 22 '*haymakers*' at Mr. Bushe's, in the county of Kilkenny, and found each family, or 'cabin,' to have on the average—

'6½ souls ; 1 cow ; ½ a horse ; 2 hogs.'—p. 72.

Two only had no animal.

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On Sir Lucius O'Brien's estate in Clare, he examined 43 'labourers,' and found in each cabin an average of—

'6 souls; 3 cows; 1½ horses; 9½ sheep.'—p. 239.

Three only of 43 had no animal.

On Sir James Caldwell's estate on the borders of Fermanagh and Donegal, he examined 34 'labourers,' and found to each cabin—

'6 souls; 3½ cows; and each sowed 5 gallons of flax-seed.'—p. 163.

One only had no cow.

We should be glad to believe that anything like this could be now reported of the labouring classes throughout Ireland.

Our readers may perhaps recollect the wishes we expressed three years ago in an article on French Agriculture (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxix. p. 232), that the Government would set about procuring returns of agricultural produce and stock in these countries, as had been done in France. We perceive with great satisfaction that Lord Clarendon has already accomplished this great and valuable work in Ireland, and very detailed returns for the years 1847 and 1848, obtained and ably classified, under his Excellency's directions, by Captain Larcom, one of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, have been laid before Parliament. In these returns we find an approximate account of the stock on the several denominations of farms in Ireland. These do not enable us to make a comparison with the particular estates mentioned by Arthur Young, nor do they distinguish *cows* from other *cattle*, but they indicate a great decrease in the average of cows given by Arthur Young, as may be seen by the following table, in which Young's statements are compared with the official averages of the counties in which his accounts were taken:—

| Average of cows to each cabin— | Ar. Young. |    | Official Return. |  |
|--------------------------------|------------|----|------------------|--|
|                                | 1776.      |    | 1847.            |  |
| Kilkenny . . . . .             | 1          | .. | ½                |  |
| Clare . . . . .                | 3          | .. | 1½               |  |
| Fermanagh . . . . .            | 3½         | .. | 1½               |  |

In these counties we see that the average is reduced since 1776 by above two-thirds; and, deducing from both authorities an average for the whole kingdom, the result appears to be, in round numbers, that in 1776 each cabin had two cows, and that in 1847 two cabins have but one cow. It may be said that in 1847 the progress of the famine had already diminished the number of cows: this is true; but we also find in these returns that the small *holdings* have been diminished in a greater proportion than the *cattle*; that therefore the *proportion of cows to holdings* was greater in 1847 than before the famine—and consequently that a  
*comparison*

comparison between the comforts of the poor in 1776 and 1845 would have been still more unfavourable to the latter.\*

We have also had the opportunity of obtaining the state of this case on an estate which has the general reputation of being the very best managed in the best part of Ulster, where there is not a middleman, and the farmers and labourers are supposed to be amongst the most comfortable in Ireland: on that estate we are informed that 280 cottier tenants possess but 75 cows.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, indeed, seem to bring us better tidings:—

‘Of late years a decided improvement has taken place amongst all classes throughout Ireland. In the year 1836 we made a tour in Ireland and another in 1840. The improvement in these four years was so *extraordinary as almost to exceed belief*: during our previous visit we noted *comparatively little alteration in the external aspect of the country or in the condition of its people from what we had known them twenty years ago*; but of late the move forward has been wonderful.’—*Hall*, i. 3.

We quite agree with the writers that this sudden advance within four years after a stagnation of *twenty* ‘almost exceeds belief;’ and we could therefore have wished that they had furnished us with a few specific and corroborative facts of so marvellous a change, particularly as we find in other parts of their work a good deal that seems to us of a quite contrary tendency; but there is one short phrase mixed up with this Utopian eulogy which tempers it very considerably, and brings it almost within the verge of credibility:—

‘The *very lower class*, perhaps, has not yet felt the full benefit of this movement.’—*ibid.* i. 3.

Now, this admission, from writers who honestly confess their reluctance to relate anything ‘discreditable to the majority of the people,’ may, we think, be fairly taken as a confession that this supposed improvement has not in any perceptible degree reached ‘the very lower class.’ But it is that ‘very lower class’ that constitutes the whole difficulty, and to which alone such inquiries as these apply. Everybody admits that the upper and middle classes have always been assimilated in some measure to the corresponding ranks in England. It is towards the mass of the people, who are unfortunately too justly comprised in the designation of ‘the very lowest class,’ that the public solicitude is, and ought to be, directed; and we see that even the good-natured Mr. and Mrs.

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\* It appears by these returns, that in the last two years there has been a diminution of the smaller farmers in Ireland to the number of 71,137, and an increase of the larger ones of 3670.

Hall are obliged, after the bold and decisive statement of the improvement of *all* classes, to make the cautious, though somewhat Hibernian exception of the largest class of all—a class that certainly includes eight or nine-tenths of the people they profess to describe.

We attach very great importance to this point; because it is, as we before said, the fashion of the country—into which tourists are apt to fall—to believe, or at least to assert, that substantial improvements, agricultural and social, have been both rapidly and steadily progressing; and it is of vital consequence to know whether Ireland has really been progressing or deteriorating under her present system. Since the failure of the potato crop and the efforts made by many of the gentry, and especially the impulse given by Lord Clarendon's instructors, there has been, we have every reason to think, a visible though slight and partial improvement in agriculture. But of the general improvement, which we are told was so rapid *prior* to this infliction, we entertain very stubborn doubts, in every respect but one—a very important one, indeed, which we are glad to record—the increased temperance of the lower classes. In that respect there is, we are informed and believe, a manifest improvement, which, however, we can trace nowhere else; and, conceiving nothing to be so mischievous as the system of flattery and deception which cherishes the vanity and indolence of the people, we shall present our readers with some specimens of civilization and industry chiefly from the *pen*—we wish we could also avail ourselves of the *pencil*—of Mr. Thackeray, who visited Ireland a year or two later than that wonderful advance discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

We shall endeavour to classify a little our scattered materials; and first as to manners and habits.

The feature that we believe first and most remarkably strikes every stranger on entering Ireland is the habitual untidiness, the slattern negligence, or the perverse absurdity with which everything is done, or half done, or left altogether undone. At the Shelbourne (*sic*) Hotel—which, though it cannot spell its own name, advertises itself as 'the largest, best situated, and cheapest hotel in Dublin,' and which undoubtedly is in the most fashionable part of the town—the fastidious Englishman found it necessary to suggest that the room allotted to him should be washed—an operation which it had visibly not undergone for six months; and when the window, looking on the magnificent area of St. Stephen's Green—'the finest square in Europe,' says the advertisement—was raised to accelerate the drying of the floor, there was no way of keeping it open but by propping it with the *hearth-brush*—

*brush*—which of course in the month of July was not likely to be required for its proper duty at the fireside. (i. 32.) If Ireland could produce another Swift, a new *Sermon on a Broomstick* might be more practically useful than the old one, and the following explanatory passage would afford a text:—

‘The hotel is majestically conducted by clerks and other officers; the landlord himself does not appear after the honest comfortable English fashion, but lives in a private mansion hard by, where his name may be read inscribed on a brass-plate, like that of any other private gentleman.’—*Sketch-book*, i. 10.

In the whole town of Bandon Mr. Thackeray did not see one window that had not a broken pane; and a traveller of 1849 thought that even in civilised Belfast the broken windows of the upper floors, in some of the streets, were rather too numerous. The very railroads—whose essence it is to be punctual and perfect, and which must of course, in all their arrangements, present a contrast to everything else in Ireland—are not always exempt from the national influence. On the morning of Tuesday the 7th of August, 1849, the first-class passengers of the Great Southern and Western Railway, bound for Mallow, Cork, and Killarney, found, on emerging from the magnificent station in Dublin, that all the glass windows of all the first-class carriages had been removed. The morning was wet and stormy—the worst of the whole season—and the wind drove floods of rain through and through the carriages, so that the passengers were forced to *stop the windows with their own cloaks and greatcoats*; nor could this strange blunder be remedied till the arrival of the train at the Limerick junction—three-fourths of the whole way—where another carriage with windows was, after some slight demur, substituted by the superintendent; but this itself was, from standing by unused, in so dusty, not to say dirty, a state that some lady passengers declined the accommodation, and continued, as the day had grown fine, in their original damp seats. One of the travellers by this same train purchased at the book-shop of Messrs. Bradford and Co., in Patrick Street, Cork, a guide-book for that town, published by that respectable firm. By some accident the binder had omitted the three or four last leaves of the index—from A to half of L being present, the rest absent. On the purchaser’s remarking this circumstance, a dozen other copies of the work were obligingly produced, but they all had the same defect. Then followed the usual Irish expedient of a profusion of inconsistent excuses, and even defences of this deficiency, until at last the bookseller cut the matter short, and made the volume what he called *perfect* by—*tearing out* the two leaves, A to L: thus getting rid of the

the defect by getting rid of the index altogether; and he seemed rather surprised at his customer's being dissatisfied with the operation. We should hardly have ventured to repeat so strange an anecdote, if we were not able thus to specify the parties, the place, and the volume.

At a lodging-house kept by the 'pretty' and 'ladylike' widow of a merchant in Cork, we have a small but not insignificant incident related in Mr. Thackeray's lighter style:—

'One word more regarding the Widow Fagan's house. When Peggy brought in coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them—in what, do you think? "In a coal-scuttle, to be sure," says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

'No, you clever Englishman, it wasn't a coal-scuttle.

'“Well, then, it was in a fire-shovel,” says that brightest of wits, guessing again.

'No, it *wasn't* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius: and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find out. It was in something which I have already described in Mrs. Fagan's pantry.

'“Oh, I have you now, it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thlatternly wetch!” says Snooks.

'Wrong again—Peggy brought up the coals—in a CHINA PLATE!'—vol. i. pp. 155, 156.

Mr. Thackeray accompanies Mr. Martin, at whose castle he was staying, and a stipendiary magistrate, to a court of petty sessions at Roundstown in Connemara. The sessions room was furnished

'with a deal table, a couple of chairs for the two magistrates, and a Testament *with a paper cross pasted on it*, to be kissed by the witnesses and complainants frequenting the court.'—vol. ii. p. 60.

What a 'picture in little' of untidiness and neglect is this unseemly make-shift for the symbol so peculiarly revered by the people!—and that too when Testaments with a cross handsomely stamped on their cover are sold by numerous pedlers throughout the country for sixpence—nay, sometimes as low as three-pence.

At Skibbereen, which has since obtained so deplorable a notoriety, Mr. Thackeray happens to take a peep into some of the obscurer *penetralia* of his hotel.

'But of all the wonderful things to be seen in Skibbereen, Dan the waiter's pantry is the most wonderful—every article within is a make-shift, and has been ingeniously perverted from its original destination. Here lie bread, blacking, fresh butter, tallow-candles, dirty knives—all in the same cigar-box, with snuff, milk, cold bacon, brown sugar,

sugar, broken tea-cups, and bits of soap. No pen can describe that establishment, as no English imagination could have conceived it.'—vol. i. p. 172.

These may seem, and indeed in themselves are, very small matters; but are not all this dirt, negligence, and disorder in the domestic arrangements of an entire people, symptoms of the idleness and neglect in more important concerns which have produced an accumulation of human misery 'such as no imagination can conceive?' The disorganizing principle is the same, only that—

'Now a bubble bursts, and now a world.'

The following topics and scenes are of more serious import.

To an English eye the most startling and painful sight must be the houses and the dress, if they can be so called, of the lower classes. We need not describe the dwellings: most of them are no better than they appear in Lithgow's picture, many are worse. Even in Ulster, by the side of that magnificent road which has been constructed from Glenarm and Cushendall to Ballycastle, there are to be seen collections of hovels infinitely inferior to anything we can conceive of a Hottentot kraal. If here and there you detect something that makes a distant approach to comfort or to neatness, you will find on inquiry that they are under the immediate influence of some neighbouring *gentleman* or *lady*, or that there is an *Englishman* or *Englishwoman* in the neighbourhood, or that the owners are Protestants, or connected with the Police,\* or the Railroads. Anything like tidiness or comfort on the part of the native Irish is exceedingly rare.

Their dress requires a few more detailed observations. In the North, the men *who work* are tolerably well dressed, and all wear shoes. In the South and West the working men are poorly clad, yet still less ill than the women: but everywhere, throughout all parts, even in the best towns, and in Dublin itself, you will meet men and boys—not dressed, not covered—but hung round with a collection of rags of unimaginable variety, squalidity, and filth—walking dung-hills. That old pleasantry, as it seemed to be, of the Irish peasants robbing the English scarecrows affords an imperfect idea of these frightful exhibitions. No one ever saw an English scarecrow with such rags; no English farmer's servant would touch them; and boys of ten or

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\* It is impossible to say too much of that admirable body the Police. Its influence not merely in keeping the peace, but in correcting and civilizing the habits of the people, is visible all around their establishments. The creation of this force is certainly the greatest boon that Sir Robert Peel ever conferred upon Ireland; and we trust due care is taken by the superior authorities to prevent any deterioration of its composition. None but men of irreproachable character and fair abilities should be admitted into it.



twelve years old are to be seen with a *tippet* of these loathsome shreds about their necks, and all below stark naked. No such sights as these are to be seen, we are confident, anywhere else on the face of the globe.

In the South and West the greater number of the women are wretchedly clad; sometimes they are almost as destitute of decent covering as the male apparitions we have just described: but throughout the whole country—even in the North—the vast majority of females are bare-footed. Nothing makes more effect on a stranger, or less, it seems, on the natives, than this, as the stranger thinks, humiliation of the gentler sex. We do not think it could have been so general in Young's day, for he mentions, as attracting particular notice, a barefooted girl: one with shoes would be now the exception. The Reverend James Hall, who travelled in Ireland in 1807, says that 'to be without shoes is not uncommon:' a phrase which evidently implies that bare feet were not then the majority, as they now indisputably are; and he notices, with some expression of surprise, a barefooted girl with a knot of red ribbons in a neat clean cap (*Trav. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 79). Such incongruities are now nothing remarkable. A friend of ours this summer met an otherwise decently dressed girl bare-footed; and on asking her why she did not wear shoes, she pleaded poverty—that she could not afford them: yet she had on a handsome red shawl, and a cap plentifully trimmed with lace. He also saw another damsel very smartly dressed, with a gay gown, a mock Cashmere shawl, a neat straw bonnet, and lace veil, a silk parasol, and bare feet!—but these instances were in the North. In the South and West, half the female person is often as naked as the feet; but amidst all this squalid exposure it must be said of the poor creatures that an immodest word, look, or gesture is rarely to be detected, even among the most destitute. It is true that this absence of *chaussures* is not always the result of poverty, though it may be of economy: long habit has made it easier to them, and they certainly often carry their shoes and stockings in their hands along the roads, and put them on when they approach the town. Lady Chatterton tells us that her maids protested that they caught violent colds by wearing shoes; and an old woman at her Ladyship's gate had well nigh got her death by a fever, brought on by a pair of shoes and stockings in which she was over-persuaded in one cold winter to incarcerate her lower extremities.

This unseemly habit extends even into the best towns. In Belfast and Londonderry, for instance, half at least of the women that one sees in the streets are barefooted; but so inattentive does  
the

the mind become to what the eye is accustomed to, that when a late traveller happened to express his wonder at so general a deficiency of shoes and stockings in so civilized a town as Londonderry, a gentleman present, well acquainted with Londonderry, and quite incapable of any intentional inaccuracy, totally denied the fact, asserting that 'such a thing might perhaps be seen in some country districts, but *not in the city of Londonderry.*' On this downright contradiction between two such respectable eye-witnesses, *a poll was demanded*, and taken by reckoning the women that should pass a given window, in one of the principal streets of the city, in a given time:—and the result turned out to be in the proportion of *five* women with shoes and stockings to *fourteen* without. This was in August, 1849.

Nor is it, we regret to say, the 'poor Popish natives' only that exhibit this untidiness. Many of the public edifices and monuments, for which the higher classes are responsible, are in a state of discreditable unfinish or neglect. Several of the architectural façades of principal churches in Dublin have stopped short at the lower story. A Palladian fountain was erected in Merrion-square, after the style of those in Paris and Rome—but it *never was supplied with water*; and, says the Guide-book, 'has been shamefully mutilated.' By a singular coincidence this *waterless* fountain was dedicated to a deceased Lord Lieutenant, with this appropriate inscription:—

'His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani  
'*Munere!*'

The great Wellington trophy in the Phoenix Park has been, for thirty years, waiting for its statue. The celebrated statue of King William, 'of glorious and immortal memory,' in College Green—the idol of the Orangemen and the abhorrence of the Papists, concerning the painting of which there is an annual squabble—is, the Guide-book tells us, of *bronze*, but we suspect it must be of lead—not from their painting it, but because the material, whatever it be, of the limbs of both the hero and his horse has so given way as to require being shored up by a block of wood, though not so as to prevent the whole group exhibiting a most ludicrous specimen of distortion. Another similar statue of King George II. on the Grand Parade of Cork is certainly lead, and still more portentously dislocated; and the gay colours in which both these works of art are painted give additional effect to the paralytic deformity. Now that the Corporations have become Papist, we are not surprised that they should willingly maintain such libels on the Protestant Kings; but we wonder that loyalty and common sense do not step in either to restore the figures to something like a shape, or to remove them altogether.

All

All through the country Mr. Thackeray noticed the florid architecture and large dimensions of a crowd of Roman Catholic chapels, churches, and cathedrals, which are in different stages of erection—but he did not, we think, see a single one in town or country completed, nor is there any likelihood that there will be either funds or perseverance enough to finish a tithe of what are commenced.

Of the posting-stage, called the *Royal Oak*, on the most frequented thoroughfare in Ireland, and in the remarkably civilized county of Carlow, Mr. Thackeray relates—

‘As we stopped for a moment in the place, troops of slatternly, ruffianly-looking fellows assembled round the carriage, dirty heads peeped out of all the dirty windows, beggars came forward with a joke and a prayer, and troops of children raised their shouts and halloos. I confess, with regard to the beggars, that I never yet have had the slightest sentiment of compassion for the very oldest or dirtiest of them, or been inclined to give them a penny; they come crawling round you with lying prayers and loathsome compliments, that make the stomach turn; they do not even disguise that they are lies; for, refuse them, and the wretches turn off with a laugh and a joke—a miserable grinning cynicism that creates distrust and indifference, and must be, one would think, the very best way to close the purse, not to open it, for objects so unworthy.’—vol. i. p. 69.

Similar specimens of what he calls the ‘moral aspect’ of the people occur in all parts of the country; for instance, at another posting-stage, in the county of Kilkenny:—

‘A dirty, old, contented, decrepit idler was lolling in the sun at a shop-door, and *hundreds* of the population of the dirty, old, decrepit, contented place were employed in the *like* way. A dozen of boys were playing at pitch and toss; other male and female beggars were sitting on a wall looking into a stream; scores of ragamuffins, of course, round the carriage; and beggars galore at the door of the little ale-house or hotel.’—vol. i. p. 77.

And again at Cork:—

‘As the carriage drove up, a magnificent mob was formed round the vehicle, and we had an opportunity of at once making acquaintance with some of the dirtiest rascally faces that all Ireland presents. Besides these professional rogues and beggars, who make a point to attend on all vehicles, everybody else seemed to stop too, to see that wonder, a coach and four horses. People issued from their shops, heads appeared at windows. I have seen the Queen pass in state in London, and not bring together a crowd near so great as that which assembled in the busiest street of the second city of the kingdom, just to look at a green coach and four bay horses. Have they nothing else to do?—or is it that they *will* do nothing but stare, swagger, and be idle in the streets?’—vol. i. p. 100.

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This was in the best part of the town—but worse was behind—imperfectly seen, but significantly shadowed forth:—

‘I have mentioned the respectable quarter of the city—for there are quarters in it swarming with life, but of such a frightful kind as no pen need care to describe; alleys where the odours and rags and darkness are so hideous, that one runs frightened away from them. In some of them, they say, not the policeman, *only the priest*, can penetrate. *I asked a Roman Catholic clergyman of the city to take me into some of these haunts, but he refused* very justly; and indeed a man may be quite satisfied with what he can see in the mere outskirts of the districts, without caring to penetrate further. Not far from the quays is an open space where the poor hold a market or bazaar. Here is liveliness and business enough; ragged women chattering and crying their beggarly wares; ragged boys gloating over dirty apple and pie-stalls; fish frying, and raw and stinking; clothes-booths, where you might buy a wardrobe for scarecrows; old nails, hoops, bottles, and marine wares; old battered furniture, that has been sold *against starvation*. In the streets round about this place, on a sunshiny day, all the black gaping windows and mouldy steps are covered with squatting lazy figures—women, with bare breasts, nursing babies, and leering a joke as you pass by—ragged children paddling everywhere.’—vol. i. pp. 136, 137.

The ‘leer,’ however, we believe, is less frequently immodest than the rest of the exhibition would lead one to expect. And a little further on, near that famous—is that the proper term?—Skibbereen,

‘There was only one wretched village along the road, but no lack of population; ragged people who issued from their cabins as the coach passed, or were sitting by the way-side. Everybody seems sitting by the way-side here: one never sees this general repose in England—a sort of *ragged lazy contentment*. All the children seemed to be on the *watch for the coach*; waited very knowingly and carefully their opportunity, and then hung on by scores behind.’—vol. i. p. 174.

A later traveller—one of the present season—assures us that at Millstreet—the stage where the Killarney coaches change horses—there is so formidable an array of beggars of all ages, both sexes, and infinite varieties of filth and impudence, that it is necessary on the arrival of the coaches to have the armed Police drawn out to form a circle for the personal protection of the passengers. This takes place as often as the coaches pass, and this process of attack and defence seems to constitute in fact the only business of the population and the regular duty of the police.

And be it not forgotten, that Mr. Thackeray’s sketches—from which the later accounts do not at all vary—were made three years before the potato failure in 1845, to which is now *altogether* attributed

attributed an extent of misery which, there is abundance of evidence to show, was before that visitation already at a height which appeared incapable of increase. Public patience has been wearied, though public charity has not been exhausted, by special appeals from *Skibbereen* and its neighbourhood; but the pictures just copied incline us to regret that some of the zeal now so importunate in begging relief from strangers was not at an earlier period more successfully directed to the improvement of the domestic economy and habits of the people.

When such scenes as these are so flagrant as not to be denied, the Irish patriots turn round upon us, and lay all the blame, *first*, on the misrule of the English government; *secondly*, on the want of Capital and encouragement to native industry; and *thirdly*, on the neglect and tyranny of the Landlords. We have already answered, with more seriousness than such an imposture ought to have required, the charge of English misrule. Let us now consider the two latter topics.

Ireland, we are told, wants Capital; but what generates capital? Capital does not grow spontaneously, and cannot be violently transplanted. It is produced by industry—augmented by economy—consolidated and vivified by domestic tranquillity and legal security. If then Capital has not been more largely generated and accumulated in Ireland, it is because Ireland has been deficient in the required conditions of industry, economy, and internal security. Again, we say it is her own fault that she does not create capital, and it is further her own heinous fault that capital does not flow in upon her from England, the greatest capitalist in the world, who, when she does occasionally venture her capital in Ireland, finds it rendered unproductive by the idleness, or unsafe by the turbulence, of the people. What sane man would venture to purchase the blood-stained lands of Lord Norbury or Major Mahon? But even when capital is applied, it seldom produces the results that might be expected. We have already noticed some remarkable failures in the outlay of capital—a hundred more could be cited. In the populous and fertile neighbourhood of Carlow,

‘Here and there was a country-house, or a tall mill by a stream-side: but the latter buildings were for the most part empty—the gaunt windows gaping without glass, and their great wheels idle. Leighlin-bridge, lying up and down a hill by the river, contains a considerable number of pompous-looking warehouses, that looked for the most part to be doing no more business than the mills on the Carlow road, but stood by the road-side staring at the coach, as it were, and basking in the sun, swaggering, idle, insolvent, and out at elbows.’—*Thackeray*, vol. i. p. 66.

Yet

Yet in Arthur Young's time these very mills were not thought too pompous, and were then in busy work under an active and intelligent proprietor. Again :—

‘A good number of large mills were on the noble banks of the Bandon river ; and the chief part of them, as in Carlow, *useless*. One mill we saw was too small for the owner's great speculations, so he built another and larger one ; the big mill cost 10,000*l.*, but a lawsuit being given against the mill-owner, the two mills stopped,’ &c.—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 162.

At Waterford, not long since a place of considerable commerce,

‘The view of the town, from the bridge and the heights above it, is very imposing ; as is the river both ways. Very large vessels sail up almost to the doors of the houses, and the quays are flanked by tall red warehouses, that look at a little distance as if a world of business might be doing within them. But as you get into the place, not a soul is there to greet you except the usual society of beggars, and a sailor or two, or a green-coated policeman sauntering down the broad pavement. We drove up to the Coach Inn, a *huge, handsome*, dirty building, of which the discomforts have been pathetically described elsewhere. The landlord is a gentleman and considerable horse-proprietor, and though a perfectly well-bred, active, and intelligent man, far too much of a gentleman to play the host well, at least as an Englishman understands that character.’—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 81.

Here we see capital has been at work, and built mills and warehouses, and ‘*huge, handsome*’ inns, which idleness and carelessness fail to utilize. We have the picture of a shopkeeper in this same city of Waterford, which sufficiently explains why the capital sunk in the great warehouses has not fructified :—

‘The quays stretch for a considerable distance along the river—poor patched-windowed, mouldy-looking shops forming the basement-story of most of the houses. We went into one, a jeweller's, to make a purchase—it might have been of a gold watch for anything the owner knew ; but he was talking with a friend in his back-parlour, gave us a look as we entered, allowed us to stand some minutes in the empty shop, and at length *to walk out without being served*. In another shop a boy was loolling behind a counter, but could not say whether the articles we wanted were to be had ; turned out a heap of drawers, and could not find them ; and finally went for the master, who could not come. True commercial independence, and an easy way enough of life!’—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 82.

Can we wonder that the capital vested in that goldsmith's shop did not accumulate ? In Cork Mr. Thackeray found the half-a-dozen public buildings that he saw—commercial, literary, or religious—

'*spacious and shabby* beyond all Cockney belief; . . . and it is folly to talk of inward dissensions and political differences as causing the ruin of such institutions. Kings or laws don't cause or cure dust and cobwebs; but *indolence* leaves them to accumulate, and *imprudence* will not calculate its income, and *vanity* exaggerates its own powers, and the fault is laid upon that tyrant of a sister kingdom. The whole country is filled with such failures; swaggering beginnings that could not be carried through; grand enterprises begun dashingly, and ending in shabby compromises or downright ruin.'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 141.

Why is it that Irish Quakers thrive and make capital? Why is the village of Ballytore an oasis in a desert? Simply because the Quakers are thrifty, orderly, and industrious. Why, asks Mr. Thackeray,

'Why should Quaker shops be neater than other shops? They suffer to the full as much oppression as the rest of the hereditary bondsmen; and yet, in spite of their tyrants, they prosper.'—*Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Why have Fermoy in the south and Westport and Rutland in the West, and so many other extensive outlays of capital, utterly failed—in some instances without leaving a trace behind—while many similar undertakings in the North have been successful—at least comparatively successful? The Celt—no very great producer of anything but hungry mouths—is worst of all at improving capital, and he craves after a thing which he does not know how to use when he happens to get it. But it is really ludicrous to hear the way in which the want of it is pleaded in excuse for the most incomprehensible negligence. When an observation was made by a very recent English visitor to an Irish gentleman of a certain farm's being overrun with weeds and its fences broken down in a way that it would not be found in England: 'Ah yes,' it was replied; 'you are rich enough to do those things in England—you have capital!'—though there were as many women and children idling or begging in the streets of every neighbouring village as would have weeded such a farm in a week, and men loitering and gaping about with *their hands in their pockets* enough to have repaired the fences in a fortnight.

We heartily wish that we could have faith in any of the schemes which have been propounded for *forcing* capital into Ireland, but that, as we shall have to repeat by and bye, being hopeless, the next best thing is to inculcate—as we are now endeavouring to do—that tranquillity alone can attract and industry alone increase it.

The complaints against the Landlords are little better founded. There





blown off, the landlord ought to go fetch the straw and the ladder, and mend it himself. People need not be dirty if they are ever so idle; if they are ever so poor, pigs and men need not live together. Half an hour's work, and digging a trench, might remove that filthy dunghill from that filthy window. The smoke might as well come out of the chimney as out of the door. Why should not Tim do that, *instead of walking a hundred and sixty miles to a race? The Priests might do much more to effect these reforms than even the Landlords themselves.*'—vol. i. pp. 237, 238.

This last suggestion, which touches the most important topic of the whole case, we shall return to; but as to the landlords, the fact, we believe, is, that many of them possess neither the legal power nor pecuniary means of improving the domestic habits of reluctant and intractable tenants; that some few perhaps may not be sufficiently persevering in that thankless duty; but that others, who had the means and the will too, and who did accomplish momentary successes, have become dispirited by the little benefit, and sometimes by the absolute failure, of their benevolent endeavours. Those who have the means of comparing the present surface of Ireland with Arthur Young's descriptions will discover very slight traces of the majority of those extensive and often costly improvements which he records. We could produce, in addition to a few that we have already incidentally mentioned, many melancholy instances of this relapse; and even where particular estates, by the efforts of a succession of persevering landlords, have attained a more permanent improvement, it is strange to see how little effect their example has on their neighbours. There are to be seen close to a comparatively well-managed and prosperous estate, farms in the most deplorable condition, while the inhabitants of the latter seemed wholly unconscious of the difference. We are tempted to give a remarkable—if not instance, at least indication—of this spirit of indocility. No persons in Europe were more famed for the forcible lessons which they administered to their idle and careless countrymen than Mr. and Miss Edgeworth. Their joint 'Castle-Rackrent,' published just half a century since, and Miss Edgeworth's subsequent novels, afforded, as we have before said, pictures of Irish habits and character which excited a strong sensation wherever the English language was read; and we thought that, for a time at least, the fine raillery and excellent sense of those works produced some amendment among the upper classes in Ireland itself;—but it never reached the lower—nor did the writers' constant residence at and assiduous attention to their own estate at Edgeworthstown produce any

any visible effect on their neighbourhood. In 1845, Mr. Howitt—a fair witness, at least, in this case—made a reverential visit to Miss Edgeworth, and was, no doubt, very well disposed to give all credit to the influence of his amiable friend in her own peculiar sphere. His account of this visit acquaints us that the country and the people wore all along the road from Dublin to Edgeworthstown a very poor aspect; but—

‘The farther we went the more *Irish* it became. Rags and dirt became more plentiful at every step. There was a most amusing display of trowsers without legs, waistcoats without buttons, and coats which were *not patched*, but a matting of patches, all loose at one end, like a rude imitation of feathers.’—*Howitt's Journal*, vol. iii. p. 89.

Then follows, at more length than we have room for, a description of the squalid and mendicant propensities and ready wit of the natives, who crowded the roads to loiter, to stare, to beg, and to gibe. He proceeds:—

‘The country is little enclosed, and less cultivated; very fertile, but farmed in a most slovenly manner. It seemed to *want every human assistance that land can want*,—draining, fencing, planting, ploughing, weeding, and often manuring. In general, however, there were abundant crops, but nobody seemed the better for it. Amidst occasional displays of corn harvests and potatoes there were abundance of what would be capital pigsties, but were very wretched houses; a land of rags and cabins—of *weeds, thistles, ragwort, and rushes, which prosper unmolested*!’—*Ibid.*

Such was the neighbourhood of that residence whence so much instruction had been poured out on, as it seems, an ungrateful soil; and such, we are sorry to be obliged to add, is a true picture, as far as our means of information extend, of the *whole* of what is called the *cultivated* surface of Ireland—that is, of all that is not either gentlemen’s demesnes or bog and mountain. Mr. Skilling, himself an Irishman and a professional and official agriculturist, whose little volume contains a great deal of striking fact and sound good sense, bears sad witness to this universal neglect:—

‘*Suffering the land to be overrun with weeds* is an egregious error, which, without argument or proof, will be admitted by every individual in the country, possessed of the sense of sight. *It is confined to no locality; it prevails east, west, north, and south*: wherever the land is cultivated, and no matter what may be the description or quality of the crops, the weeds are found also in abundance, disputing the sovereignty, and often with complete success. It appears that the people have become *so accustomed to weeds and dirt*, that the idea of clean land has never entered their mind; indeed they seldom see an  
example

example of such, and have learned to recognise the right of the weeds to a share of the soil and manure.'—*Science and Practice of Agriculture*, p. 162.\*

Let us return to Edgeworthstown. Mr. Howitt proceeds to tell us that the family mansion itself is 'a large, fitting, squire's house,' situated in a small park, which makes you 'forget all *the dreary wastes around*'—the dreary wastes being, as he had just said, a most fertile country. But—

'At the only inn in Edgeworthstown I desired them to let me have a beefsteak, but found there was no such thing to be had; a mutton-chop was the highest point to be reached. The waiter said there were no cattle killed at Edgeworthstown, they get all their meat from Longford [between eight and nine miles], and that seldom more than mutton was wanted. This would have astonished a traveller in England, in any place dignifying itself with the name of a town, but in Ireland we soon cease to be astonished at anything but the general poverty.'—*Howitt*, p. 91.

Mr. Edgeworth, the then owner of the estate, was, Mr. Howitt adds, 'a Liberal in politics.' Mr. Howitt himself is something more; and we are entitled to ask whether this mendicant population—this ill-tilled land—this impoverished inn on one of the great arterial highways of Ireland—is to be attributed to a Tory or an absentee.

The, as we think them, inapplicable theories about Capital, and the unfounded imputations on the Landlords, have received some countenance from the proposition made by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on the 5th of March last, for '*the plantation of Connaught*,' after the (supposed) model of the plantation of Ulster in the reign of James I., which the Ministry greedily embraced, and have even, by the enacting of some of Sir Robert Peel's preliminary suggestions, set about executing. Sir Robert Peel's ability will never be called in question, and of all our statesmen he certainly ought to be the best acquainted with Ireland; but we confess that we have no faith in this scheme, and that we can scarcely even concede it the merit of being plausible.

In the first place, the bases—literally the *groundwork*—of the two schemes are wholly and irreconcilably different. King James had to deal with a tract of country nearly *depopulated* in fact, entirely *forfeited* by law, of which the absolute and exclusive property and possession were already in the Crown, and which the Crown might—as it did—dispose of how it pleased,

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\* We are glad to hear that Mr. Skilling has lately been appointed to the Professorship of Agriculture in the Queen's College, Galway.

without

without any kind of question, counter claim, or compensation. *That* was properly called the *Plantation of Ulster*.

On the contrary, Connaught is in the legal possession, not merely of its landed proprietors, but, in many instances, of a series of sub-proprietors, each having valuable interests in the soil; over which, also, jointured wives, portioned children, and more chronic encumbrancers, judgment creditors, trustees, and mortgagees, have present or reversionary interests. It is, moreover, covered with what we may call, in number though not in industry, a *swarm* of occupiers, each of whom has, or fancies that he has, a personal interest in the land—of which he is—or at least used before the repeated potato failures to be—passionately, even madly, tenacious. In this state of affairs—in every point the direct, the notorious reverse of the former condition of Ulster—we do not understand how a new *plantation of Connaught* can be a remedy for its being already *so thickly planted* that the inhabitants are starving and stifling each other. To talk of *plantation* when *eradication* is rather meant, seems to us a strange misapplication of terms. But let us pass from words to facts. How is this plantation, eradication, or whatever it may be called, to be effected? Sir Robert Peel would begin with the proprietors. He tells us, in substance, that ‘their properties are so encumbered that they are all inextricably ruined, and of course have no capital to restore their property to a productive state; added to which, the indefinite poor’s-rate would ruin them over again and for ever, even if they were not ruined already.’ We might safely deny the universality of this picture. There are many unencumbered estates in Connaught; many gentlemen with competent capital; and many more very far from being ruined, or even otherwise distressed than by the recent pressure of the potato failure on their tenants—for we believe the distress on unencumbered estates will be found much the same as on those of their mortgaged neighbours. But be it admitted that there has been amongst the country gentlemen of Ireland a great deal of improvidence, and that they lie under a formidable weight of encumbrances; nay—for the argument sake, let us go still further, and suppose that every estate in Connaught is a mere ‘Castle-Rackrent.’ How is all this to be remedied? Sir Robert Peel answers:—

‘If you choose to leave the present proprietors in possession of their properties, entitled to a nominal rent, encumbered with debt, with every discouragement to exertion, and the land so encumbered with charges and arrears of rate that it is impossible to find either a purchaser or an occupant, then I see no hope for the salvation of Ireland; but if, through Government or Parliament, you can establish some  
*intermediate*

*intermediate agent to get temporary possession—on equitable terms—of property in a hopeless state of encumbrance, and then can arrange for the re-distribution of it, then I should see some hope of improvement.*—*Hansard's Debates, Mar. 5, 1849.*

This reads to us very like a confiscation of the estates of all the landowners in Connaught! Seize them into the *temporary possession* of a Government Commission, and then re-distribute them to new proprietors—*all on equitable terms!* The old Equity processes have a bad name, and indeed are accused of having had a main hand in producing all this Irish misery—but this *New Equity* seems to us much more formidable. Let us see how, at the very best, it must work. The poor proprietor, treated as a culprit, would be easily dealt with on *equitable* considerations. ‘Your estate,’ the Government Commissioners will tell him, ‘is *nominally* worth 1000*l.* a year; but it is jointured, encumbered, and mortgaged to the extent of 900*l.*; the rates already exceed 100*l.*; you are, therefore, already worse than nothing—future rates will make that depth deeper still, and of course you have no interest whatsoever in the land, nor any possible extrication but to get rid of it altogether. The Government, in their charity and benevolence, will do you the favour of taking it off your hands; in strict *equity* you should give us a bonus for relieving you;—we, as you have nothing to give, shall not urge that point—but, having proved that you suffer no loss, we must tell you that you are *in equity* entitled to no compensation.’ So the squire will descend at once from the mansion to the poor-house. This may seem a monstrous supposition—and so indeed it is—but we know not how else the scheme could be worked out, nor what else the proviso about *equitable terms* can mean. But let us put aside all consideration of the landlord, and let us suppose the Government Commission in ‘temporary possession’ of the estate; how is the matter mended *in any respect*, unless indeed it is alleged that the squire is more comfortable in the poor-house than he was at home? The encumbrances still survive—the mother’s jointure, the sister’s portion, and, above all, *Jason M’Quirk’s\** and Baron Rothschild’s mortgages cannot even in *equity* be confiscated; the rates, too, must be still paid; in addition to these, there will be a new system of agency and superintendence (rather costly articles under such circumstances) to be provided for; and as one of the great grievances is the exorbitant rent exacted by the landlords, the tenants, triumphant in the fall of the old Saxon squire, will look, and perhaps more than look, for some reduction of rent—as well

\* The money-lender and mortgagee in ‘Castle-Rackrent.’

as for some advance of *capital*, absolutely indispensable, in Sir Robert Peel's judgment, to the culture of the soil. Even if the old rents should—contrary to the hypothesis—be duly paid, it is clear that the Commission would soon be—however *temporary* their possession—in a rather worse state of insolvency than the ex-squire.

How long that temporary possession and its concomitant and accumulating insolvency might last, does not appear to have been calculated. We fear the Commission would not find very early purchasers; and can any one imagine the confusion, the plunder, the dilapidation, the anarchy, the misery, the desolation that would follow the vicarious administration of any considerable extent of landed property in such circumstances? Look—if any illustration of this point be required—look at the Royal or rather the Government estates in Ireland, models, indeed, of mismanagement and misery. But as, according to the proposed plan, the estates are to be sold clear of all encumbrances and arrears, it is possible (though not very likely) that the Commission may be able, now and then and here and there, to find a purchaser. But at what rate—if, according to the hypothesis on which the whole project is built, the land is already encumbered for more than it is worth?—Can it be hoped that a price will be obtained for it sufficient to pay off those encumbrances, already—without the interventional expenses of the Commission—exceeding its value? Or does the new Equity contemplate an entire repudiation of the debts of the estate, or only a confiscation *pro ratâ*? Or if not, from what new fund are the encumbrancers to be satisfied?

But supposing that the purchase-money should be enough to meet these demands, we have still the unfortunate landlord himself confiscated and his posterity disinherited, and for what offences? Perhaps for those of his father or grandfather—perhaps (and there are several such cases) for encumbrances created for the improvement of the estates! And are there no English estates mortgaged—are the country-gentlemen of England universally clear of personal or ancestral improvidence? Are they never in difficulties, and can they never get out of them without a bill of confiscation and the usurpation of a Government inquisition? Is it not notorious that, if there are some English examples as bad as the most reckless Irish squire, there are happily others in which strict economy and self-denial have retrieved such errors, and restored estates that were looked upon as desperate, to a flourishing condition? Have we not seen also accidental increases of value—and, if Dr. Kane's book be of any authority, is not Ireland full of 'Industrial and Agricultural Resources?' Why are the

the Connaught gentleman and his posterity to be cut off at once from all the prospects of good management and all the chances of good fortune?

Let us pass over all these hardships, and, as we firmly believe, insurmountable difficulties, and suppose the new proprietor—the regenerating *capitalist*—installed at Castle-Rackrent:—what security have we that he may not have sunk all his capital in his purchase, and be therefore no more a capitalist than his unfortunate predecessor? But—however that may happen to be—for whatever capital he sinks in the purchase or employs in useful improvements, he will expect a fair return regularly paid. Is a stranger of the capitalist class likely to be a judicious improver in Connaught, and what would be his prospect of having the interest of his capital regularly paid in the shape of rent? Is such a person likely to reside there, or if he did, could he venture to distrain for his rent? And how in fact could this man of Manchester and Leeds—or even supposing the rare case of an agricultural capitalist—how could he hope to be more acceptable or more successful than those liberal and amiable landlords whose blood has already stained the soil and the name of Ireland?

But there is another branch of the project, that is meant, we suppose, to obviate this latter objection—the capitalists may, it seems, be absentees, and so, safe from assassination. What! absentees! This regenerating scheme to end in a fresh creation of absentees! So it is—and absentees—safe indeed from the murderer's bullet, which cannot injure a body corporate—but of the very worst class for any agricultural management or improvement. The grand hope has been, it seems, that joint-stock companies, and especially that the Corporation of London, already great absentee proprietors under King James's plantation of Derry, would commit themselves largely in this Connaught scheme. We very much doubt their doing so, and hope for the sake of Ireland and themselves that they may not. We believe the cases of the London Companies and their estates in Derry have been very much misunderstood or misrepresented. The truth is, that though their lands have been managed with a liberality on their parts which nobody *purchasing* an estate could afford, and on the part of their agents with singular ability and fidelity, they are yet reproached with being '*the worst of all absentees*' (Hall's *Ireland*, iii. 227): and this not from any fault of theirs, but from the anomalous nature of such a system, which we are convinced it would be highly impolitic to introduce *de novo*, even if all Connaught were desolate and clear for its reception.

Sir Robert Peel adduced in support of his project the instance of the Martin-estate in Connemara. Now Connemara is the very case

case that we should cite against this speculation. That estate is already on sale, and just as open to capitalists as if it had passed through the 'temporary possession' of the Government Commission; but, says Sir Robert Peel:—

'I doubt whether any person will purchase that property without the intervention of a third party.'—*Ibid.*

We cannot conceive why the intervention of a third party—that is, the Government—should be required in such a case. We understand (though we expect no advantage from) a Commission to clear titles and obviate legal difficulties; but we cannot see why they should take 'temporary possession' of the estate, and we strongly suspect that, so far, this new office will be a sinecure.

Not less curious, in our opinion, was Sir Robert Peel's subsequent proposal to guarantee properties so to be disposed of, from 'the uncertainty of the amount of poor-rates.'—*Ibid.*

In enumerating the reasons which should force a landlord to part with his estate, he had dwelt strongly on the uncertain but probably increasing amount of an indefinite poor-rate; but now, when he comes to urge on the capitalist reasons for buying the estate, he offers to guarantee *him* against that uncertain and indefinite increase. This seems to us not quite logical, and hardly fair play. The House of Lords, however, threw out the clause on the obvious ground that, unless you could limit the amount of distress, you could not with common sense pretend to limit the amount of relief. The question was well nigh making a rupture between the Houses—but by good luck the Ministers were anxious to get the session closed, and the Queen was anxious to get to Scotland for the grouse-season, and common sense was permitted to prevail—and so, we suspect, will have ended the *Plantation* of Connaught.

To wind up this long, but surely not uninteresting episode, we must add one very singular fact, most curiously relevant to the principles and the locality that we have been discussing. We find in the invaluable treasury of Arthur Young that this very same estate of Connemara had been in his day the scene of an experimental agricultural improvement and colonization, with something of the same general object that Sir Robert Peel proposed, but on, as we think, much sounder principles. The landlord of that great property was in 1776 Mr. Robert Martin, father of Mr. Richard Martin and grandfather of the late proprietor. Mr. Robert Martin, besides being in his own person an improving landlord, made an extensive and spirited effort to introduce knowledge and capital from more distant quarters. Young writes:—

'Mr. Martin has let 14,000 Irish or 22,000 English acres to Mr. Popham



Popham for three lives at no rent at all, and then for three more lives at 150*l.* a-year, and after them for sixty-one years certain at the same rent of 150*l.* And Mr. Popham has some men from *England and Leinster* already at work at improving.'—p. 229.

Here indeed was the experiment of a *plantation* in its best shape—a rational attempt to introduce '*new blood*,' as it has been ominously phrased, into Ireland on more liberal terms than any *purchaser* could afford to give—rent free for three lives, and—reckoning the chances of three lives at forty years—at less than 2*d.* an acre for one hundred more—and what has been the result? All that we can say is, that we have made local inquiries and looked through some statistical accounts of Connemara, and have not found a trace of Mr. Popham or his improvements, and Connemara is still the same or probably a more desolate and dangerous field for those '*new-blood*' experiments.

The great weight that is naturally given to Sir Robert Peel's opinion, and our own anxiety for the amelioration of Ireland, have induced us to pay more attention to this proposition than it is, we believe, intrinsically worth; and we must add that in our unfavourable opinion of it we conceive ourselves to be fortified by Sir Robert Peel's own authority, who, in the many and arduous years that he conducted the government of Ireland so honestly and ably, never made the slightest approach to any remedy of this nature.

Without wasting time in endeavouring to analyse all the component parts of the great and complicated Irish 'difficulty,' we think we may venture to assume that the intensity of the present distress, as well as the general, and we may say normal, state of destitution in which the poor have been for so long a space of time, arises, in the first and greatest degree, from their own indolence and ignorance in all agricultural pursuits—indolence under the strongest stimulus to exertion, and ignorance under the most urgent offers of instruction. Mr. Skilling, to the practical good sense and truthfulness of whose work we again appeal, gives us an epitome of the whole case of the Irish farmer in the following remarkable paragraph—the more remarkable as being from a practical, sound-headed Irishman:—

'Without knowledge and discipline, man is an indolent animal, and his sagacity is perpetually on the rack to find out *plausible excuses for his neglect*. With our Irish farmer this is particularly the case; procrastination is his great enemy; he has always some difficulty to contend with, or insurmountable obstacle in his way,—these difficulties and obstacles, in a majority of cases, his own creation. "He is rack-rented;" "he wants capital;" "his land is poor;" the "seasons unpropitious;" "his crops fail;" "the laws are adverse, or not sufficiently protective;"

protective ;" "the Government is hostile to his interests ;" he blames every body and every thing *but himself*, and his grievances are magnified and trumpeted forth on all occasions. But it is our duty to pause, and, if possible, determine where the blame rests, and whether these complaints are well founded. *His land is highly rented* ; yet he will take more of the same quality, and at the same price, if he can get it ; and he will injure or persecute a neighbour should he offer to take a portion of his trouble off his hands. *He wants capital* ; yet he will not put in requisition the parents of all capital—his hands and his soil. *His land is poor* ; yet he will not take the proper means of swelling his dung-heap—increase the quantity and house-feed his cattle. *The seasons are adverse, and his crops fail* ; yet he will not take the proper steps to counteract bad seasons—drain and deepen his land. *He calls for, and waits on new laws* ; like the waggoner in the fable, he lies in the slough and calls upon Jupiter. Thus, then, it will be found that all this formidable list of grievances—these crying evils, with a host of auxiliaries which we have not mentioned, arise from two simple causes—the man's own *ignorance* and *indolence*. These opinions and sentiments may be unpalatable to the great majority of the farmers of Ireland, but we wish to state facts, not to flatter prejudices.—*Science and Practice of Agriculture*, pp. 46, 47.

We do not believe that there is any other people in the world who, after so severe a trial from the hand of heaven and such ample help from the hand of man, would have permitted themselves to be again for the *fifth* season exposed to absolute starvation, from which a moderate degree of industry and common sense would have, in a considerable degree, if not wholly, guarded them. We admit on behalf of these poor people that the fault is not exclusively theirs. The interference of the Government in the first two seasons of the famine, well meant we cannot doubt, was incomprehensibly injudicious and incalculably mischievous. The people were starving from a special agricultural failure—the obvious precaution for the next year was a better and safer agricultural process. But no—the remedial measures of two successive Governments were to discourage and paralyse agriculture altogether. The obvious salvation of Ireland depended on the production and habitual use of bread corn. Sir Robert Peel met that by an immediate and prospective, and, as he tells us, eternal discouragement of the culture of bread corn in Ireland ; and Sir Robert Peel's Whig successors followed up the blow by a system—we beg pardon—by a *chaos* of measures of which the only consistent or intelligible principle was the mischievous one of diverting the people from the only safe and permanent resource—the cultivation of their land. They first began by that magnificent waste of money, destruction of public property and demoralization of the people—the road-mending and road-making scheme, which ruined every

every road and every neighbourhood to which it reached. They then threw away with disdain the opportunity which it seemed as if Providence had specially put into their hands to meet this peculiar emergency—that of assisting the railroad companies in local employment of the poor; an opportunity, we say, that seemed specially providential—for the work could have been carried *ad libitum* into the remotest districts—not as a job—not even as an expedient, but as a rational and profitable anticipation of work that sooner or later will and must be done; but it was proposed by their political opponent Lord George Bentinck, and this greatest and most opportune of public benefits was sacrificed to a miserable party jealousy. The objection, or rather the pretence that Lord George's proposition went to the excessive extent of sixteen millions, was at best a question not of principle, but of degree—and practically it was utterly futile; for though Lord George, in his high-minded frankness, thought it fair to state the whole amount that could *possibly* be required for *all the railways in Ireland*, it was not necessary that any such sum should be voted at once; the sixteen millions might have been spread over sixteen years, and no more voted any year than should be absolutely necessary to keep the population in work; and nearly as fast as the successive grants were employed they would begin to carry interest back into the Treasury. The expediency of this admirable idea the Government afterwards acknowledged by advances to particular railroads, which have been of the greatest advantage to the adjacent counties, and no one can now witness the few railroads in progress in Ireland without being struck with the altogether different aspect of the labouring classes in their vicinities. A friend of ours who lately saw a good deal of Ireland assured us that neither in the North nor the South did he see anything resembling active and English-like industry and *bonâ fide* labour, except by the sides of the railroads in construction.

Having thus rejected the railway proposition, the Government were driven, after some other futile palliatives, to the last fatal resource of out-of-door relief to able-bodied paupers—the very pabulum of the specific disease of apathy and indolence under which the country was languishing; and the reports of Lord Clarendon's missionaries—witnesses in this case above all suspicion—shall tell us both the prevailing disposition of the people, and what the result of this most unfortunate policy was, and, we are sorry to say, still is.

The Report\* from the county of Galway states:—

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\* By one of those strange errors for which Ireland is so remarkable, the *date of time* is omitted from the first set of these Reports published by the Society, but they were all, we presume, in the autumn of 1847.

‘ In

'In the neighbourhood of Clifden, I must say that the state of the farming classes was most afflicting; and little or nothing could be done with them in the way of instruction. They had just commenced giving out-door relief, which appeared to distract them entirely, and brought them flocking into Clifden, day after day, in search of food; *neglecting their lands and duties*. Many of them are throwing up their land in despair, seeing that they can do nothing with it, and running wild after the food; *every thing is neglected*. With few exceptions, *no one is working his land* about here; and I found it hopeless to think of making any impression on them.'—*Report*, p. 80.

'I spent near a week in that wild and desolate district west of Oughterard, and the tillage-land and whole villages of roofless houses were everywhere deserted by those who *went in search of the out-door relief*.'—p. 81.

From Donegal the Report runs:—

'The poor want also to be roused from their long-continued habits of apathy and indolence.'—p. 82.

'I have spent the last four days travelling from Glen Columbkil to Gweedore, and through all that vast district *I did not see a single spade, much less a plough*, at work, except at Lord George Hill's and Mr. Forster's, who are patterns to landlords in the way of improvement. The farmers in this part of the country are hardly able to profit by my advice; they are on the extreme verge of destitution; they never think of turning or digging their land before March; and *last year they neglected it entirely, by running to the roads and public works*, but they expressed themselves now sorry for having done so.'—p. 83.

And again—

'The arable land, if well treated, possesses most productive qualities; still, *though the rent is only nominal*, yet, from the defective state of husbandry, and the *indolence and want of industry* of the inhabitants, the ground is overrun with weeds, and the occupiers in the lowest state of destitution. By having their *attention turned so incessantly to the roads last winter*, they treated their lands with more than usual neglect, and now they are suffering for it. When reasoned with on the subject, they invariably said, "Surely it is not our fault! When the potato failed us suddenly, we were so puzzled that we didn't know what to do. We got no advice or encouragement but *to go on the roads, and 'tis now we are paying for it*. If we had only been told how to dig the land, and grow turnips last season, instead of to break stones, we would not now be so bad off as we are." This was their constant story.'—p. 84.

Here, even under a *nominal* rent, the indolence and want of industry of the people reduced them to '*the lowest state of destitution*.' What will those who lay so much blame on hard landlords and high rents say to this decisive contradiction?

It was the same in Mayo:—

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‘Three-fourths of the land from Claremorris to Crossboyle and Balindine is sadly neglected. The people, I need hardly say, are in a corresponding state of neglect and destitution. Much of this arises from want of mutual co-operation and exertion; they all appear to be watching each other; *looking out! for Government or any other aid, anything*, in fact, but *turning their minds and their labour to the land.*’—p. 91.

And in Galway:—

‘The waste of labour everywhere is melancholy. I saw upwards of seventy able-bodied men breaking stones on the public roads. The overseer said they could just as easily have dug two acres a day of the neighbouring land which *was lying idle and neglected*, if their labour was only applied to it.’—*Ibid.*, p. 113.

Nor was it better in Munster. The Report from Clare states:—

‘The tenantry of the late Francis Gore confessed that they had lost *much time by looking for public works* and assistance everywhere last year, *instead of sticking to their land*, but they saw their error now, though late.’—*Ibid.*, p. 94.

And so it was everywhere; all the measures of the Government favoured, and indeed would have created if it had not existed, the apathy, the indolence, and the desultory and desponding spirit of the people.

We have often heard this indolence denied, and a triumphant appeal has been made to the industry of the Irish in England. The fact is in some degree true, but the inference not at all. There are, no doubt, exceptions, and large exceptions, to every national character—there are improvident Scotch, lazy English, and industrious Irish—and those industrious Irish find the best market for their industry in England, where, after all, their industry is not very regular or persevering; it often flags, and would flag still oftener, but that the habits of this country will not tolerate idleness, and the Irish must either work, or starve, and be sent back to their own penal settlement. But this is not all: we believe that *money payments* have a kind of galvanic effect on most men, and in a peculiar degree on the Irish labourer. In Ireland the agricultural labourer is very rarely paid in coin by his usual master or employer; he is usually furnished with a potato patch and a cabin, for which he is bound to give so many days’ work:—

‘Labour is usually paid for with land. *Working days of Roman Catholics* may be reckoned 250 in the year, which are paid for with as much land as amounts to about 6*l.*, and the good and bad master is distinguished by the land being let at a high or a low rent.’—*Young’s Tour*, p. 240.

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That is, as Young subsequently and frequently explains, a good master would estimate the value of the tenant's labour at 6*d.* or 8*d.* a-day—a bad one, at only 5*d.* or even 4*d.* We have no distinct information as to what modification of these rates the change of prices and times may have introduced, but we believe that when work is done by independent labourers the scale is now from 8*d.* to 1*s.* a-day: the principle, however, of this worst species of truck system—of paying for labour in land—is still, except as far as the potato-blight may have disturbed it, a common practice. It is obvious that such a mode of remuneration—always distant and problematical, never present and tangible—would act apathetically on minds even more naturally industrious than the Irish. We suspect that even the busy intellects of English Lawyers or Doctors would not long resist the lazy influence of such a system of *set-offs* against fees.

The utter ignorance in which the Irish peasantry remain, even after the severe lessons of the last four years, of a *money-value* for their labour, is strikingly exhibited in some of the Reports:—

‘When I explained to them how they could easily, by garden culture alone, and a proper system of successional crops, make their ground yield as much vegetables as would feed their families, and be worth ten shillings a perch yearly, *they seemed astonished.*’—p. 82.

‘Their English employer, Mr. Russell, of Dunlewy, county of Donegal, also confirmed what I said, and stated that he had not a man in his employment upon whose labour, judiciously applied as it now was, he had not nearly two shillings a day profit. This plain statement, thus corroborated by their employer, though against his own interest, [cruel, selfish Englishman!] appeared to make a great impression on them, and to give them an idea of the *value of their manual labour and exertions, which they never had before thought of.*’—pp. 83, 84.

And that the *money-payment* is the most powerful antidote to their indolence appears in a variety of instances. Arthur Young says—as the still earlier authorities had said—that ‘nothing but absolute hunger would make them work;’ and we find in the Reports from North to South such statements as these of alternate indolence and industry, and their causes:—

In Donegal—

‘the people are most backward and indolent in working for themselves and on their own lands, but willing enough to *work for strangers for any sort of payment.*’—p. 85.

In Cork—

‘I regret to say, that the farmers here show the greatest unwillingness to exert themselves; they require to be roused and excited, and *are all shirking the labour on their own lands.* One gentleman told me he had a farmer working with him *as a labourer*, who owned forty acres

of land. He had done nothing with it last year, and less this year. Anything in fact but exertion on their own holdings. The consequence is, that all the country between this and Dunmanway looks poor and neglected in the extreme: you see two houses in ruins for one that you see standing or inhabited.'—p. 111.

We therefore conclude that one of the first things to be done for overcoming the natural indolence of these people is a system of *money-payments* for labour. It is, as we know even by our experience in England, the only safe security for agricultural or indeed any other industry; and we are glad to find in the Reports a remarkable instance of what we hope may turn out to be a successful adoption of this principle:—

‘I found a large collection of people hard at work on the Earl of Lucan’s estate, who had been obliged to *give up their small farms*, and were now fully employed by *him as labourers* in levelling, clearing, draining, and preparing the land for sowing, in the most approved manner.’—p. 92.

Whether the potato is to continue the staple food of the people or not—we consider the introduction of a system of money-wages as of the most vital importance. Nothing else, we are satisfied, can create habits of regular industry, or place them beyond the frequent inflictions of famine. They must be taught to go to market *with* their produce—and *for* their food. If produce be cheap, so in general will food be—if food grows dear, it is because produce has risen and wages will rise; and thus, by a grand sliding scale, work and sustenance will eventually, after some short oscillations, compensate and counterbalance each other. Whereas the man who lives upon his own produce must die, as the Irish have been doing these three years past, if that produce happen accidentally to fail. It is now therefore that a great and general effort should be made to introduce money-wages into Ireland, and eradicate the lazy reliance on the domestic potato-culture. The recurrence of the blight this year, which now seems beyond doubt, should, and we hope will, afford an additional stimulus to a more varied and safer system of agriculture and aliment. We are not of those who fear, and still less of those who hope, that the potato may never thrive again. We cannot despair to that extreme of either vegetable or human nature. Providence will not extirpate one of its most valuable gifts, and Ireland, it is to be hoped, may be taught so to use that gift as to derive from it plenty and comfort, instead of famine and ruin. The result of all this is, that the salvation of Ireland—its regeneration—its very existence, depend not on political, nor legal, nor even on administrative experiments, miscalled reforms, but on the first and most urgent, and we had almost

almost said exclusive, duty, the agricultural improvement of both the people and the land. They are inseparable ; either will produce the other, and the same processes will put both the land and the people into what the English farmers emphatically call *better heart*.

This is no new doctrine : it has been inculcated by every writer from the earliest days down to our own, but hitherto almost in vain. Spenser's first statement on this point is remarkable :—

‘The first thing, therefore, that we are to draw these [the Irish peasantry] into ought to be husbandry—husbandry being the nurse of thrift and the daughter of industry and labour. To which end there is a statute in Ireland (25 Hen. VI.) already well provided, which commandeth that all the sonnes of husbandmen shall be trained up in their father's trade: *but it is, God wot, very slenderly executed.*’—*State of Ireland*, p. 247.

We have already alluded to the efforts which have been made for a century back by individual gentlemen at agricultural improvement, and we have had to deplore the little permanent advantage of so many benevolent and at first promising attempts. We should therefore have very small confidence in a better result nowadays—if the circumstances continued the same. But the circumstances of the people are essentially changed for the *better*—and for the *worse*—but both in favour of amendment:—the first is, that there is certainly a greater spread of information on such subjects, which is attributed, not without reason, to the increased intercourse of the lower orders with England and the English ; and the latter is that successive failure of four—we fear we may say five—potato crops, which has completed the ruin of the poor, broken down their confidence and reliance on the lazy root, and disposed them to take an entirely new view of their condition and prospects. We have received, on the authority of one of the most distinguished, intelligent, and influential friends of Ireland, the following statement, which will, we believe, very much surprise any one who remembers Ireland only five years ago :—

‘The expulsion of landlords and the appropriation of the land by the occupiers used to be a favourite topic with all agitators ; but very little of that has been heard of late, and no one who has not made extensive and accurate inquiry can be aware of the change that has taken place in the last three years on this point. *With the loss of the potato has disappeared the intense desire for land, which is no longer with them the first necessary of life ; and everywhere the peasants, and even some who call themselves farmers, would thankfully relinquish their three or four acres in return for regular money-wages, and become, what they ought to be, labourers with allotments of a quarter of an acre.*’



This is the best news we have heard out of Ireland for half a century, and every effort should undoubtedly be made to encourage and extend so happy a revolution of opinion. The most—if not the only—effective engine of encouragement to this feeling is such agricultural instruction as shall teach the peasantry that the substitution of a variety and rotation of crops, in lieu of the old and worn-out potato-system, will not only largely increase the produce of the soil, but assure to themselves in regular money-wages a degree of comfort that they never have had—nor could have, even if the potato were never to be blighted.

A regular system of agricultural instruction should be established in Ireland; and, under the circumstances of that country, this can only be effectually done by the intervention of the Government. A few gentlemen have had for some time past professed agriculturists attached to their estates, but Lord Clarendon has the merit of having first thought of a general system of itinerant official instructors. The urgency of the case he had to deal with, the exiguity of the means in his hands, and, we may add, the absence of anything like coercive authority, obliged him to make his experiment on a narrow and temporary scale. Its success and practical utility, however, as far as it has gone, will, we trust, induce the Government and the Legislature to give permanence and extension to what Lord Clarendon has begun almost, as it seems, in his individual character. But before we enter into any further details on that subject, we are desirous of calling our reader's attention to some institutions for agricultural instruction which preceded the potato failure, and, of course, Lord Clarendon's intervention, but which have been or may be made auxiliary to it.

The earliest agricultural school that we remember to have heard of in these countries is that of Templemoyle, about six miles from the city of Londonderry; and as this school has been, we believe, made the example of some, and may be, we hope, of many others, we shall say a few words on its advantages, and shall also notice some errors which, we think, ought to be amended there, and avoided elsewhere.

It was founded in the year 1827 by some public-spirited gentlemen, who, after a short and favourable experiment on a small scale, removed the establishment to its present more extended site, where they hired from the Grocers' Company in London, the proprietors of the surrounding estate, 172 acres of indifferent land at about 10s. an acre. Here they erected buildings for the residence and accommodation of masters, pupils, and attendants, with suitable offices for the farm; and here they professed to educate seventy young men in a complete succession of agricultural work  
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and knowledge, from the lowest manual labour to the nicer practices and higher considerations of the art; and, at the same time, in arithmetic, algebra, elementary mathematics, and the theory and practice of surveying—in short, in all that would fit their pupils for the ultimate object proposed, of making them superior agricultural servants—bailiffs, and land-stewards, by whose acquirements individual estates might be benefited, and a general system of good cultivation and management diffused through the country at large. The necessary capital was raised by donations from the Grocers' and another of the London Companies and some Agricultural Associations, and by 130 shares of 25*l.* each from private subscribers; and the current expenses are defrayed by a few private subscriptions—10*l.* a year from each pupil—and therewith, *we presume*, the produce of the farm. The idea was admirable, and the interior management seems to be excellent; but the result, though considered brilliantly successful in Ireland, where even half successes are very rare, seems to us, as plain men of business, not quite so satisfactory.

The following is the Return of the ultimate disposal of 427 youths who passed through this *Agricultural Seminary* from its foundation to 1843:—

|                                                     |     |                                                |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-----|------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Employed at home in agricultural pursuits . . . . . | 173 | Brought forward . . . . .                      | 220 |
| Land-stewards . . . . .                             | 36  | Shopkeepers . . . . .                          | 13  |
| Land-surveyors . . . . .                            | 2   | Clerks . . . . .                               | 11  |
| Assistant land-agents . . . . .                     | 2   | Schoolmasters . . . . .                        | 4   |
| Assistant county-surveyors . . . . .                | 2   | Employment unknown . . . . .                   | 78  |
| Gardeners . . . . .                                 | 3   | Emigrated to America or the colonies . . . . . | 93  |
| Agriculturist . . . . .                             | 1   | Deceased . . . . .                             | 8   |
| Master of an agricultural school . . . . .          | 1   |                                                |     |
|                                                     |     | Total . . . . .                                | 427 |
| Carried forward . . . . .                           | 220 |                                                |     |

It appears by this table, that out of 427 pupils, only 220—little more than one-half—have in any degree fulfilled the original object of the institution; and that, of these, the number that have attained anything like the *superior* agricultural position for which they were *all* designed has been but 46; while, on the other hand, we find the alarming numbers and designation of '78—*employments not known*' and '93—*emigrated to America or the colonies*;' making a total of 171—or *two-fifths* of the whole number—lost to the purposes for which they were educated. And here we have a remarkable instance of that unfortunate peculiarity of the Irish character which we have so often had to regret—and which it seems the most intelligent and sober-minded men (even in grave and cautious Ulster) cannot escape—of palliating and defending mistakes and failures, instead of endeavouring by an honest confession and vigorous resistance to check and correct them.

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This large diversion of so many of the pupils from the professed objects of the institution is held out in the Report of the Committee as a most auspicious circumstance.

‘The distribution of the pupils after the termination of their schooling is deserving of particular attention, as affording *evidence of the extent of its utility*;—and here there will be found a *more varied application of their acquired knowledge than might have been anticipated*; for—although the seminary was originally designed for the education of young men destined for agricultural pursuits—several individuals have availed themselves of the advantages derived from the course of instruction there pursued to qualify themselves for other avocations.’—*Report*, p. 11.

Thus, by a legerdemain at which Ireland is so conspicuously dexterous, the abuse of an institution becomes its prominent title to support and approbation. What would be thought, in *England*, of a *marine* society for the education of youths for the superior duties of the mercantile navy, which should *boast* that, out of 427 boys, they had produced but 46 masters and mates and 176 common seamen—while 28 had enlisted in dragoon regiments, 78 had gone the Lord knows where, and 93 had entered the *American* service? Yet this would be a parallel case. Would it not have been better if the Committee had candidly stated its regret—not its satisfaction—at so extensive a departure from the professed purposes of the establishment? It is obvious that they cannot prevent occasional deviations, nor exercise any direct control over the ulterior pursuits of their pupils; but, instead of applauding, as ‘*evidence of the extended utility of the school*,’ what, if persisted in, will destroy its *special* utility, they should rather have recommended to the subscribers a more scrupulous selection of nominees, and have inculcated in the future management of the school itself a more vigilant endeavour to cultivate an *agricultural* disposition among the pupils, and to release, in good time, from the institution those who may be visibly disinclined or unfitted for that walk of life.

We are very far from undervaluing the addition of even 46 intelligent superintendents, or of 173 practical agriculturalists of secondary qualifications, in a country so much in need of instruction—but we think that it is but a scanty harvest *housed* compared with what was *grown*. Nor are we quite satisfied with the financial results as given in the Committee’s Report. The expense of the establishment (exclusive of any allowance for interest on capital) is about 940*l.* a-year, while the produce of the farm *sold* is stated at less than 170*l.* The capital expended seems to have been about 6000*l.*, which, at the moderate interest of 4 per cent., must be charged at 240*l.* per annum, so that, *on the face of the account*, it would appear that this model

model farm costs 1200*l.* a-year, and produces only 170*l.* This, we conclude, can only mean that 170*l.* worth of produce was sold *over and above what was consumed in the establishment*. But if this be so, is it not a more than Hibernian mode of exhibiting an account to omit so important an item? And it seems the stranger when we find on the debtor side of the account 150*l.* charged for beef and potatoes *bought*, and no credit taken on the other for any beef or potatoes, or indeed any other aliment, *supplied* from the farm. These may seem to some readers small criticisms, or at best uninteresting details, but we think them very curious exemplifications of the mode in which business is done even in the best parts of Ireland—and they lead us to regret that, of the eleven *clerks* which the seminary has turned out, it had not retained one or two to exhibit its own accounts in a more intelligible shape, and to show to its patrons and the public whether there is any and what degree of farming profit to be made by the improved processes of Templemoyle. We have heard privately, as well as from Mr. Thackeray (*Sketch Book*, ii. 292), that the institution is thriving and very popular, and we heartily wish it in its strict agricultural character still greater success, and that so laudable a design may find proselytes and imitators in every county in Ireland. To which good ends we hope and believe we are contributing not more by applauding the design than by warning the benevolent managers of Templemoyle of the danger of its degenerating from its original object, and of the expediency of showing, as distinctly as the case will admit of, the practical results, in point of produce, of the system they teach; and above all we would warn them against the error so common on the other side of the Channel, of mistaking—as the passage we have quoted seems to do—failure for success and loss for profit.\*

But Templemoyle and such institutions could at best have but a limited and gradual effect; there is need for a more extensive and more powerful impulse and influence—something of a wider school for both landlords and tenants. These have been heretofore attempted with no remarkable success. There is an old institution called the ‘Dublin Society,’ which has been long employed in developing the industrial resources of Ireland, but neither its sphere nor its means have been sufficiently large, nor, as it would seem, the organization sufficiently active, to wrestle with such extensive and inveterate agricultural mismanagement. There was also, as we before mentioned, a general ‘Farming Society of Ireland,’ promoted chiefly by the first Marquis of Sligo, whose well-meant

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\* Our alarm for the *agricultural* character of Templemoyle is not allayed by finding that at the last Annual Examination (6th Sept.) 160 prizes were awarded in the literary classes of the school, and 6 *only* in *agriculture*!

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and well-judged, and for a time successful efforts at improvement are now only reproachfully remembered by their ruins (*ante*, p. 517). Of this Society we read in a 'Picture of Dublin' (1821):—

'The happy results of this excellent institution are the best proofs of the wisdom, zeal, and perseverance with which the Committee have managed the business of the institution. A parliamentary grant of 5000*l.* a-year, with several subscriptions and donations, constitute the funds of this Society, and the *salaries of its officers and servants amount to 1000*l.* a-year.*'—*Pict. of Dublin*, p. 192.

What has become of this 'excellent Institution'?—We know not. Perhaps the last item subjected it to the scythe of public economy, and doomed it to the fate of so many other fruitless attempts at the improvement of Irish farming. But in 1841 there appeared a new Association—destined, we hope, for a long and happy existence. The readers of 'The Irish Sketch-Book' will recollect with pleasure and respect a certain '*Mr. P—*,' dwelling at a place called '*H—*,' whose house, farm, and establishment afforded so striking a contrast with all that Mr. Thackeray saw elsewhere in Ireland, and in whose company and carriage, driven by the good-humoured owner four-in-hand, was accomplished the journey from Dublin to Cork, the details of which are so amusing and, as we think, so instructive. This gentleman was *Mr. Purcell of Halverstown* in the county of Kildare, an eminent mail-coach contractor and a farmer on a large scale: and he and his place well deserved the minute and lively portraiture by Mr. Thackeray, which we are sorry not to be able to quote *in extenso*. Mr. Purcell was, we are informed, a self-educated man, of a clear head and good understanding, with great industry and perseverance. He early saw in theory, and soon reduced into practice, the means by which alone individuals and nations can prosper; and after having given in his own case an example of prosperous farming, he, towards the close of 1840, set on foot 'The Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland;' in the prospectus of which the most important object was the establishment of *Schools* of practical agriculture. How far that was carried out we know not—we fear not far—though the parent society had in 1845 one hundred and ten provincial offsets. Mr. Purcell died in 1846; and we are informed that the Society seemed likely to suffer by his loss, when—fortunately we hope for the eventual improvement of Irish agriculture—Lord Clarendon became, as Lord Lieutenant, Vice-Patron of the Society. Never, we suppose, was any man called so suddenly to such arduous duties as the state of Ireland at that moment imposed on the new Lord Lieutenant; and the at once absurd and mischievous legislation which he had

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to carry into execution aggravated all the difficulties it was meant to alleviate. We are glad—however we may differ from his Lordship's political views—to concur in the approbation, so general both in England and Ireland, of the ability, discretion, and conciliatory temper with which, in all that fell within his own personal responsibility, he has conducted himself throughout this terrible and protracted crisis. But the most important, as we think, of his proceedings, was the simple, yet, we may almost say, grand idea of meeting the agricultural danger by the immediate application of agricultural instruction. Such institutions as Templemoyle, had there been one in every county, and the 'Schools' contemplated by the Agricultural Society, if in full operation, could not have helped the present emergency; but just at the close of the harvest of 1847—the critical time when English farmers begin to prepare for the next year's crops and Irish farmers do nothing at all—Lord Clarendon had the lucky thought of sending out to some of the most distressed districts agricultural instructors to exhort the poor people and give them practical lessons in preparing such species and modes of culture as might tend to relieve them from their exclusive dependence on the precarious potato. Lord Clarendon very judiciously determined on making the Agricultural Improvement Society the medium of this experiment, and on the 23rd of September, 1847, he addressed a letter to the Duke of Leinster, its President, in which, after stating his general object, he enters into a short but comprehensive view of the means of communicating this instruction in the first instance throughout Munster and Connaught, where it was most urgently necessary, by itinerant practical lecturers in communication with the local Agricultural Societies and the neighbouring landed proprietors.

Our readers who recollect the millions so injudiciously squandered in Ireland in that year, will wonder at the difficulty that Lord Clarendon had in providing the very modest sum necessary for his first experiment.

'For carrying out those objects, there will, of course, be funds required; and I believe that for so much as may safely be undertaken on the present occasion, the sum of 300*l.* will be required. I am aware that the Agricultural Society possesses no funds applicable to this purpose; and unfortunately, in the present condition of the public revenue, *it would be in vain to look to the Government for any grant.* I cannot, however, believe that for carrying out so important and so beneficial an object, as diffusing that agricultural knowledge upon which the very safety of the country now depends, the noblemen and gentlemen, who, under your Grace's presidency, have already done so much, would hesitate to give their pecuniary assistance. I shall with pleasure myself contribute the sum of 50*l.*, which I shall place in your hands,

hands, provided the residue be made up by your Grace and others, and applied to the purposes that I have suggested in this communication.'—*Transactions*, p. 65.

'*In vain to look for 300*l.* to the Government*'—that Government which was wasting hundreds of thousands on public mischiefs, mis-called public works, and which was, that very season, worse than wasting ten times 300*l.* in plans for disfiguring one House of Parliament with the monstrosities of what they call *art*, and for poisoning the other with farcical quackeries of ventilation. The pecuniary difficulty, however, was got over by the subscription suggested by Lord Clarendon, and by a sum of 350*l.*, the balance of 500*l.* which had been advanced to the Agricultural Society by Lord Heytesbury, who, during his Viceroyalty, had already seen the value of that Institution, and now willingly placed that sum at its disposal for this new object. Thirty noblemen and gentlemen followed Lord Clarendon's subscription of 50*l.* with various sums amounting to about 1000*l.*; and when Lord Clarendon found that the subscription—including Lord Heytesbury's—only amounted to something short of 1500*l.*, he at once guaranteed 1000*l.* more. With these means twenty-nine or thirty practical Instructors were immediately despatched into as many of the most distressed districts of the West and South—and with, as far as we can at present judge, the happiest effect, and at no greater expense than in 1847, of 340*l.*; and in 1848, of 498*l.* Never, we can venture to assert, was so great a prospect opened at so small an expense. Our readers have already seen, by our former extracts, the state of apathy and despair in which the Instructors found some of their districts. We must now, in order to give them any adequate idea of the real state of Ireland, exhibit a few instances, from different localities, of their agricultural condition. The people did not even know how to dig their ground.

'Saw them only digging the furrows and shovelling the clay on the ridges; but I made them go to the brow of the ridge and dig it *into* the furrow, and cut it all through, and give the entire soil the benefit of the exposure; and when they saw I was right, they took it kindly, and promised to commence [—in the year 1847!—] a proper system of cultivation.'—*ib.* p. 73.

'I saw one man digging his stubbles about *four inches deep*; asked him "why he didn't go deeper?" and he said, "there wasn't a man in the townland was giving his land such a digging." I then dug some for him, and turned up some new soil, six inches under that he was scribbling at, *rich loamy earth, that he never had disturbed before.*'—p. 74.

'I also instructed the labourers *how to hold their spades* or forks, and to dig the land deeply and properly; . . . and I took the spade in my hand and *showed them how to use it*, and to *turn up acres of fine new virgin*

virgin soil, which never saw the light before. They appeared civil and thankful for my advice, and took it kindly.'—p. 75.

And so every where: one of the Instructors adding, 'that the very construction of their implements is calculated to prevent such labour.' (p. 109.) Could it have been imagined that in the district of Lismore, on the fertile banks of

'Sweet Avonduff, which of the Englishman  
Is called Blackwater,'

studded with the residences of noblemen and gentlemen in a profusion unequalled, we believe, in any other similar space in the empire—could it, we say, be believed that in this vale, which may be almost called the garden of Ireland, the people did not even know how to plant cabbages!

'They listened civilly and attentively, and when some of them complained of want of food, I showed them that if each of them only planted a few cabbages in time, they would be turning up for them in a few weeks, and afford them and their families immediate relief, until the other things come in; and it was gratifying to see them in the evening, returning from the fair of Ballyduff, with large bundles of cabbage plants on their backs, and stopping me all along the road to give them advice respecting them.'—p. 104.

As to agricultural processes, the foregoing extracts sufficiently describe their lazy and superficial preparation for the eternal harvest of potatoes and oats. And then, when harvest is gathered in, weeds and all, in a most slovenly way, the whole country seems to go to sleep for the winter, and nothing whatever is done with the land till March or April following, when the same wretched system of '*scribbling*' the surface for scanty crops is renewed. (p. 84 *et passim*.)

Politicians, partizans, and *littérateurs* write tirades on what they call the monster evils and monster miseries of Ireland. Here are—as we are forced to say at every step—here are the real monster evil and misery:—indolence and ignorance—and now starvation. Every candid writer and thinking man had seen this, though in most instances as through a glass darkly; Englishmen, suspecting their own imperfect acquaintance with the country, hesitated to exhibit the whole truth—the Irish, blinded by their nationality, would not see it—or, when it forced itself upon them, either intrepidly defended the error or threw the blame on *Tenterden steeple* or any other scapegoat. It was reserved for Lord Clarendon to make an authoritative exposure of the evil, and to apply something of an authoritative remedy to the disease.

Is it also reserved for him alone to be successful? The failure of so many attempts in so many quarters and on so many scales—some of the most promising of which have hardly left a wreck behind—

is



is a great discouragement ; but when we recollect that this is the first time that the failure of the potato itself—the root of most of the evil—has left an opening for improvement ;—that this is the first time in which instruction has been brought into actual contact with the actual labourer—carried into the field to him, like his food, and more invigorating than his food—and when we find that the reports, which we have seen up to the 1st of September, all concur in stating a considerable advance in cultivation, and an extent of turnip, bean, mangel, and swede crop that will be sensibly felt in any circumstances, and most valuably if there should be, as we fear, any extent of potato failure :—when, we say, we consider all these facts, we cannot but indulge a hope that a happier day has dawned upon Ireland, and that a larger (but not otherwise more expensive) system of agricultural instruction may be permanently established and diffused, not through a few southern and western districts alone, but over the whole country—for though the cultivation of Connaught and Munster is pre-eminently bad, parts of Ulster and Leinster are little better, and, in truth, there is no part of the island, of which we have any knowledge, that is not open to incalculable improvement.

Very much, however—more than we are willing to think of—will depend on a circumstance already slightly alluded to, but deserving of the gravest and most anxious consideration—the cooperation of the Roman-Catholic Clergy. Lord Clarendon's missionaries seem to have been, as we have already intimated, selected and instructed with the object of conciliating the priesthood ; and, generally speaking, they appear to have been well and in many cases cordially received by them ; but we think we see indications that this feeling was not universal, and we confess our apprehensions that the project is too tranquillizing, too civilizing, too likely to improve the self-reliance and personal independence of the peasantry, to be really grateful to the large body of clerical incendiaries who have hitherto exercised and do still exercise so vast an influence in Ireland.

We very reluctantly admit such apprehensions, and, strong as they must be in every mind that knows anything of Ireland, we should on this occasion have suppressed them—but for a new and remarkable feature which has now been added to the case, and as to which these reverend gentlemen must, we think, accept a large share of responsibility—we mean the dishonest and outrageous removal of the crops in order to avoid the payment of rent and rates. This practice, revived from the old Whiteboy time, has within the last few weeks prevailed to a disgraceful and—with regard to the spirit that prompts or *permits* it—we may say alarming extent.

It

It seems that, by a strange defect in the law, this robbery, for such it really is, cannot be legally stopped on a Sunday, and it is on the Sabbath therefore that these outrages are committed with impunity; but will any man believe that the Priests, who on other occasions are so ready to proclaim their undoubted influence over their flocks (*see* the extracts we shall give hereafter from the *Nation*), could not, if they chose it, prevent this audacious profanation of the Sabbath? If they tell us that the people will not obey them in this matter, they will force us to conclude that their boasted power is only for mischief, and that they are impotent for good.

We have expressed our unwillingness to attenuate in any degree the praise that Lord Clarendon's *civil* administration eminently deserves by any criticism on the *political* errors which his party imposes on him; but in reference to this important subject we cannot refrain from stating that the various steps taken by the Government to which he belongs to affront the Established Church and to flatter and cajole the Roman-Catholic clergy, are signs and tokens of a miserable policy, the result of which will be a miserable failure. We have already expressed on every occasion our approbation of paying a due respect to that priesthood, and we have urged, with whatever power of reasoning or persuasion we may possess, that no measure of improvement—not even agricultural instruction—will or can be successful until that body is made independent in pecuniary circumstances and brought into harmony and closer contact with the state; but that is not to be done by unworthy truckling to their bigotry or their vanity—by insulting the Protestant Constitution of the country—and by, as happened on the Queen's visit, giving undue countenance and illegal rank, style, and precedence to the Roman Catholic prelacy, who, however, so little valued the ostentatious condescension which the Sovereign was thus advised to lavish on them, that they declined to acknowledge it *as a body*, and that a bare majority of *one* consented to present, as individuals only, an address to the Queen.

It was for about three weeks the fashion in Ireland to declaim on the vast benefit that the Queen's visit was to do there. We believe whatever effect it may have had is the very reverse of good. We have already lamentable indications that it has not reclaimed the turbulent and treasonable spirit which had been alternately smouldering and blazing for full fifty years. The English connexion and Constitution have not gained one friend, while the conduct that hereditary and official Whigs prescribed to her Majesty could not but create some alarm and more dissatisfaction amongst the old and tried friends of her family and crown—the Protestants  
of

of all denominations—the English garrison of Ireland—in whose eyes a series of trifles that were called accidents—though all those *accidents* tended, unluckily, the same way—gave a kind of additional sharpness to the hostile countenance of her Ministers. But exclusive of these considerations, we remember the delusive hopes that the visit of George IV. excited. For the benefit of our younger readers, we shall transcribe from that grave authority, the *Annual Register* for 1821, part of the account of that visit, which seems to have been adopted as a mould in which the Ministerial jubilations on the late occasion have been cast.

‘ On the 17th of July *His Majesty* made his public entry into Dublin amidst the most extraordinary and rapturous demonstrations of public enthusiasm that ever a sovereign received from his subjects.

‘ The very first announcement of the King’s intention to come to Ireland had been received in that country with symptoms of the utmost exultation. All classes, and, what is more, all parties, participated in the feeling, and seemed anxious to bury their political and religious differences in the expression of their common attachment to the King. Party and sect, the two fatal words that involve all that is most perplexing in the political distemper of Ireland, were for the moment wholly forgotten; Protestant and Catholic met for the first time in amity, animated by a common feeling and a common purpose. There can be no doubt that a better order of things was then prepared,’ &c. &c.—*Annual Register*, 1821, p. 210.

This was the statement of the sober historian of the *Annual Register*; but he gives the following more glowing prophecy from the *Dublin Evening Post*—a print which, writing in the days of Liverpool and Londonderry, he describes as the ‘organ of the Anti-Ministerial—we might almost say the Anti-English—party in Ireland.’ After some slight allusion to the advantage to trade from the visit of George IV., that *Post* of 1821 proceeded:—

‘ But this visit will have a wider and deeper operation. Its beneficial effects are felt already. It has been the *harbinger of conciliation*. In the course of three short weeks greater strides have been made to allay faction—to remove prejudices—to diminish feuds—to decrease the ill blood generated by a collision of opposite sentiments—in short, to conciliate and unite in the bonds of one interest and one loyalty, than all the exertions of good and wise men had been able to accomplish in thirty years. *No King that ever reigned has rendered such a service as this to Ireland*; if our factions, losing all their asperities, shall ultimately be melted into one feeling of devotion to the sovereign, and of rational attachment to the country, posterity *will attribute this blessed work* to the Fourth King of the Brunswick line—to the First King that ever visited Ireland in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious peace:’—

with much more in the same style which the *Evening Post* of to-day

to-day has in substance repeated in honour of Queen Victoria. But with what result in either case? In the very next page of the *Annual Register* that contains those halcyon prognostics we find—

‘It is matter of regret that we cannot here close our account of Irish affairs for the present year, but the King had hardly reached England on his return, when with him came intelligence that in several counties acts of violence had been committed which, from their nature and frequency, too clearly indicated the renewal of a system of outrage which had so often disgraced the peasantry of that kingdom.’—*Annual Register*, 1821, p. 222.

The Queen is not yet come back to England—(we are writing on the 26th of September)—but in every other point the tragic epilogue to the melo-dramatic farce is the same to-day as it was then.

Sir George Grey, who accompanied the Queen to Ireland, and whom we cannot congratulate either on what he did prepensively, or on the *accidents* which he permitted to happen, has been more unlucky than the ministers of George IV., who were too prudent to pledge themselves for the Royal visit’s tranquillising Ireland. On his way home Sir George Grey stopped at Newcastle to dine with his constituents, and on that occasion he made a speech, in which he enlarged on the conciliatory and tranquillising effects of Her Majesty’s visit, and on his own proud privilege of witnessing them.

‘Ah luckless speech and bootless boast!’—

for the very next mail brought from Ireland accounts of extensive conspiracies and rebellious outbreaks of the same kind as those that followed equally close upon the visit of George IV.

And why should it not be so? The triumphant tone in which Sir George Grey and all the numerous organs of the Ministers affect to cry up *this* Royal Visit and its consequences, obliges us to say that the visit had nothing in its character that was calculated to produce any better effect than that of George IV.—nay, that no one could have rationally anticipated even so much from it—and that, in point of fact, its *feu de paille* has already burned out.

The Irish, whatever other defects may be imputed to them, have no deficiency of shrewdness; they are, if not the most penetrating, at least the sharpest people in the world; and it required less than their sagacity to draw comparisons between the two royal visits, not altogether favourable to the latter. George IV.’s visit to Ireland was early, gracious, and official—he was crowned at Westminster on the 19th of July, 1821, and—feeling it to be his *next* sovereign duty to extend to his Irish subjects the grace of his royal presence—he set out for Dublin *within a fortnight*

*fortnight* after the coronation. Queen Victoria was crowned in June, 1838. She has in successive years visited her husband's relations in Germany—the King of the Belgians at Brussels—and the King of the French at his country seat in Normandy. She has visited her ancient kingdom of Scotland—once in state, and twice with less ceremony; and now—*after eleven years*—happening to have to pass the coast of Ireland on her way to a sporting box in Scotland, She is advised that it will be hardly decent to pass the very door of so touchy a neighbour without just '*looking in.*' Is it from a visit so tardy, so casual, so hurried, and in all (except her Majesty's own personal deportment) so ungracious, that we are to expect the regeneration of Ireland? Those who think so must have, indeed, a very low opinion of either the taste or intellect of the whole Irish people.

But we know that all this has not escaped the quick-sighted and sensitive Irish. They were amused by the novelty of what they already call 'a tawdry pageant' in their deserted and sickly streets—they were struck, perhaps, with something of instinctive reverence to the Sovereign, and more of national gallantry towards an august Lady. The female crowd—the ragged one in the background as well as the gay one in front—were charmed with the manly figure of the Prince. Indeed, the whole people could not fail to be attracted and conciliated by the personal advantages and gracious deportment of her Majesty and her royal Consort. The Irish are naturally apt to boil over—they boiled over for George IV., and they have boiled over for Queen Victoria; but the froth and bubbles were in the latter case rather lighter, and have been, we believe, even more evanescent than in the former. In estimating popular impressions, trifles otherwise inconsiderable are worth notice—even the poetry of *Punch* is a straw which indicates how the wind blows, and the following stanzas of an address from '*Hibernia to Victoria*' are but a paraphrase of what may be read in treasonable prose in some Irish papers:—

'They talk mighty big of the good that will come  
From your kindly *look-in* on poor PAT in his home:—  
So list while I tell, what 's less pleasant than true,  
*What sights you ne'er saw—what your visit can't do.*  
You saw me, *Asthore*,\* in my moment of mirth—  
Not crouched in my dwellin' of darkness and dearth;  
You heard the loud cheers of my young and my old—  
Not their moans for the hunger—their cry for the cold.  
You walked in my palaces, *Cushla-ma-cree*,\*  
But divil a cabin, at all, did ye see;

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\* Irish terms of endearment: '*Precious*'—'*Joy of my heart.*' We have Anglicised the Irish spelling of the original.

You took bite and sup from my aldermen's dish,  
But not the black roots from my cottager's *kish*.\*

You could toss the poor beggar a morsel of mate,  
But you can't lift the pauper to man's true estate ;  
You could smile on my sons, *but not teach them to know*  
*The sins that they do, and the duties they owe.*

Sure, it's sorry I'd be, Dear, for aught upon earth,  
To dash with a sorrow the light of your mirth ;  
'Tis love true and loyal, that thus brings to view  
*What sights you ne'er saw—what your visit can't do !*'

These comments are indeed 'less pleasant than true,' and Ministers would have acted more discreetly in not provoking them by their silly glorifications.

Let us give a less painful example of the value of the ideas of Ireland which her Majesty was likely to carry away. There is no crop in that fertile land from north to south so plentiful as the weed Ragwort—in Ireland called Benweed and Ragweed (*Senecio Jacobæa*)—too often to be seen even in England in some neglected pastures and in all hedges. In Arthur Young's time it could hardly have been so general a plague in Ireland as it now is, for he mentions it as the peculiar deformity of two or three localities. If he were at this day to travel from Lough Foyle to Bantry Bay, he would, we believe, scarcely find a grass-field, beyond a gentleman's demesne, that is not—as Mr. Howitt tells us of the neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown (see *ante*, p. 525)—overrun with it, or with rushes, or with both. If a traveller should venture to notice this miraculous crop to an Irish farmer, his first impulse would be to deny its existence ; but if, on this denial, you take him into one of his own fields and show it to him *up to his knees*, he then defends it as a useful vegetable, and tells you 'the cattle like it.' When you venture to observe, in reply, that if the cattle liked it they would hardly suffer it to grow so hard and tall, while all the other vegetation of the field was eaten bare, he has another excuse, that 'it is very conducive to the growth of the other herbage by spreading its roots along the surface and levigating the mould.' To which—if you could bring yourself to give a grave answer—you might say that it was in fact the very reverse, and not only a sad eyesore, but a great exhauster of the soil. Well ; this universal ragweed was, of course, to be found in its usual yellow abundance in her Majesty's own park, the Phoenix—and we wonder what stranger eye it was—we suspect the Lord Lieutenant's, or some other dainty Englishman's—that thought a crop of ragweed an unseemly harvest to exhibit to her Majesty in her

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\* The potato basket.

own ornamental park. Somebody, whoever it was, gave orders (which must have made the Irish park-keepers stare) to mow and remove the ragweed from the probable reach of the Royal eye. So it was mowed; and if her Majesty should happen to detect ragwort in some corner of Windsor Park, she may say, 'I saw nothing like *that* in tidy, well-cultivated Ireland.'

Another more significant mark of the inefficacy of the royal visit is, that it was immediately followed by the reappearance of the *Nation* newspaper, the organ of the Young-Ireland rebels, suppressed when they were put down, and now within ten days of the Queen's visit revived with a spirit of sedition deeper and bolder, and expressed with not less vigour and ability than in its former state. Its editor, Mr. Duffy, has been twice tried for his share in the Smith O'Brien rebellion; but the juries were twice discharged—one or two jurors, said to be Roman Catholics, having in both cases held out against a conviction. The Habeas Corpus Suspension Act *having been permitted by the Ministers to expire*—(we should like to hear *why*?)—Mr. Duffy has been released from Newgate, and has lost not an hour in recommencing a still more formidable career of agitation. In his second number the Queen's visit is openly ridiculed and denounced, and particularly in a passage which, as we shall have to quote it presently for another purpose, we omit here.

But, in short, all the accounts that reach us from every part of Ireland impress us with the melancholy conviction that, except perhaps some Radical corporators who have been knighted, or baroneted, or in some such way *soft-soldered* by Government favours, there is not one heart in Ireland more loyal to the Queen, the Constitution, and British connexion, than there would have been if her Majesty had travelled to Scotland by the Midland Railway.

It is not by opening our ears to the shouts of the crowd, while we shut our eyes to the condition and spirit of the people, that Ireland can be saved; she must be first taught to obey the law, and next to feed herself—or rather, indeed, these results would be simultaneous. If life and property could be secured, there is no country in Europe more likely to attach its native landlords or to attract new ones—but life and property cannot be secure in such a state of habitual defiance of the law—no prudent man will venture his life or his capital in a country where his residence must be a fortification—his daily walk or ride an armed *reconnaissance*, and his attempt to collect his rents a regular campaign.

How is this miserable state of things—this *anarchy* to be mended? Must we despair? No. We persuade ourselves that we see, as clearly, as certainly as any such problem admits of—three remedies, any one of which will do *much*, and a combination of

of which would do all. The first is that which we have so often urged that we need only here repeat it in general terms—the elevating into a state of comfort and independence the Roman Catholic Clergy, who are now in as comparatively low a condition, and as much needing some strong measures of relief and *reform*, as their unhappy flocks. The next is the diffusion of general education amongst the people; and, finally, the vigorous following up Lord Clarendon's scheme of agricultural instruction. These three objects are in truth so naturally as well as politically blended together, that in the observations with which we are about to conclude this paper, or, indeed, in any enlarged view of the state of Ireland, it is impossible to separate them.

As to the general Education of the people, we must first remind our readers that there has been established in Ireland a system of public instruction by what are called 'National Schools,' of which, for the purpose of including children of all persuasions, religious instruction was to form no part, and from which, out of special deference to the Roman Catholics, even the Bible itself was excluded as a class-book. We think, as the whole Protestant world does, that there can be no stronger evidence against the truth of the peculiar tenets of the Roman Catholics than this prohibition of an unrestricted use of the Scriptures. But whatever we may think about it, it is the immemorial practice of their church—and we therefore have no reason to be surprised that the Irish Romanist clergy made it a *sine quâ non* of their concurrence in the National system. Nor can we, on the other hand, wonder that the ministers of the Reformed religion, which arose out of, and is nourished by, free and habitual access to the Holy Scriptures, should feel reluctant to associate themselves in any way to such a prohibition. We deeply respect the source and the sincerity of these feelings; but we cannot think that they were here well applied. There was no pretence that the Protestant children were not to read their Bible, nor indeed Romanist children, *if* their parents and pastors should desire it. The Bishop of Cashel, one of those who take most strongly the ultra-Protestant view of the case, says—

'I admitted from the beginning that in connexion with the National Board Protestants may have the best religious instruction; but I could not be a party to a compact to withhold the Scriptures from the Roman Catholics.'

We have always declined to argue cases of conscientious scruples; but we must say that we see no more reason why a Protestant Bishop should insist that Romanist children *should* read the Bible, than a Romanist Bishop that Protestant children should *not*. Each might plead very truly a conscientious anxiety



for the spiritual welfare of their fellow Christians; but it seems to us, in the present state of things, more charitable, as well as more reasonable, to leave each flock to the guidance and responsibilities of its own shepherds. What can be the Protestant motive but the expectation that the free use of the Scriptures will wean the Roman Catholic children from the faith of their fathers?—a very probable and very desirable result in the minds of us and of all who think that faith erroneous—but one that is obviously incompatible with a system that professes to abstain from proselytism; and the very insistence of the Protestant clergy seems to us a practical justification of the resistance of the Priests. Action and reaction will be always found *equal and contrary* in morals as well as physics.

There are two other reasons against the Protestant claim—one from analogy and one of expediency—which, though we by no means rely on them as conclusive authority, seem worthy of consideration in a practical point of view. The first is that, in none of the great schools or colleges in England, nor even in the Protestant University of Dublin itself, is the vernacular Bible a class-book; why then attempt to force it on these inferior schools? The second suggestion is that the National Schools are supported out of the public revenues levied from all sects; and though we cannot question the abstract right of the State to dispose of the national funds irrespectively of individual opinions or pretensions, we think that *those* who object to a particular grant on a plea of conscience, should recollect that a counter-plea of conscience might also be raised on the part of the Roman Catholic tax-payers. Such pleas are double-edged tools which wise men do not willingly handle.

These reasons, however, did not prevail, and the result has been most unfortunate. Mr. Thackeray says:—

‘The Protestant clergy have always treated the plan with bitter hostility; and I do believe, in withdrawing from it, have struck the greatest blow to themselves as a body, and to their own influence in the country, which has been dealt to them for many a year. Rich, charitable, pious, well-educated, to be found in every parish in Ireland, had They chosen to fraternize with the people and the plan, they might have directed the educational movement; they might have attained the influence which is now given over entirely to the priest; and when the present generation, educated in the National Schools, were grown up to manhood, They might have had an interest in almost every man in Ireland. Are They as pious, and more polished, and better educated, than their neighbours, the Priests? There is no doubt of it; and by constant communion with the people they would have gained all the benefits of the comparison, and advanced the interests of their religion far more than now they can hope to do. *Look at the National School: throughout the country it is commonly by the Chapel side—it*

*is*

is a Catholic school, directed and fostered by the Priest; and as no people are more eager for learning, more apt to receive it, or more grateful for kindness, than the Irish, He gets all the gratitude of the scholars who flock to the school, and all the future influence over them, which naturally and justly comes to him.'—*Irish Sketch-Book*, vol. i., pp. 101, 102.

This is but too true. Here is a great National system supported by National funds which has been thrown into a state of separation from, and even hostility to, our National Church; and, as Mr. Thackeray says, the National School-houses—next to the Poor-houses the most remarkable class of buildings throughout Ireland—are almost everywhere placed by the side of the Chapel, as if adjuncts to each other. The consequences of this juxtaposition are obvious.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Established Clergy were, and still less that they are, unanimous in this resistance. At first a great majority, perhaps three-fourths, took that line, from a strong, though we think misapplied, sense of duty, and in the hope, we dare say, that so vigorous a demonstration would force the Government to adopt their views. But in that they were, as might have been foreseen, mistaken; and we are convinced that their own scheme, if accepted, would have been found impracticable. There were, we apprehend, but two possible courses: either the *common* system, with a *common* Fund,—which was adopted,—or a separate system of two sets of schools, with separate appropriations of the Fund. Such appropriations must, of course, have been in proportion to the respective numbers of pupils; and what then would the Protestant clergy have said, if of every 5000*l.* expended on Education the Catholics should have 4000*l.*, and all classes of Protestants but 1000*l.*; while the main point in dispute—the prohibition of the Bible—would be thus directly sanctioned in principle and extended in practice? These obvious truths have not failed to make their way amongst the clergy. The number of the opponents of the National system is certainly—and as we are informed, rapidly—diminishing; some of their most influential leaders have retracted their opposition; and there are few, we believe, who do not see—and, of course, regret—the practical result of their well-meant resistance. Much mischief, no doubt, has been done; but nothing, we hope—except the position of the school-houses—that may not be in time remedied by the general adoption and prudent management of the National system.

We highly disapprove of the proceedings of the Government in all the earlier stages of the affair, and we repeat that their mismanagement and ill-disguised hostility to the Establishment increased

increased the inherent difficulties of the subject ; but on a calm revision of the whole case, we entirely agree with Dean Newland, (whose well-reasoned and temperate work we recommend to those of our readers who wish to follow up this discussion,) and with the minority—soon, we hope, to become the majority—if not so already—of the Irish clergy, that something like the neutral principle of the National Board was the only practicable solution of the question, if there was to be a system of public education at all. And let us add the important fact that this system was voluntarily adopted by the Protestant founders of the Templemoyle School, and has been now twenty years in operation there with complete success, and without any complaint or scruple that we have heard of on any part. (*Sketch Book*, vol. ii. p. 292.)

An adverse system, even if possible, would only extend the alleged evil by throwing the whole of the existing schools into the *unbalanced* management of the Romanist body. Being therefore more than ever convinced that the surest hope of the redemption of Ireland from a state so close on barbarism is Education, we respectfully but most earnestly entreat those of the Established Clergy who still hold out against the National Board, to reconsider their position—to weigh all its consequences both as to their country and *themselves*—to recollect that imperfect education is better than none at all—that it is an essential property of education to grow and extend itself beyond any limits that jealousy or bigotry may attempt to impose upon it—that a single grain of truth will soon fructify a thousand-fold ; and that if—as they and we think—the Roman Catholic form of Christianity is unsound in itself, the contiguity of the School-house to the Mass-house will not prevent, and may even accelerate, the downfall of error. We implore them, therefore, to hasten to extend to their flocks the full benefit of the educational grants, and to set themselves manfully about the only duty remaining to them in the present state of affairs,—the maintenance in the schools of a sound system of general instruction, and a *bonâ fide* neutrality as to religious tenets. If they will adopt and pursue this course, we venture to predict that a very short time will prove that the effects of the National system will be the very reverse of what they at first apprehended ; and that by and bye, the anxiety of the Government Board may be—not, as now, to invite our clergy to bring in Protestant children, but—to induce the Roman Catholic priests to permit theirs to remain.

We wish indeed that we could persuade ourselves that there were amongst the Roman-Catholic clergy a general and active zeal in the great cause of education—even on the National system—or that they really desire that their people should learn anything

thing beyond what they themselves choose to teach them. We fear it is not so. Considering the unbounded influence they undeniably possess over their flocks—the close intimacy in which they live with them—and the comparative leisure which a life of celibacy in retired districts affords, we should have expected *a priori* that they might have raised their people above the abject state of filth and ignorance in which we find them—and when to this state of filth and ignorance we add the monstrous propensity to outrage and crimes of blood which marks in so peculiar a degree and indeed *exclusively* the Roman-Catholic population, we are forced to disbelieve that the priests fulfil the ordinary duties of instruction to their people, and to suspect that it is, at the same time, one of their most assiduous cares that no instruction should penetrate their parishes but through their own channel. In fact, starving as these poor people may be, they are still, we fear, ‘better fed than taught.’

We find in the *second number* of the revived *Nation* a letter, to which we have already alluded, signed ‘Nicholas Coghlan, C.C.’ [Catholic Curate?] of Waterford, which concludes with a passage that—considering the quarter whence it comes—emphatically corroborates all that we have been saying both of the condition of the people and of its causes :—

‘In the cantons of Switzerland you see a marked contrast between the Catholic and Protestant villages—the one cleanly and comfortable, the other too often with a cesspool at the door. Ask the cause, and many will at once point to the religion. The priests, they say, keep never minding, so long as they are, themselves, trim and respected; and so remorselessly do they levy in this item—so much respect do they arrogate to themselves—as to leave the people bankrupt—without one particle to spare for themselves or their children. The same will be sometimes told you by the Irish Protestant. Need I tell you how gross is the calumny in each case? No. The priests look for no respect beyond what their pure and devoted lives exact from the people; and they feel every honour done them the greater in proportion as the people honour themselves. They hold that *filth and sin are found generally wallowing in the same sty*, and that a *man’s house and person are largely typical of his soul*. Every priest, and most of all the Irish priest, is, and *should be, an advocate for this virtue* [cleanliness]. And *yet how little of it is among us!* Had we even a small share, how many a dismal farce should we have been saved from enacting before Europe! But for us—*hawking our sores and hugging our rags*—we are ready on the spur of a moment to sally forth, and like mere animals of impulse, dance to *any* tune, at the bidding of the *juggler*. Nay, did he but grant us a holiday, to run and stare, and crow, and clap our hands at the tail of some *tawdry pageant*, I doubt me if we should not fall into such ecstasies as to forgive or forget all our grievances, past and present, in the tumult of the hour. So it is with the Irishman nowadays; and so too is it,

though

though the comparison may look queer, with the Irish turkey-cock. Under a like agency, he acts very much in a like fashion; for at the unfurling of a red rag you *throw him likewise* into fits! I may again return to this subject. Meanwhile, I am yours,

‘NICHOLAS COGHLAN, C.C.

‘Waterford, September 5, 1849.’

—*Nation*, Sept. 8, 1849.

Our readers will observe in this obscurely-worded but in substance very candid paragraph that the ‘*calumny*’ which this bold and zealous vindicator of himself and his reverend brethren denies is not the existence of the evil—nor the assertion that cleanliness is the Protestant and filth the Romish characteristic. No; *that* he admits: what he denies is that his fellow-priests ‘remorselessly levy’ the pecuniary means of keeping themselves ‘trim,’ while they leave their unregarded flocks in filthy misery. This greediness imputed to the Priests is, he says, ‘a calumny,’ but he admits the main fact, that ‘though the priests *should be advocates for cleanliness—how little of it is amongst their people!*’ Mr. Coghlan does not condescend to say how it happens that these respected and honoured priests fail to accomplish what even he, one of their body, considers as a primary duty: if ‘filth and sin wallow in the same sty,’ why do not these pastors endeavour, as the first social reform, to get rid of the filth? These admissions, strange from the mouth of a Romish priest, are evidently the ebullitions of his indignation at the ‘juggling’ loyalty—the ‘tumult of the hour’—displayed at the Queen’s visit; but he might have spared some of his indignation—the loyalty was, we fear, as short and as shallow as Mr. Coghlan could desire—half *minus* one, as we before said, of the Romish hierarchy stood aloof—the ‘tawdry pageant’ vanished in an hour, and all that remains of the various topics of this extraordinary letter is the awkward but indubitable confession that cleanliness is the virtue of the Protestant,—that the squalid dress and residences of the Roman-Catholic peasantry ‘are typical of their souls,’ and that they ‘hawk about their sores and hug their rags’ with a scandalous and shameless levity. Mr. Thackeray does not say more—nor more strongly. We should not have ventured, on our own responsibility, to have said so much.

But on the important question which Mr. Coghlan has, judiciously for his purpose, blinked—namely, the influence of the priests in these matters—we feel ourselves justified in concluding both from what he says and what he omits to say that our original impressions were correct; that the priests have little active anxiety about the civilization of their flocks; that, if they had, their power would have been long since victorious over sluggishness and filth, and their child—starvation. In the very next number of the

the *Nation*, Mr. Duffy endeavours to enlist the priesthood in his new agitation by confessing their omnipotence over their flocks:—

‘The Irish priesthood have long *held in their hands the soul of Celtic Ireland*. For a period of at least sixty years they have, as a body, been in a position to feel *every throb of the inmost heart of the country*.’—*Nation*, Sept. 15, 1849.

From this extraordinary but we believe perfectly accurate statement, coupled with the preceding admissions of Mr. Coghlan, are we not entitled to charge upon the Romish priesthood all the social misery of Ireland? A grievous charge! But let us on the other hand, in justice or at least in extenuation, admit that it would be unnatural, and contrary to all the better and the worse instincts of human nature, to expect that they will help you to elevate their people while they themselves remain in so anomalous and humiliating a condition.

The importance which all the Reports of Lord Clarendon’s Instructors attach to the co-operation of the priests is very significant. Their countenance is everywhere acknowledged as the first element of any approach to the success of even a lesson in digging, and he who offers to lecture the people on hoeing turnips or planting cabbages only obtains their ear by the recommendation of the priest.

We have already said that by a prudent choice of the Instructors and this deference on their parts the goodwill of most of the priests seems to have been conciliated to Lord Clarendon’s measures, and we earnestly hope that this good understanding may continue and increase. And we must take this opportunity of expressing our pleasure and surprise that the Agricultural Society should have been able to furnish at such short notice and at such poor remuneration so many Instructors of so much ability, good temper, and good sense as their reports evidence. Those that can speak Irish seem to have a peculiar influence, and in any case in which it might be suspected that the priest was adverse or indifferent, a person speaking Irish should if possible be employed. We are not indeed quite satisfied that all these reverend gentlemen have entered into the Instructors’ views so cordially as could be wished. Of this we have nothing but slight *indications*—for, of course, neither would any Priest venture to show, nor any Instructor to report, a downright indifference to this work of charity—but such passages as the following are not promising. One of the Instructors—after visiting a parish through which he was accompanied not by the priest but by his clerk—

‘complained bitterly [to the priest] of the misery and wretchedness existing in that locality; and the reverend gentleman in reply said that, in his opinion, if 6*d.* would sow an acre of turnips or any other green crop, they could not afford paying for the seed.’—*Report*, 1 May, 1849.

Now,

Now, this discouraging observation was made in a district in which, however, the people found means to procure seed enough for following their own 'defective and deplorable' system—though the very next page of the Reports informs us that 6*d.* worth of turnip-seed would plant as much land as 3*s.* 6*d.* worth of potato-seed—'making a saving on seed alone of 3*l.* 4*s.* per acre.' 'The reverend gentleman' was clearly either no calculator or very lukewarm in the cause.

And this case suggests one practical observation, with which we shall conclude. It appears that this question of *seed* is one of paramount importance. In all the recent Reports the want of *seed* is the most urgent complaint, and marked advantage had ensued from the *Societies*' sending *premiums* of seeds to the farmers who had shown the best disposition to improvement; but there has been a great disappointment in many neighbourhoods from the bad quality of the seeds. Many bought from local dealers—even some benevolently contributed by the Society of *Friends* and other charitable persons—turned out to be bad, and even fraudulent. The *Instructors* when pressed, as they frequently were, for seeds by those who were willing to use but unable to obtain them even by purchase, had to answer reluctantly that they had none to give. We trust that Lord Clarendon will not have overlooked so striking a feature in these Reports, and that he will not have hesitated to demand from the Treasury one or two, or if necessary *five* or even *ten thousand pounds* for this vital object. Nor would the supply of seed be liable to the same objection as a supply of money. Seed could hardly be wasted or misapplied or jobbed, if distributed by the *Instructors* at a low price, or at no price, in the way of premium to those most deserving of it. It is an expense which, we think, the most rigid economist in the House of Commons could not complain of. We trust also that, this being the season in which Irish laziness is most remarkable as well as most injurious, Lord Clarendon will be enabled to make a large addition to the number of his thirty *Instructors*, whose timely and little-costly intervention may save in the next year thousands of lives and millions of money. The ancient apologue was never more true—was never so true as to-day in Ireland:—there is a pot of gold in every field if the labourer will only dig for it—and not gold only, but a still richer treasure of industry, of comfort, of order, of independence—of intelligence—of true liberty and of rational piety—they are all *there* if you will dig for them. But whether this incomprehensible people can be persuaded to work for their livelihood or no, we trust that we shall hear no more of the vile cant about 'hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.' The bondage was and is no other than the bondage of obstinate ignorance, and the tyranny, the tyranny of inveterate sloth.

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ART.

- ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy*, 1846, 1847 (folio, pp. 299). Presented to both Houses of Parliament by order of Her Majesty, July, 1849.
2. *Repubblica Romana: Bollettino delle Leggi*. Edizione ufficiale. Roma, 1849.
3. *Regno temporale di Pio Nono*. Compilata da B. Grandoni. Anno primo e secondo. Roma, 1848.
4. *Gli ultimi Sessanta-nove Giorni della Repubblica Romana*. Compilata sugli Atti ufficiali, pubblicati per comando del Governo, e per la massima parte inseriti nel *Monitore Romano*. Roma, 1849.

THE contest which for two years disturbed the peace and destroyed the prosperity of the Italian peninsula has at length been brought to a close. Piedmont, prostrate at the foot of her outraged ally, having exhausted every art of petty chicane, and induced, we fear, less by a sense of honour and gratitude than by the terror which her own newly-elected parliament justly inspires, has accepted the peace which a generous conqueror accorded. Austria retains her revolted provinces in the strong grasp of military possession. Tuscany, reduced to obedience, is maintained in tranquillity by Austrian garrisons, and the Roman States are in the occupation of French and Austrian armies. All this was inevitable, and those who indulged expectations of a different complexion understood neither the nature of the struggle nor that of the parties engaged.

An act of the portentous drama, then, is closed. It would be premature to offer conjectures as to its final 'dénouement;'—in the mean time, however, the characters have been brought out, their true objects disclosed, the secret springs of action revealed.

The official folio which we have placed at the head of our list, carefully as its materials have been arranged for public inspection—failing altogether where explanation was most needed—contains nevertheless much curious matter; and by its help, together with such historical documents and information as we have been able to collect from other quarters, we purpose to trace the gradual development of revolution in the Roman state up to its present disastrous and inconclusive stage.

Our readers, we doubt not, are sufficiently acquainted with the general outline of events to render a minute recapitulation of them unnecessary. On the 1st of June, 1846, Gregory XVI. breathed his last, and on the 16th Cardinal Mastai was proclaimed in the shortest conclave that had sat since the election



election of Gregory XIII. in 1572. The discontents which had long been smothered during the life of the late sovereign, burst out even in the first moments of the turbulent and indecent popularity of which his successor became the object. His first acts were popular: he promised reforms and railroads, and in the mean time published an amnesty to political offenders, embracing all except those, only 70 in number, who had added breach of trust to the crime of rebellion.

These vague promises, but especially this sweeping amnesty, rapturously applauded by the multitude in all quarters, excited the gravest apprehension among those who had been compelled to make the state of Rome and of Italy a main subject of study and reflection; and it was not long certainly before the voice of warning reached Downing Street. As early as July 17, 1846, Lord Cowley writes from Paris—'Prince Metternich disapproves of the measure of a general amnesty, and wishes that the proposed reforms in the Papal States should be confined to those recommended to the late Pope by the congress of ministers who assembled at Rome on the appearance of those discontents with which his reign commenced. The Pope (he adds) has shown no disposition to acquiesce in the Prince's views, though the majority of influential persons at Rome are favourable to his Highness's policy.' The very rejoicings to which the new measures gave rise were conducted in a manner disrespectful to the sovereign and insulting to his order, and served as a pretext for assembling crowds and for uttering sentiments dangerous to public tranquillity. We need not dwell on the rancour with which the memory of Gregory was held up to execration, or the ferocity with which his servants were denounced for public vengeance: already a far wider scope was taken. On the 14th of August, Mr. Moore, the British consul at Ancona, reports that the Austrian and Russian consuls had been personally insulted by the people, and still more deliberately outraged by offensive inscriptions on banners carried in the processions. Similar demonstrations occurred in the capital itself. A feeble prohibition was attempted by the Papal functionaries, but the language of adulation and cajolery in which the people were addressed was calculated to have any effect rather than that of repression. The few Swiss troops, on whom alone the Pope could depend, were pointed out as the fit objects of popular hatred, and were loaded with insults, from which Government did not protect them, and from which they were not allowed to protect themselves. It was not pretended that their conduct was censurable, or that their number could fairly give umbrage; but this was part of a plan deliberately formed to deprive authority of its arms, and to transfer them to the hands of its opponents.

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The Secretary of State, Cardinal Gizzi, who had been appointed in the hope of conciliating the democratic faction,\* was unequal to his place and to the crisis. The Pope, divided between the old and the new counsellors of the throne, alternately swayed by the love of his order and by his passion for popularity, steady to no purpose, and faithful to no party, committed the unpardonable error of giving 'his countenance against his name,' by permitting himself to be made the object of vulgar idolatry at the expense of his government. Thus the republicans found their most efficient auxiliary in the sovereign himself, who accepted his ministers from what he took for the public voice, and seemed eager to anticipate every demand. The mask was not yet thrown off: the emancipated press still flattered, and Europe still resounded with 'highly satisfactory' accounts of the 'march of reform,' the 'liberal policy of the Pontiff,' and 'popular gratitude and affection.' But every step was in the downward direction of revolution. The people were confirmed in their idle and disorderly habits, the finances became more and more involved, and crime increased daily. The few attempts which the Pope made to restore order only served to show that his authority could be braved with impunity. Every hour added to the boldness of the leaders of the movement. Among those whom the amnesty had assembled in Rome, we will venture to say not one returned a 'wiser and a better man;' none had merited indulgence for the past, none gave hopes of amendment for the future. Closely united and steady in pursuit of their object, unscrupulous as to means, with absolute command of the press, these practised outlaws played at fearful odds against the weak and vacillating Government.

It is no wonder that Pius began to tremble. His popularity and the vanity which led him to trust in it could no longer deceive him as to the dangers of his position. He cast a wistful eye towards Austria, and seriously thought of calling in her protection to prevent his reforms being turned against himself in aid of revolution.

As early as July 14, 1847, Lord Ponsonby wrote to our Government from Vienna, to prepare them for such an event. What might have been the result of such an application it is now difficult to say; but the republican party were greatly alarmed—they resolved to avert the danger by a resolute stroke—and they readily found those tools with which knaves are said to work. It was industriously circulated that a counter-revolution was planned; mysterious

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\* This cardinal, when nuncio at Turin, had interchanged compliments and civilities with the Marquis Azeglio, and hence was at first excluded from the sweeping condemnation pronounced against his order by that champion of liberality.

hints of hidden dangers were thrown out; the popular timidity and love of excitement were alternately played upon. The progress of the scheme is detailed in a letter (July 5) from Mr. Freeborn, our vice-consular agent at Rome, who corresponded *directly* with Lord Palmerston, while the communications of Mr. Petre, the diplomatic agent, were transmitted through the legation at Florence. Mr. Freeborn, it seems, 'had always entertained fears for the tranquillity of the town, unless the Pope pursued his liberal policy, and gratified the people with still larger concessions.' This was precisely the opinion which the conspirators desired to spread abroad. Riotous mobs, he says, were sent to parade the streets, with cries of 'Death to the Cardinals!'—'to M. Corboli,' the Under Secretary of State, and 'all the Papal evil counsellors!'

'The higher classes and people of property,' Mr. Freeborn proceeds, 'could not look on such proceedings without alarm; and it was resolved that Prince Borghese, Count Pianciani, and others, should wait upon the Pope, and state to his Holiness the causes of discontent of the people; and farther to pray his Holiness to take such measures as might protect the lives and property of the inhabitants from the possible violence of irritated mobs, *as the military and police did not think it prudent to interfere*, and therefore this protection could only be afforded by a powerful National Guard, and by the fulfilment of the hopes raised and promises given of reform and improvement.'

The Pope, it should seem, acquiesced in this conclusive reasoning, and demanded the advice of his intelligent monitors:

'It was then suggested in clear and energetic language by the Prince that the first step to be taken was the formation of a *national guard*; the next to organize the *consultive* body from the provinces, to organize the municipality of Rome, and to dismiss those persons from his presence who had deceived him by not representing to his Holiness the real state of affairs. His Holiness, after a few minutes' consideration, assured the Prince that his suggestions should be adopted without delay. If the promises made by his Holiness to Prince Borghese are fulfilled without delay, the country will be placed in tranquillity; but if not, *the present state of anarchy* will increase, and violent measures will be adopted by the malcontents, which will fall heavily upon the Cardinals, Jesuits, and Anti-Progressists, long before the Austrian intervention can save them.'

In other words, the advice of the Prince and his colleagues amounted to this—Because you have paralyzed all the springs of legitimate authority by your weakness and timidity, you must now place arms in the hands of the anarchists themselves, since no one will oppose them; and having transferred the weapons from your own hands to those of your enemies, you must trust to their generosity not to use them against yourself. Such were the views in which

which Mr. Vice-Consul Freeborn agreed ; and it was from him that Lord Palmerston had his direct Roman intelligence !

Cardinal Gizzi, whose ' moderate and liberal ' views had been so vaunted, and who had hitherto shown himself sufficiently submissive to mob dictation, plucked up courage to oppose these fatal concessions. His consent to the establishment of a National Guard in the capital was wrung from him ; but when he found this institution was to be extended to the provinces, he protested, and resigned.

From this period, July 6, 1847, the Roman revolution dates. All power was then transferred to the mob, and the direction of affairs to the clubs, who alternately coaxed the populace or were coerced by it. Mr. Petre had previously described the authorities as acting under mob-terror—the Pope himself compelled to prostitute his dignity by appearing at the call of ' base and abject routs countenanced by boys and beggary.' After the formation of the National Guard all hopes from foreign powers were annihilated. To have implored assistance would have been a declaration of civil war ; and there soon followed the quarrel with Austria, which more than any other event hurried on the calamities of Italy and the ruin of the Pope. As the circumstances which led to this quarrel have been much misrepresented, and as the English cabinet thought proper to take part in the dispute, we shall briefly notice some of the documents relating to it which are now at last placed before the public.

Our readers are aware that Ferrara, together with the other three northern Legations which composed the largest and most productive portion of the Papal dominions, had been ceded by treaty after the first conquests of Buonaparte—had formed a part of the kingdom of Italy—and were afterwards occupied by the troops of Murat when he joined the coalition against his brother-in-law and benefactor. It was from him then that they were reconquered, when he again changed his policy and deserted his new allies on the return of Buonaparte from Elba. Though it was by Austrian troops that the Neapolitan army was defeated, it was in the name of the Allies that the conquest was made, and to them belonged according to agreement the right of disposing of the conquered provinces. When at the general peace the Legations were made over to the Pope, it was stipulated that ' les places '—the fortresses—of Ferrara and Comacchio should be garrisoned by Austrian troops. Pius VII., it is true, appended his protest to this article of the treaty ; but this protest was understood to signify a mere reservation of right—a formality in compliance with the old rule of the Tiara never to record the surrender of any claim—in short, just such a protest as was uttered  
on

on the same occasion against the detention of the county of Avignon and against the non-restoration of the Holy Roman Empire. So far from the occupation having been really offensive to the Pope, in subsequent years the garrison was more than once increased at his urgent entreaty, and the city gates guarded and the streets patrolled by imperial soldiers. In quiet times these precautions were avoided, and the military commandant was recommended on every occasion to testify his respect for the legate, with whose duty as governor he was instructed not to interfere. This good understanding was interrupted on the present occasion by the weakness of the Papal authorities, who lent their influence with emulous zeal to forward the schemes of the Republican sect. What these schemes were may be learnt from a letter written on the 4th October, 1847, by Mazzini, a copy of which was transmitted on the 2nd of November following by Prince Metternich to Downing Street. The plans of Signor Mazzini and his party are here developed with a clearness that we must now be astonished did not open the eyes of the British minister:—

‘The affairs of the Pontifical States, as you say, go ill, but the uncertain or retrograde steps of him who governs will not change the law which regulates events. The impulse is given, and, well or ill, it must make progress. The Italians are mere children, but with good instincts. They have not a shadow of intellect or political experience. I speak of the multitude, and not of the *few leuders*, whose sin is the want of resolution. If, however, these few will act with prudence and without precipitation, the *illusion* will pass away. Pius IX. is what he appeared to me from the first, a goodnatured man, who wishes his subjects to be a little better off than they were before—*voilà tout*. All the rest is but an *échafaudage* that the so-called Moderates have built around him, as they have built another round Charles-Albert. The illusion will disappear slowly, but surely; the moment will arrive in which the people will discover that, if they wish to become a nation, it must be by their own exertions, and will break forth into such measures as must compel the Austrians to attack them with or without consent [that is, the consent of these princes]. Then the struggle will commence, if indeed the Italians have one spark of courage or of honour. The *good* should prepare themselves cautiously for that moment, accumulate means, acquire for themselves influence with the people, let *illusions* wear out, without directly assailing them, and limit themselves to instructing the people, particularly the peasants—educating the youth to arms—increasing more and more the abhorrence for the Austrians—and irritating Austria by every possible means.’—*Corresp.*, p. 223.\*

\* We do not in all cases adopt the English translations in the Blue Book. They are often done by persons alike without knowledge and reflection. One, for example, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany in a proclamation speaks of himself as the *nipote* of his *avo*, adroitly translates ‘the *nephew* of my *grandfather*.’—*Corresp.*, pp. 66, 67.

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What Signor Mazzini means in his closing sentence by *illusions*, need not be explained to any one at all acquainted with his Philosophy. Meantime his Ferrarese disciples, in admirable obedience to his rescript, proceeded to try the patience of their unwelcome guests with every invention of ingenious malice. It is needless to ask at what point the forbearance of the Austrian cabinet and the endurance of Austrian soldiers would have failed under this treatment; soon such acts of open hostility were committed as could not be overlooked. One night in August, 1847, an Austrian officer was waylaid and surrounded by about eighty men, variously armed with bludgeons, swords, and muskets; seeing he could not regain his quarters in safety, he returned to the main guard, and having procured a couple of rank and file, put his enemies to flight. It is to be remarked, that previously to this the streets had nearly every night been the scene of 'demonstrations' in which 'Death to the Austrians!' had been cried in the face of the main guard and in front of the citadel. The consequence of the danger in which Capt. Sankovich had been placed was the immediate establishment of patrols, to preserve the peace of the city; and against this reasonable precaution Cardinal Ciacchi, the legate, was weak enough to protest. The relative position of the civil and military authorities was still more materially changed by the establishment of the National Guard: for no sooner was it known at Ferrara that this measure had been conceded at Rome, than a petition was presented to the Cardinal Legate for a similar institution within his government; and although he agreed to refer the decision to Rome, the idle and dissolute youth of the city, without waiting the permission of the Pope, proceeded to arm themselves and to exhibit every symptom of the most extravagant joy in their newly acquired privilege.

Neither the newspapers, still under the nominal censorship of government, nor the pamphlets with which the presses teemed, nor the harangues which were daily poured forth, attempted to conceal that this menacing attitude was assumed against the imputed designs of Austria—while at every tipsy banquet in the neighbouring cities of Romagna, the assembled youths were accustomed to vow they would never sheath their swords till the *Tedeschi* were expelled from Ferrara. Under these circumstances, the Austrian commander-in-chief judged it prudent to reinforce the garrison and to avail himself of the undoubted right of guarding the gates of the city. It is not to be supposed that Marshal Radetsky, who knew Italy so well, could entertain any serious apprehensions from the attacks of the National Guard; but it was his duty to establish order and to

show that his military authority could not be braved with impunity: moreover, though he might defy open hostility, his troops were not exempt from the sort of danger to which Captain Sankovich had been exposed. Indeed, Mr. Petre, in a letter from Rome (August, 1847), states that the immediate cause of the Marshal's resolution was 'stones having been thrown from a window on one patrol, and another having been fired on.'

Against this measure the Cardinal Legate renewed his protestation—in language and in form the most unusual and intemperate. His conduct was approved at Rome. The Pope himself protested; and willing to regain at any price a small portion of his popularity, he gratified the public animosity by pretending to believe his states and even his person in danger, and suffering it to be supposed that he had applied to the King of Sardinia for a vessel of war to conduct him to a place of safety.\* In every part of the Papal States, and indeed throughout Italy, the measure was made the excuse for fresh 'demonstrations,' and more extensive armaments. The tone the Pope had assumed excused the violence of his subjects, and Mazzini and his sect must have smiled as they saw their schemes thus forwarded. Their feelings, no doubt, resembled those of a gang of burglars, who, embarrassed how to effect an entrance, are suddenly relieved by hearing the master of the house reproach the police for lounging about before his door. But if Mazzini rejoiced in the Pope and his Legate for colleagues, he could hardly be less obliged for the assistance afforded him by the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the subaltern instruments of his subversive policy. Lord Palmerston has recorded his opposition to Austria in every shape, and has registered remonstrances in every variety. The information that reached him was vague, contradictory, and mostly incorrect; but he himself was strangely ignorant of circumstances with which he should have been familiar: he does not seem either to have consulted a map or the terms of the Treaty of Vienna; nor does any one appear to have supplied him with the real details of the topographical position of Ferrara. Mr. Abercromby, our minister at the Sardinian Court, is prominent, as usual, for the inaccuracy of his reports and the obstinacy of his prejudices. While Cardinal Ciacchi

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\* Our minister at Turin, who by a sort of fatality seems to be incapable of conveying a piece of correct information, writes to assure his government that this application was actually made. Our ambassador at Vienna, however, corrects the error into which the Foreign Secretary had been led, and explains the truth. The vessel was placed at the orders of the Pope, not to facilitate his own flight, but to conduct a nuncio to the Sublime Porte; one of the many errors and mistakes of this pontiff, who was equally anxious, as it would seem, to extend the authority of the church abroad and to curtail it at home.

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had violated all diplomatic decency in the tone and manner of his protest, and while banquets and 'demonstrations' took place in every town in Italy, and while Ferrara, when it recovered from its first panic, was renewing every former excess, this functionary writes from Turin, Aug. 24, 1847 :—

'The *moderation* and firmness of Cardinal Ciacchi, *under circumstances so trying*, joined to the calmness of the populace, have alone saved the town of Ferrara from becoming the theatre of disorder, if not of bloodshed; the greatest merit is due to the Papal subjects of Ferrara for the *wise and politic* course they have followed.'

A word or two will clear up the question thus *begged* by Mr. Abercromby. In the 103rd article of the Treaty of Vienna it was, as our reader has already seen, stipulated that garrisons should be kept by Austria—'*dans les places de Comacchio et de Ferrare.*' Ferrara is surrounded by walls, and protected by all the means of defence understood and practised in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at which period it was regarded as one of the strongholds of Italy. The citadel is a small internal fortress connected with the other works, utterly useless unless in connexion with them, and itself incapable of containing the garrison necessary for the defence of the town: this citadel had, moreover, been destroyed by the French, and *did not exist at all* when the Treaty of Vienna was signed; it has subsequently been rebuilt at the expense of the Imperial Government. The small garrison maintained in the city according to the treaty of 1815 had all along been accommodated in two adjacent buildings, desecrated convents, for which the Austrian Government paid a rent to the town of Ferrara. At Comacchio *there is no citadel whatever*. No stipulation was made as to the amount of either garrison, and their strengths had ever varied during the last thirty-two years according to the exigence of the times. No formality had been neglected in forwarding the recent reinforcement. All these facts are explained by Prince Metternich with the forbearance and the lucidity for which his dispatches are so remarkable. Assurances poured in from every quarter of the pacific dispositions of Austria. Lord Ponsonby, the ambassador at Vienna, whose share in the Correspondence affords a striking contrast to most of the English materials of our Blue Book, appears to have done all in his power to open the eyes of his political superior :—

'Non-intervention (he writes, 30th September, 1847) is the policy of the Austrian government. I take the liberty now of again making that assertion, and to observe that Austria has not, up to this time, interfered by arms or threats with any country in Italy. Prince Metternich has formally declared his adhesion to the principle that every independent



country has a right to regulate its internal affairs according to its own will. That principle has been acted on. . . . . Prince Metternich has strong reasons for maintaining his principle of non-intervention, and, unless forced to do so, will not have recourse to any other mode of action. Before concluding this dispatch I wish to say a word on what took place at Ferrara. Your Lordship's desire has been to prevent Austrian interference in the affairs of Italy. May it not be, that if the Austrian government in that place had not been reinforced, so as to render it efficient against all attacks, some enthusiastic partisans might have ventured upon aggressive acts, which would have made an intervention by force on the part of Austria almost inevitable? \*

It will probably seem strange enough that such explanations produced no effect, and still more so that a statesman of Lord Palmerston's experience should not have taken the trouble to secure correct information before he committed himself with groundless complaints. One should have thought moreover that he must have been aware that, in the language of strategy and diplomacy, the word '*place*' no more means a *citadel* than, in common parlance, a *castle* means a *guard-room*. This incident of Ferrara is the fertile subject of many a grandiloquent epistle and many a sage reflection; it was discussed at Paris, London, and Vienna, and at Turin the zeal of Mr. Abercromby elicited an expression of disapprobation from the Count Solar de la Marguerite, then Minister for Foreign Affairs to King Charles Albert. The grounds of the Sardinian Minister's dissatisfaction are curious, as giving the first indication of the ambition which tempted his master to his ruin. In a dispatch, dated 25th of August, 1847, Mr. Abercromby writes:—

'Count Solar de la Marguerite proceeded to state that, in the opinion of his Sardinian Majesty and of his Government, the only two national Italian sovereigns of Italy were his Holiness the Pope and his Sardinian Majesty;—the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Ducal Families of Modena and Parma being branches of the House of

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\* It would occupy many pages to show on how many important matters Lord Palmerston might have saved himself vast trouble and ultimate confusion, had he listened to the ambassador at Vienna, instead of confining his trust to those counsellors who habitually flattered his own bias. For example—Lord Ponsonby writes from Vienna, September 25, 1847, that the Duke of Lucca had applied to Vienna for counsel, 'which Prince Metternich refused to give.' Again, the Grand Duke of Tuscany had equally applied to Vienna for advice, and Prince Metternich had refused it in the like manner. 'His Highness,' Lord Ponsonby writes October 26, 1847, 'replied that he was unable to give him any advice as to the measures he should take; that the Grand Duke alone could judge of what was required in his own states; and that he, Prince Metternich, could only give the Grand Duke the full assurance, that whatever the Grand Duke might think fit to do, the Austrian Government would throw no obstacle in the Grand Duke's way.' It is now most curious to contrast these faithful reports with those which won and long retained our Foreign Secretary's confidence.

Austria;

Austria; the King of the Two Sicilies and the Duke of Lucca members of the House of Bourbon:—that proceeding on *this basis*, his Sardinian Majesty would consider any attempt by a foreign Power to attack the independence of the Pope as equally directed against his own and the national independence of Italy.’—*Corresp.*, p. 99.

The Count de la Marguerite must have carefully measured the diplomatist on whom he bestowed this historical information. *He* could not be ignorant that the Duke of Modena represented, and was endowed with all the rights of, the ancient and illustrious house of Este, whose heiress married his grandfather; neither could *he* have forgotten that the Duke of Parma was equally the representative of a reigning Italian family, the heiress of which, the celebrated Elizabeth Farnese, having married Philip V. of Spain, the duchy was settled upon his descendants, entirely independent of the Spanish crown. We know not whence the Count had drawn his legal or his political notions; neither can we understand the prudence or the courtesy of his enlarging on the nullity of claims conveyed by female descent to the minister of a *Queen* whose crown has come to her through a succession of such descents. The great-grandfather of the late King of Naples, it is true, recovered his kingdom by conquest from the Austrians, to whom it had been assigned on the great partition of the Spanish inheritance; this branch of the Bourbons holds it, however, as the descendant in the female line of the elder branch of the house of Austria; nor did any of the princes who have ever reigned in Naples belong to families of Italian origin. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany, it is also true, holds his duchy on no better tenure than that by which the provinces of Novara and Vercelli, and the duchy of Genoa, were added to the territory of the King of Sardinia—namely, the decision of a congress of European potentates and the faith of a treaty. His family, however, had reigned in happiness and affection for upwards of a hundred years; nor did we ever hear of wrongs to be redressed or abuses to be amended, till the English Government joined a crusade to provoke revolution and propagate anarchy.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the preconcerted plan, the agents of the Republican party used every means of irritating the popular mind everywhere against the Court of Vienna. There was, for example, a confident report at Turin that the Austrian Envoy there, Count Boul, had addressed to the Court of Sardinia some offensive remonstrances—nay, had made demands grossly derogatory to the dignity of an independent state. This story Mr. Abercromby forthwith communicates as a fact, of which he gives all the details; and on the receipt of the information

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Lord Palmerston instantly addresses to the Ambassador at Vienna a dispatch, subsequently laid on the table of the House of Commons, in which he intimates the intention of Great Britain to oppose the hostile designs thus alleged and credited. This dispatch is dated September 11, 1847. Prince Metternich's reply to Count Dietrichstein is dated September 23, and contains these words :—

‘Le Principal Secrétaire d’Etat a bien voulu informer votre Excellence du contenu des nouvelles mandées de Turin par M. Abercromby. Je regarde comme un devoir de donner à ces nouvelles *un démenti formel*. Jamais le Cabinet Impérial n’a fait à la Cour de Sardaigne une ouverture pareille à celle que cet Envoyé a mentionnée, et qui se trouverait être en contradiction ouverte avec notre marche politique.’

In the same week Count Revel, Sardinian Minister in London, transmitted to our Foreign Office a dispatch from Count Solar de la Marguerite—dated Turin, September 13—which concludes in these terms :—

‘La prétendue note du Comte de Boul, dont il est question dans vos dernières dépêches, ne nous a point été adressée : il est vrai que le bruit en a couru ici, et que plusieurs personnes haut placées y ont ajouté foi, dans la persuasion que, si la note n’avait pas été adressée, elle le serait incessamment ; mais le fait n’en est pas moins entièrement supposé, et aucune communication de la nature de cette note, ni relative à notre attitude politique, ne nous a été faite de la part du Cabinet de Vienne. Je crois superflu d’ajouter que la nouvelle qu’on a répandue de la demande de la forteresse d’Alexandrie est aussi faussee que l’autre.

‘Vous voudrez bien, M. le Comte, à la première occasion que vous aurez de voir Lord Palmerston, lui donner cette explication, et *démentir* également la chose auprès des autres personnages qui vous en ont aussi entretenu.’

Here at least are denials which no one could dream that even Lord Palmerston would refuse to credit ; yet in the month of February, 1848, he communicates to both Houses of Parliament his own note to Lord Ponsonby in which he made the accusation, and withholds the double contradiction which he had received five months before. The foregoing formal contradictions by Prince Metternich and by Count de la Marguerite are withheld, we say, until the session of 1849 is about to close !

In a debate which took place in the House of Commons on the affairs of Hungary on the 21st of July in the present year, Lord Palmerston denies having ever been influenced by any feelings of hostility towards Austria, coupled with the broad assertion ‘that it is impossible for any man charged with the foreign relations of this country to be influenced by other feelings than those which, according to his political views, he deems for

for the interest of the country and the civilized world. Such imputations, let them come from what quarter they may—whether they are written or spoken—if they be sincere, are the result of ignorance or folly; if they are insincere, I leave others to qualify them as they may.’ We are sorry to hear this, for we are reduced to accept the alternative of folly or malice which his Lordship offers us, since, so far from retracting our former opinion, or in any degree consenting to modify it, we are enabled to re-assert it on evidence which was before known to ourselves, and which is now equally at the command of the whole world. Our readers will judge for themselves; we have simply stated the facts, and, imitating the forbearance of Lord Palmerston, we will ‘leave it to others to qualify them as they may.’

As yet there had been made against Austria no accusation of greater gravity than that of tyranny and arrogance. We are now to notice one for which not a shadow of evidence existed, but which, if substantiated, would deprive that government of all title to respect or consideration. Our readers must oblige us by bearing in mind the letter of Mazzini, which contains the key to all that now occurred in Italy. The National Guard was established throughout the Papal dominions; and a camp of observation had been decreed in the provinces of Romagna, to which all the military *suspected of fidelity* might be dispatched. Still, much was to be done. The attitude of Austria was perversely pacific, and the Pope himself was not yet deprived of the counsel of all those whose honesty and intelligence might have assisted him to recover freedom of action. It was judged expedient to call into play the supposed plot which had already done the republicans such good service, and which was still the subject of conversation in the clubs and coffee-houses. It was now enlarged and developed: the National Guard had been its first result; that measure was to be justified, and its necessary consequences to be followed out. To increase the abhorrence with which Austria was regarded, plans the most desperate and atrocious were attributed to her, and being circulated among the people with all the ingenuity of malice, were swallowed with all the credulity of ignorance. A letter addressed by Mr. Petre to Sir George Hamilton, dated July 16, 1847, details the rumours with which Rome was filled, and the alarms of the people on the discovery of a deep-laid plot, the object of which was to effect a counter-revolution, to secure the person of the Pope, to put a stop to all further reform, and to make a general attack on the people during a festival by a portion of troops gained over for the purpose. Cardinal Lambruschini, Monsignor Grassellini (Governor of Rome), the King  
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of Naples and his minister of police, the Emperor of Austria and the Jesuits, the Duke of Modena and the Archduchess of Parma were announced as the instigators of the scheme—‘to corroborate,’ says Mr. Petre, ‘the talk of the clubs and the assertions of the *Bilancia* newspaper that quantities of foreign coin have of late been in circulation, brought by emissaries from the provinces.’ Besides these illustrious conspirators, whose names were placarded in capitals at the corner of each street, there were associated with them many persons, some of the lowest class and the worst characters—others who had been employed by the late government, and were obnoxious to the people generally, or to individuals—all held up as participators in the scheme, and openly denounced as the worst of criminals. The timidity and duplicity with which each step of this revolution was accompanied were signally manifested on the present occasion. The government seemed by its measures to believe in the conspiracy—while the police made a feeble attempt (soon abandoned) to tear down the proclamations which named the conspirators, and pointed out so many individuals to popular vengeance. The consternation was general—the governor of Rome was dismissed from his office—or he resigned it—many persons were frightened into exile—while others, proclaiming their innocence, demanded a trial, and petitioned to be placed meantime beyond the risk of violence in a prison.\*

For the conspiracy—a story so absurd could only have been credited, we should have thought, by a people such as Mazzini describes the Italians, ‘without a shadow of sagacity or political intelligence.’ He calculated largely on public credulity, and was not mistaken; but he could hardly have hoped to deceive a minister of undoubted talents, long versed in affairs of state, and in active correspondence with numerous political agents. We ourselves are perfectly astonished that it could ever have been hoped to found on such nonsense an accusation against a government highly honourable in its general dealings, conducted by men of unimpeached integrity, and to whom their worst enemies had always attributed prudence at least and dexterity. We should be very glad to hear that Lord Palmerston possessed information which he has judged it prudent to suppress. That several of the British diplomatic agents were not

\* The procedure against certain obscure individuals, accused as the accomplices of such illustrious delinquents, was published in Rome in the course of last year. We recommend the volume to Lord Palmerston, and to Mr. Abercromby, if he can understand the language in which it is written;—they both merit the penance of wading through its pages—(we have suffered the penalty without having shared the crime)—and we think even *they* will regret having lent their ears to such improbable accusations, and supported by such a farrago of irrelevant absurdities. The work is entitled ‘*Supremo Tribunale della Sagra Consulta Romana pei Cospirazione per la Curia e Fisco contra Individui nominati, &c.*’

on this occasion guilty of nourishing his illusions, we have ample proof from these documents. Sir George Hamilton, in a dispatch dated from Florence, July 26, 1847, informs Lord Palmerston that the Roman police has been unable to discover any trace of the conspiracy which had been so much spoken of, and that it was certain the Austrians had not proposed an intervention, which was to have been part of the scheme for the accomplishment of the counter-revolution. Mr. Petre, whose authority Sir George quotes, 'could not be mistaken,' he adds, 'as he is on the spot, and draws his information from the Cardinal Secretary himself.' Prince Metternich, in a letter, in which a sense of dignity and self-respect can hardly conceal the surprise and indignation with which he finds his nation and his sovereign involved in so foul an imputation, had already disclaimed all knowledge of a plot and all belief in its existence. His patient courtesy could not be ruffled, but it was with something like warmth that he announced the steps he had taken to unravel this unintelligible business. The Austrian Ambassador at Rome had been instructed to ask this simple question—'Was there or was there not a conspiracy? If there was, we demand to be made acquainted with the discoveries your police has elicited. If there was not, why is the delusion still kept up by the silence of the Government?' The allegations are in themselves so childish, and at the same time so atrocious, that we are reminded of nothing so much as the evidence of Titus Oates and his accomplices on the imaginary Popish plot, where popes and sovereigns, princes and bishops, are represented as conspiring with discharged convicts and drunken tapsters to debauch the royal guard and to assassinate the king, and exporting large quantities of Spanish pistoles and butcher's sheep-knives to forward 'the purpose.' We did not expect to see similar romances revived in our own enlightened days, still less that they should be sanctioned by such high authority. However—Prince Metternich's indignant dispatch to Count Lutzow, dated 15 August, 1847, was communicated to Lord Palmerston on the 18th of September (*Correspondence*, p. 122); and nine days later Lord Palmerston writes thus to Lord Ponsonby (*ibid.*, p. 145):—

'Foreign Office, September 27, 1847.

'MY LORD,—With reference to your Excellency's dispatch of the 9th instant, enclosing the copy of a note which has been addressed by Prince Metternich to the Austrian Ambassador at Rome, upon the subject of a conspiracy recently discovered in that capital, and attributed by the Pontifical Government to the instigations of Austrian agents, *I have to state to your Excellency, that I learn from undoubted sources of information, that at Rome it is the general opinion that Austrian agents were concerned in the plot, and that the plot was connected with*

*the*

*the military movements of the garrison of Ferrara; and I believe that this is the opinion shared by persons of high station at Rome.*

*'I am, &c.,*

*PALMERSTON.'*

We never traced lines with greater regret. We are equally astonished that they should have been written—and that, having been written, the writer should wish to disclaim the strongest feelings of aversion to the government which he believed could be guilty of such enormities. The noble Lord, out of regard to common consistency, should have pleaded a well-grounded horror of the ministers who contrived such crimes and the country that tolerated them.

In a very few days the report of the conspiracy was suffered to die away: it had served its turn of 'increasing the hatred to Austria and of irritating that power;' and before Lord Palmerston made it the subject of serious diplomacy, it was discarded in Rome, and treated even as a joke—as a clumsy fiction which, with more luck than merit, had answered the purpose of the contrivers, and which they were now willing to forget.

In the mean time nothing could provoke Austria to abandon her prudent and conciliatory policy. She refused assistance to Lucca and Modena, and restored Ferrara to the Pope—a concession, in our opinion, which should never have been made, as none was more calculated to raise the hopes of the Italians, who will never believe that moderation proceeds from any other cause than fear.

It would appear almost inexplicable that this moment, when every circumstance combined to recommend caution and reserve—when any other minister, not exactly in the hottest period of youth, would have rejoiced in the possibility of suspending his judgment and of assuming an attitude of simple observation—should have been the precise time selected by Lord Palmerston for sending an ambassador to Italy with extraordinary powers, not so much to the princes as to their insurgent subjects, with instructions to support the cause of reform, and encourage still further concession to popular exigence. One solution only has been offered, and that solution these documents favour. It has often been asserted that the politics of the English Cabinet were guided by pique and resentment towards Austria, who had not joined in opposing the late Government of France with reference to the Spanish marriages. It was believed, most erroneously, that the consent of Austria to those marriages had been purchased by the promise of French neutrality in the affairs of Italy. We say erroneously—for the reluctance of Austria to all such interference, which these papers amply prove, discountenances  
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this supposition ; nor has any fact or document whatever been adduced in support of it. Louis-Philippe and his ministers have paid dearly for the Spanish marriages—but all that they did or did not do as to Pius IX. and Italy is quite intelligible without reference to those matters, and was indeed in accordance throughout with the usual policy of that ever anxious Government.

Mr. Abercromby writes from Turin, July 24, 1847 :—

‘To succeed in the objects which his Holiness has proposed to himself, it is evident that he stands in need of the moral support of the liberal and constitutional Powers of Europe ; and since *that of France appears no longer* to be so cordially afforded as heretofore, that of England not unnaturally offers itself to the imagination to supply her place. . . . By encouraging the Papal Court to persevere steadily and honestly in the course of liberal ameliorations which it has commenced, England would not only be affording a real and efficient support to his Holiness as a liberal and temporal sovereign, but she would be justly acquiring for herself a claim to *the lasting gratitude of the Liberals of Italy.*’

If this last object was ardently desired by the noble Lord, we cannot congratulate him on his success. The name of the Emperor of Russia or of Prince Metternich is pronounced with not more dislike, and with somewhat less contempt.

With the season in which travelling in Italy is thought to be agreeable, Lord Minto was ready to start on his crusade. On the 18th of September, 1847, Lord Palmerston furnishes him with his instructions—such instructions as, we will venture to say, were never before furnished to an *English* diplomatist :—

‘When your Lordship has communicated with such persons in Switzerland as you may be able readily to meet with, who, on the one hand, may be competent to inform you what are the real views of the leading men on both sides—and to whom, on the other hand, you may think it would be useful that the *sentiments of Her Majesty’s Government should be known*—you will proceed,’ &c.

We had heard it asserted that Lord Minto was accredited to Cicerovacchio ; but we had no idea that we should see it under the hand of Her Majesty’s Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that a Cabinet Minister and Extraordinary Ambassador was to communicate with, and take counsel from, those desperate outlaws, whom even the amnesty of Pio Nono (practically much farther extended than the proclamation authorized) had not recalled to their country, or those exiles of other nations who had not ventured to avail themselves of the suspension of all authority to accomplish a similar purpose—and that to *them* he was to be the interpreter of the British Cabinet !

We are very glad to learn from Lord Minto himself that he  
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neither followed the letter nor the spirit of these instructions—that he did not accord his society to the sort of persons with whom he was recommended to take counsel—that he avoided the contact of the Italian republicans, and never encouraged them in their subversive schemes. We rejoice in having this contradiction of the common reports from his own lips, and we consider it as an additional proof of the inveterate falsehood of the party which the Chief Secretary patronises, that they still persist in boasting of the favour of the noble ambassador, and in asserting that their purposes were understood and approved by him. We are bound, however, in candour to admit that—(however prudent his personal conduct may have been)—his mission was as injurious in effect as it was in origin and design hostile to the cabinet of Austria and the authority of the princes generally. Taking merely the Blue Book for our guidance, every circumstance that accompanied it marks the signification the Italians gave it, and their increased audacity in consequence. His dispatches are full of the confidence he was treated with, and the flattery he received. He could not be acquainted with the country—he must necessarily be ignorant of the feelings of its inhabitants; he could only believe what he desired, and report for fact what he wished to be true. His stay in Italy was long enough, however, to witness the ruin he had, no doubt unconsciously, forwarded; to discover the hollowness of the cause he was sent, as the devoted colleague and representative of the Cabinet, to support, and the fallacy of the advice he had been instructed to obtrude.

We cannot here dwell upon that miserable series of intrigues, of which we noticed the first indication in Count Solar's historical lecture to Mr. Abercromby. While—every advantage being taken of princely cupidity and short-sighted dishonesty, no less than of the want of 'intellect or political experience' among Mazzini's 'mere children'—the quarrel was pushed on between the sovereigns of Piedmont and Lombardy, and between this last province and its Government—the affairs of central Italy were becoming each day more involved, and both the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany found themselves under the humiliating necessity of seeming to rejoice in their perilous position, and of confiding in the very men who were not less diligently working *their* ruin. All power had passed from the cabinet of Pius, and even the last shadow of popularity was fast deserting himself. The rude crowds that nightly assembled, disturbing the peace and menacing the safety of the capital, were kept in a temporary subjection by a sort of popular Tribune, whose authority was more dangerous than the worst licence of the mob. This person has already been alluded to:—Angelo Brunetti  
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by name, but better known as Cicerovacchio—a man already advanced in life, and possessed of considerable fortune, which he had acquired as a timber-merchant and seller of corn, oats, and hay, both in wholesale and retail—what is called a *mercante di campagna*. Whether or not he was originally enrolled as a member of the political sects, we are unable to state positively—we rather believe he was; at any rate he soon became a promising disciple, and finally an active leader. Gross and coarse in person, manners, and habits, and utterly without education, his blunt and rough demeanour could not deceive his own countrymen, who quickly discovered the restless ambition and perfidy lurking beneath an exterior that did not seem to announce the vices of refinement. This man, in the dress of a peasant and with shirt-sleeves turned over his elbow, was admitted to the conciliabulum of the clerical and political conspirator, and even to the table of the luxurious noble. His entire command over the populace gave him a powerful voice in every discussion, and made him an able coadjutor of the clubs, to whom all the powers of government had now been transferred. The ‘Circolo Romano’ contained amongst its members the greater part of the noble as well as of the learned and scientific society of Rome: originally assembled under the pretence of literary and scientific discussion, it had now become an exclusively political body, and by its influence the first lay ministry was imposed on the Sovereign Pontiff. The feeble ministries of the Cardinals Gizzi, Ferretti, and Antonelli had successively given way—and this last-named prelate, to retain his place at the council board, was obliged to admit the colleagues assigned him by the clubs, and to secure for them moreover the approbation of the Pope. Amongst names of less importance, the club placed at the head of the list that of its president, the Prince of Teano—a man of illustrious birth and possessing the highest talents and accomplishments—one whom perhaps the voice of all Rome would have united in recommending for the foremost station. He soon found, however, that it was neither the intention of those who had thrust him into office, nor of those who had unwillingly admitted him, that he should exercise any independent authority, or attempt those wholesome and reasonable reforms which under happier auspices he would in all probability have achieved. He felt the degrading perplexity of his situation, and ere long took that resolution which perhaps alone was open to him—he resigned his trust into the hands of the Pope, having first solemnly urged him to recover if possible the independence he had lost. ‘Your Holiness,’ he is understood to have said, ‘has but one choice: you may place yourself at the head of reform, or you will be dragged in

in the rear of revolution.' The Pope admitted the self-evident proposition, sighed over his embarrassing position, and suffered himself to be led unresisting to the shambles: it was only at the threshold, and when he smelt the flavour of blood, that he started back in horror and dread.

While concession followed concession, till nothing remained to grant, and while all power and influence were descending lower and lower in the social scale, it is worthy of remark that no attempt was made towards administrative reform. Mr. Petre had long before lamented that the Romans were more occupied in their schemes of driving the Austrians from Italy, and in attending meetings to promote the unity of the peninsula, than in correcting the abuses of their own administration. The simple truth is, that revolution, and not reform, had from the first been the object—the abuses, in fact, were little felt and still less disliked. The Italians have less than any people in the world an abstract love of justice; and we have before expressed our conviction that even the dislike to the Austrians arose much more from their order, method, and strict impartiality, than from any of the defects of their government.

One of the first promises made by the Pope, and that which gave the greatest pleasure, was the assurance that railroads should be established throughout his dominions. '*Soyez tranquille, M. l'Ambassadeur,*' said Cardinal Ferretti to the unfortunate Rossi, '*nous aurons les chemins de fer et l'amnistie.*' The sweeping amnesty of Pius could never have been regarded by any impartial eye as less than a sign of the blindest fatuity. The establishment of railways in Italy, so far as accomplished, has been converted into mischief by the bad spirit of the people: but for the facilities which the railroad afforded, the revolution at Florence could hardly have occurred. A mob by this means was ever at the disposal of Guerrazzi. When defeated at Florence by the good conduct of the people, he used to send for a reinforcement from Leghorn, and on one occasion no less than six thousand, Sir George Hamilton asserts, came thence to assist at a political demonstration.

The desire for railways sprang from no necessity in the commercial or social state of Italy. With the best roads in Europe, the public conveyances have long been the worst, the slowest, and the dearest. The mode in which an Italian loves to travel is not unlike that which we may suppose was common in England in the days of the Stuarts. A party desirous of travelling the same road is tardily formed by a coachman or his agent standing at the corner of the streets, and inviting passengers to take places in his huge conveyance. When the party is complete, and every excuse for

for delay is exhausted, the caravan sets forth; and, with repeated stoppages, at length arrives at its destination, having proceeded, like 'the pampered hollow jades of Asia, at most but thirty miles a-day.' The railroad between Florence and Leghorn was constructed by foreign engineers, and with foreign capital. About one hundred miles of the projected line between Milan and Venice have been slowly accomplished in little less than ten years; and, as in the case of the Tuscan project, with small assistance of native skill or native capital. The Italians severely resented that Jews and bankers from Trieste and Vienna should have the right of deciding on matters of purely Italian interest, which nevertheless they themselves had abandoned. At Rome, the refusal of Gregory and the permission of Pius are equally nugatory. The enterprise is not one that will captivate the foreign speculator, and the Romans themselves have not the requisite skill, industry, or capital.

No person who has figured in these days of folly and madness has been more misrepresented than Pius IX.—none, we believe, who ever played so conspicuous a part, was less remarkable for eminent qualities of any sort. Hardly raised above the lowest grade of mediocrity in talent or acquirement, he was utterly unprepared to meet the difficulties of his position. With a mystical devotion, with a minute and scrupulous observance of forms, and with irreproachable moral conduct, he has no elevation of sentiment, nor any lofty conception of the duties of man. Obstinate in trifles and immovable to reason, he readily gives way before intimidation. Soft and well-meaning, he possesses neither sensibility nor active benevolence. Selfish from want of imagination rather than from calculation, he is indifferent to evils he does not witness, though incapable of resisting an importunate appeal. His good-nature concurred with his vanity to give him a keen delight in the applauses of the mob. Yet it was rather from his timidity that the greater part of his popular concessions were extorted. Loving trifling conversation, talking of himself and his early history with an undignified prolixity, ignorant of business, indolent and immethodical, he can with difficulty be induced to form a resolution; and infirm of purpose in all that does not regard himself, he revokes in the evening the *irrevocable* decision of the same morning. Like all feeble persons, he is frequently false, not because falsehood is congenial to his disposition, but because his temperament shrinks from the avowal of conviction. His weakness is gratified by cowardly and time-serving counsels. Uneasy in the presence of superior men, he naturally prefers mediocrity. Incapable of friendship, he falls easily under the dominion of low favourites, and is fond of being entertained

entertained with tales of gossip and the childish buffooneries that delight the vulgar. Without being attached to the pleasures of the table, he is whimsically particular in the observance of all his tastes and habits: such is his devotion to them that neither business nor distress of mind could wean him from them. In the midst of the dangers and difficulties that pressed round him during the last few weeks of his stay in Rome, neither sleep nor appetite deserted him; and so deficient is he in sensibility that he actually grew fat in his humiliating retreat at Gaeta. A prince of such a character could hardly fail at any time of exercising a sinister influence on the destinies of his country. Under the present circumstances of difficulty, he has been the ruin of Rome and the papacy, and a scourge to Europe.

The revolution in France, so destructive by its example to other countries, hardly served to give a spur to the rapid pace at which Rome was advancing to perdition. The lay minister that succeeded to the Prince of Teano was one Galletti—a man who had been doomed to death for open rebellion about two years previously, but whose punishment had been commuted by Gregory into imprisonment, and who now, by the recent amnesty, had been liberated and turned loose upon society to plot new mischief, and to merit a fresh condemnation. Trusted, consulted, and benefited by the Pope, for several months he haunted him like an evil spirit; he first betrayed and then deserted him; and it was by his lips that the dethronement of his confiding master was pronounced in the Constituent Assembly.

During this time, Cardinal Antonelli, a man of moderation and ability, still retained his place at the head of the council-board, powerless it is true, but obnoxious to the republicans as recalling the ancient form of government, and reminding them of a possible return to it. The Pope, amidst his numberless yieldings, had positively refused to declare war on Austria. An encyclical letter containing his reasons was pronounced reactionary, and was attributed to the influence of the Cardinals. The Pope, fearing an invasion of his palace, had ordered the doors to be closed. The people were very indignant; Cicerovacchio instructed them that the Cardinals had poisoned his mind against them; and the appearance of Pius in the streets the following day, without his usual attendance, was understood as an act of humble apology. It was not accepted however; Cicerovacchio forbade all applause. 'The Pope must be taught,' he observed, 'that he should depend on the people alone.' The removal of Cardinal Antonelli was determined on, and the plot framed for its accomplishment had perfect success.

The *Circolo Popolare*, the new democratic club, invited the members

members of the *Circolo Romano* to join it for the discussion of important matters. It held its meetings in the *Palazzo Fiano*, and adjourned to the neighbouring *Caffè delle Belle Arti* to concert its plans. On the present occasion the club-room was guarded by civic soldiers, and sentries were placed at the door. The galleries were filled with partisans of the movement, many of whom brandished their weapons in ostentatious defiance. Orioli opened the debate in a studied harangue, in the course of which the country was pronounced in imminent peril; the fearful dangers of reaction were eloquently pointed out; and some measure, worthy at once of the Italian name and of modern civilization, was warmly recommended for immediate adoption. Cicerovacchio sat beside the orator in the coarsest dress in which the lowest people pursue their daily avocations; and in their grossest dialect he claimed the right to be heard. 'These are very fine words,' he said, 'but of what use are they while we are enslaved by priests and old women? I am for washing out this stain in a little blood. Let the Cardinals be brought to their trial before the tribunal of the people, and let them pay the penalty deserved by those who betray their country.' He sat down amidst a thunder of applause. The Duke of Rignano, when he heard the proposal, fainted away, and was carried from the house. Another member rose in his place, and replied, 'I approve of the motion of the honourable citizen, but it is difficult perhaps to execute. The public is hardly advanced enough in political liberality to approve. I propose, as a preliminary step, that the Cardinals be impeached by this assembly, and confined and guarded in their own apartments.' This resolution was adopted without a dissenting voice. The next morning each Cardinal found the door of his palace and that of his bed-chamber guarded by civic soldiers—that force on which Mr. Freeborn had calculated for the preservation of peace in the city. Cicerovacchio—(a subtle jurist)—proclaimed that, as the people were supreme, the choice of their ministers lay with them; and, approaching the window, he asked the crowd assembled in the *Corso* if they chose Cardinal Antonelli to be their minister? Startled and alarmed, they made no reply. 'I say,' reiterated the corn-chandler, 'are you willing that any priest, red or black, should remain with the power to betray you?' The voices of a few accomplices shouted a negative. 'Whom, then, do you choose?' The names of Mamiani and his still more obscure colleagues were proposed, declared to be accepted, and forced on the Pope.

From this time the person of Pius was no longer safe; he was but a prisoner and a hostage. The gates of the city were guarded by the conspirators. The cardinals had hitherto been

a shield around him, or rather, we should say, a target against which were aimed those popular attacks which henceforth would be directed immediately against the Pope. The arrest of the cardinals he heard with much alarm and with real regret. The liberation of some he found means to procure immediately ; others, more obnoxious, he sent to invite to the Quirinal Palace, promising them protection beneath his own roof. The instinct of respect in some cases prevailed, and the civic guards suffered the princes of the church, before whom they were wont to kneel, to escape from their custody. Some, among whom was the honest and high-minded Lambruschini, rejected the Pope's invitation with disdain. Cardinal Bernetti replied with characteristic liveliness that he was obliged for his kind intentions, but that he felt as safe in his own house as in that of his Holiness. Prince Rospigliosi, the colonel of the National Guard, was sent to the Cardinal by the Pope to urge the invitation, and to afford the support of his presence and authority. He presented himself in full regimentals, but the sentry at the palace door opposed his entrance by pointing his bayonet against the breast of his general. Prince Rospigliosi resigned his command. The new ministry soon gave way to another, who only plunged deeper and deeper into the abyss of anarchy. At length the eyes of the most determined reformers—of all such as were not at heart anarchists—were opened to the magnitude of the danger, and an attempt was made to re-establish order.

Count Rossi, the late ambassador from France, had remained at Rome since the revolution in his adopted country, and the ruin of the government by which he had been favoured. Intimately acquainted with the different parties that disturbed the peace of the Roman States, moderate and cautious, as well as resolute, he inspired great hopes in the well-disposed by his promotion to office ; and for a time those hopes were not deceived. The new constitution had been promulgated, and the assembly was about to meet ; he had restored tranquillity to the streets—he imposed decency on the clubs, he repressed the licence of the press—and had appealed, it was hoped effectually, to the honour and fidelity of a portion at least of the troops. The most riotous part of the population had been dispatched on the crusade against Austria, but the Swiss unfortunately had been suffered to depart on the same errand. On this measure the demagogues had insisted, and the government had weakly yielded in the hopes of preventing a collision between the people and those faithful mercenaries. The appearance of returning tranquillity and recovered confidence inspired the Republicans with serious fears that the establishment of the constitution which they professed to desire might not be so impossible

impossible as they had supposed it: they knew a vast majority of the people to be favourable to the Pope; they believed in the fidelity of the carbineers; and in the firmness of Rossi they had an ever present cause for apprehension. The death of this minister had, soon after his nomination, been decreed in the clubs and secret societies—the moment of consummation approached. It was not at Rome, however, that the plan was matured; at least it is the general belief that the ultimate decision was taken when some of the leading Liberals, one of them on his way back from exile, met in a steam-boat in the port of Leghorn. A man of princely title, and many others of inferior note, are accused by public opinion at Rome of having been early acquainted with the scheme. Mystery still hangs over the transaction; the newspapers of the day, all in the hands of the demagogues or in terror of them, either never mentioned the crime at all, or spoke of it only with praise. It is certain, however, that many were in the secret of the plot, and that some of them incautiously revealed their knowledge: one, in a coffee-house at Bologna, drew forth his watch, and observed that it had struck 12 o'clock, and that by this time the minister Rossi had been assassinated. Bets were laid, in as well as out of Rome, that he would not see the opening of the chambers; and the unfortunate man himself had warnings of his doom. Before proceeding to the Chamber, he attended at the Quirinal Palace to take the Pope's commands. In mounting the stairs he had received a note from a lady acquainting him with his danger; and he showed the paper to the Pope, who entreated him not to brave a fate which seemed but too probable. He replied with spirit that when he accepted office he accepted with it its risks and dangers. He proceeded to the Cancellaria, accompanied by his colleague Righetti. It is believed that three poniards were ready, and placed in successive ambush—at the foot of the stairs, at the top of them, and at the entrance of the chamber: but the mob had closed round him before he began the ascent, and the first of the assassins did the deed. The three ruffians are publicly named in Rome: nay, one of them accepted the honours of a triumph; he was carried on the shoulders of his partizans, preceded by the bloody knife, while 'young-eyed massacres'\* sung patriotic hymns around him.

The first act of the bloody drama was closed; the following morning opened with the second. A petition was to be presented

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\* The '*Speranza dell' Italia*' was composed of boys under fifteen years of age. Perhaps the establishment of such a regiment was the very worst act of revolutionary Rome. The depravity and ferocity which these unhappy children learnt may be imagined—they could not bear to be expressed. The effects of this horrible corruption will not speedily disappear.



to the Pope, entreating, or rather demanding, the appointment of a democratical ministry, together with other measures which the government had hitherto resisted. The doors of the palace were closed on the importunate petitioners, and the Swiss body-guard opposed itself resolutely to their violence. The native troops betrayed their trust, and joined the mob in their attack on the doubly consecrated person of their sovereign. A person of high title, and enjoying some reputation in the pacific realms of science, volunteered to go and bring up two pieces of ordnance. The gates were assailed with fire and with cannon, and the bullet that was destined for the Pope himself reached the breast of his secretary. He escaped the successive volleys that were fired on his bedchamber, and disappointed part of the plot by his submission to popular dictation. He prohibited all resistance; but the Swiss on duty, with that obstinate fidelity which forms so striking a part of their national character, and redeems so many of its defects, refused to obey the order, and ranging themselves (they were but sixteen in number) in order of battle, prepared to die at their post. Several of them fell before the orders of the Pope were obeyed. It was an affecting spectacle to see the chaplains and the household attendants of the palace placing themselves before these self-devoted soldiers, and tearing from their hands the weapons with which they were struggling to perform their last earthly duty.\* The Pope, deserted and alone, received the commands of the mob. His murder had been determined—no hand, perhaps, had been deputed to strike—perhaps no tongue had uttered the fatal word—

‘ But they understood by signs,  
And did in signs again parley with sin.’

The Republican sect, who now exercised unlimited authority, resolved on a fresh stroke of audacity—the Pope must at least be deprived of his temporal power—and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly was the means by which this object was to be accomplished. The Quirinal was again assailed on the 24th of November—the mob broke into the Pope’s bedchamber, whither he had already retired to rest, and extorted his consent to this fatal measure. The next day the consternation was general on learning the flight of Pius; it was some time before his place of refuge was ascertained, and there is to this hour some doubt as to the manner in which his escape was accomplished.

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\* While the Republic lasted, these faithful soldiers refused every offer that was made them: they lived in abject poverty and in perpetual danger. We have pleasure in learning that they have now resumed their charge of the papal palaces, and, in their picturesque uniforms, new and brilliant, recall the remembrance of the ancient and peaceful days of Rome.

It was now that the most desperate of the original agitators rose to power, and none of these exercised a greater or a more fatal influence than Sterbini, on whom a peer of England (Lord Beaumont) has pronounced an eulogium in his place in Parliament. A native of the Roman States, a lawyer and a poet, but equally unsuccessful in both callings, he first became a conspirator and then an exile. This man was long the director of the revolutionary committee at Marseilles. Restored by the amnesty to Rome, he became the editor of the '*Contemporaneo*,' a newspaper remarkable even in Italy for its hypocrisy and profligate disregard of truth. Unrestrained by moral scruples, or by any check excepting that of fear, he became the soul and centre of sedition, the moving principle of evil, and held the place of first conspirator, till Mazzini himself appeared upon the stage.

The flight of the Pope was the signal for the departure of those cardinals and nobles who had lingered on in Rome; some few indeed of these last, unable or unwilling to move, purchased their security by a mean compliance with the exigencies of the democrats, by the bribes which they paid into ultra-patriotic hands, and by the sacrifice of all principle and independence.

Till the Constituent Assembly could be elected, the government was carried on in the name of the Legislative Chambers, and was conducted by the ministers, all members of the revolutionary list—Mamiani, Sterbini, Sturbinetti, Galletti, with others hardly less unworthy, and even more obscure. All were 'men of literature'—poets, pamphleteers, journalists;—like those worthies who published liberty and fraternity at the Luxembourg, they added the petulant vanity and the mean malignity of petty authorship to the rapacity and violence of a more masculine ambition. Socialists in principle, and the enemies of all religion, they found it convenient to cover their purposes with a mask of devotion. The doctrines of the Communists are in direct opposition to those of Christianity, upon which they profess to be grounded. Christianity inculcated subordination, and never promised equality upon earth. The Socialist demands for all men that immediate equality of ease to which the immutable laws of Providence are opposed, and in the pursuit of which the whole social frame is broken. So specious, however, are these theories, that religion only can combat them; and in proportion as religion diminishes, their baneful influence must increase. In France they have long been inculcated in every varied form of repetition—in essays, speeches, poems—in novels, in histories, and in sermons: to a certain degree also they had been familiar in Italy, even before the revolution gave currency to the wildest speculations, and placed their propounders in situations  
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of power and responsibility. Socialism is a delusion singularly agreeable to the vanity of obscure and half-educated scribblers. In Italy there had now started up a host of these, to propagate the most extravagant doctrines, and to abuse to the uttermost the newly acquired liberty of the press. The language of moderation was rejected as cold—even that of mitigated hostility as tame; and both were soon stigmatized as treasonous. In the hands of the new government the press became the most formidable engine of tyranny, the most effective instrument of private revenge. It did not supersede the use of the dagger, but was its ablest assistant and boldest apologist. The ‘freedom of the press,’ it is hardly needful to add, meant the most unbounded licence in one direction—in all others the most abject thralldom. A lawyer, a man of retired and studious habits, was preparing a volume of original documents illustrative of the history of noble families—he received an intimation to discontinue his aristocratic labours if he placed any value on his life. The Padre Ximenes, editor of the ‘Cassandrino,’ a newspaper which supported the Papal cause, was murdered as he returned to his dwelling, and his body was found near the Church of the Jesu. He had previously conducted the ‘Labaro,’ but had resigned it to the care of another priest, who met with a similar fate. It was the fatal influence of the press that had hurried on the war with Austria, that doomed Rossi to death and the Pope to deposition, and which now promoted the open confiscation and the secret murders with which Rome was filled.

The British public is still, we believe, in utter darkness with regard to what happened during that melancholy period. Those who abetted this revolution, or who constituted themselves its champions, would shrink with horror from the cause they espoused, could they know one half of the crimes by which it was supported. It is not in the nature of Englishmen of decent conduct and regular habits to conceive the iniquity of men long exiled from social ties and domestic affection, and relieved from all the restraints of public opinion. The unanimity of which the demagogues boasted—impossible, under similar circumstances, in a really free state—should have opened the eyes of the intelligent to the true condition of the people, which was simply the submission of fear. If they took up arms, it was in the dread of violence from their own defenders. The Romans, accustomed to obedience and now drilled into slavery, dared not raise a voice against the oppressor—nay, to such an excess did terror influence, that the injury itself was denied: as the patient wife of some brutal husband conceals her bruises and stifles her cries. In proof of this unanimity the press cited the sums extorted from the timidity of wealth and from

from the helplessness of poverty, and vaunted them as the spontaneous offerings of patriotism. The assassinations were concealed or denied, and those who complained, or who mourned the dead, saw their names posted up at the Caffè delle Belle Arti (Palazzo Fiano) as doomed to a like fate. Two youths (brothers) who, united by an instinct of humanity, rushed forward to staunch the blood of the dying Rossi, were denounced for this crime; and the firemen who repaired to the Quirinal Palace to extinguish the flames by means of which the mob had accomplished their entrance, were warned that their lives were forfeited to the just indignation of the people.

Bribes poured in on the demagogues, and money disappeared in proportion as silver was carried to the mint. The quantity of precious metal robbed from the churches and extorted from the people was enormous. In Italy, though few families even of the highest distinction can display the quantity of plate that will be found in English houses of much less consequence, the possession of a few articles of silver is far more generally diffused. The hotels and coffee-houses all have articles of value; the humblest families—raised above actual want—are provided with a few silver forks and spoons: when we consider that all these were seized, and that jewels and gold-plate were also confiscated largely, the computation that this usurping violence gathered in to the value of a million of ounces is probably not an exaggerated one. It is certain that under these circumstances the precious metal in currency should have been incomparably greater than it had ever been in the most prosperous periods of the papacy: nevertheless, not one dollar was seen to circulate. There was coining enough—but not for any of the usual purposes. The government had taken the precaution of using the die of Gregory XVI.,—consequently, wherever it might go, the new coinage could not be traced nor the possessors challenged. Copper disappeared no less than silver, and saucepans and coffee-pots followed spoons and salvers, yet copper money became equally scarce, nor has it yet returned into circulation. The issue of paper by the democratic government far exceeded the amount of specie which was usually in circulation—and to this paper they gave a forced currency. If the patriots wish to clear themselves of the imputation that rests on them, let them explain all this mystery. Much money (paper money, we mean) was spent in corrupting the people; the government spared some cash to salary sedition at Florence and at Venice—though it also levied a forced contribution under the name of fraternal assistance to the Venetian rebels;—the Parisian agitators had their share of the gold; it is understood that every motion on Italian affairs in the legislative chamber was a severe drain on the

the exchequer of the Roman republic. Making every allowance for these payments, however, and admitting that large sums are still secreted in Rome and in the provinces, we cannot think the public voice has greatly erred in assigning 100,000 dollars as the share of each of the principal demagogues, or in supposing that their active subordinates were hardly less successful. Garibaldi, who to his native instinct added the experience of South America, is commonly said to have appropriated half a million of dollars; and if so, as he did not appear till the eleventh hour, it must be allowed that his gleanings denote the richness of the previous harvest.—We are glad to mitigate our censure where we can, and we cheerfully admit that the regenerators of Roman glory showed discretion and judgment in their method of collecting contributions. Practical and utilitarian in their views, they laid hands on nothing that did not possess intrinsic value, or that could readily be claimed or easily traced. The sale of pictures and statues would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, and the possession of such articles would have been worse than useless. There is, we admit, a very general impression that the Vatican library has been plundered of some of its most portable treasures; but the terror which the late government still inspires imposes silence on the guardians of that establishment, and there has as yet been no distinct proof from remoter quarters.

The mere rapacity of the demagogues, however, was their most venial fault. The revenue officers, or *Financieri*, the worst and lowest description of government officials, men accustomed to smuggling, extortion, and robbery, were now organized into a corps in the immediate service of the Triumvirs—their ranks having been recruited with the robbers, pirates, and sicarii who had been brought from the Marches of Ancona and from Romagna, where the race has ever flourished. The extent of crime committed in these districts had alarmed the conscience of many patriots ‘very far advanced in liberality’—to borrow an expression of Lord Minto’s—and they remonstrated with one of the Triumvirs upon the impolicy of employing such agency in the capital. He was reminded that one hundred and seven persons were supposed to have fallen by the assassin’s knife at Ancona alone, while Bologna, Ravenna, Pesaro, and other cities of Romagna each presented lists of slain and missing hardly less numerous. The Triumvir affected to pay attention to these observations. A member of the Constituent Assembly, one Orsini, was sent to Ancona with authority to seize the murderers of that district, and to convey them as prisoners to the Castle of Spoleto. When they arrived at Foligno, however, they were all set at liberty by order of the Circolo Popolare of that city, and were recommended to proceed

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to Rome, where large pay and employment awaited them. The Triumvir, when reproached with his breach of promise, replied that he had reflected on the case—that such men were necessary to preserve the vigour of *the sect*, and that as faithful members of it he was not at liberty to punish them. This Triumvir was a man eminently fitted for the task which he had assumed; every quality he possessed excepting courage, and in that particular he resembled some of the most admired heroes of the French revolution. In explaining his principles of government to a trusted confidant, he observed that he must adapt his policy to the country and the times in which he lived:—‘what Robespierre could do in open day, *he* must accomplish in secret: while the former could command the service of the executioner, *he* must deal the blow by the hand of the assassin.’ The man he spoke with was as far *advanced in liberality* as himself; he spoke without witnesses and at midnight, the light of a single lamp casting a hue yet more cadaverous over his sallow features—but his confidence was betrayed—the confidants of such counsel can rarely be faithful.

A great part of the wickedness now perpetrated from motives of private vengeance, and falsely attributed to public principle, must for ever remain unrevealed. No search was made for the criminal; no one dared to denounce the crime. The sword of Damocles was suspended over every man’s neck, and by a submissive endurance of every injury each hoped to escape the fate of his less prudent neighbour; patient as sheep they awaited the preliminary operation of shearing, and were led with dumb submission to the slaughter-house. The weight of republican persecution fell principally on the priesthood—they were the most exposed to suspicion, and, to their eternal honour be it spoken, they exhibited throughout a courage and a resolution of which no other class gave an example, and in which they had no imitators. The principal scene of these cruelties was S. Calisto in Trastevere, a Benedictine convent, from whence the inmates had been ejected. It was here that Zambianchi, the captain of the Financieri, established his head-quarters. He was a native of Bologna, and had been released from prison, where he lay under the charge of seven homicides: grateful to the great men whom he regarded as his benefactors, and largely trusted and supported by them, he became the most useful instrument of their designs. Terror was to be struck into the ‘retrograde party,’ now stigmatised as the *Neri* or *Oscurantisti* (Blacks, or Lovers of Darkness); and those on whom the children of Light affixed this reproach—not less fatal than the *incivisme* of the French Revolution—were despoiled

despoiled of their property and inveigled to the gardens of S. Calisto, which they never left alive. Between forty and fifty bodies, in different states of decomposition, were discovered in one pit dug in those premises; and more recently, in turning the earth beneath a fig-tree near the same spot, the remains of seven others were brought to light. The desecrated convent of Sta. Sabina on Monte Celio, where a detachment of the Doganieri was quartered, was the scene of similar outrages, of which similar proofs have been found. To give a list of all the crimes committed during this period would be as difficult as it would be revolting; we select a few instances from among those most generally known, or which were perpetrated with the greatest publicity. The Abbate Maccioli, a canon of S. John Lateran, being seen by four Financieri, who were driving by in an open carriage, was captured and conveyed to S. Calisto, where he was stripped and robbed of a large sum which belonged to a public office; his life, however, was saved by the opportune intercession of powerful friends. A priest, driven by anxiety, or some impulse of irresistible curiosity, repaired to the walls during the siege, and was carried before one high in military command, who, while affecting to treat him with contempt, exchanged significant looks with the guard: the poor man left his presence full of hope, and was the next minute shot for a French spy. The curate of Monte Mario was murdered by the mobilized guard for having received in his parsonage the French soldiers, whom he possessed no means of keeping out of it. A priest, who was attending the sick and dying at the hospital of the Trinità dei Pellegrini, being found with a passport for Gaeta (whither he was obliged to proceed on account of a cause he was pleading before the Papal council), was shot on the spot. The curate of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, in company with four other priests, was shot at S. Calisto, Zambianchi amusing himself by forcing them to walk in the cloisters of the convent while he fired on them with his rifle. The minister Galletti, in the course of a military promenade round the walls, seized three peasants, who he asserted were disguised Jesuits, and, carrying them with him into the town, he abandoned them to the fury of the mob, who murdered them on the bridge of S. Angelo; an eye-witness asserts he saw the assassins lick the bloody weapons with their tongues. We are sorry to shock the sensibility—perhaps to provoke the incredulity—of English readers with this disgusting recital. We wish we could hold out any hopes that the accounts which we have given are exaggerated. Truth cannot long be stifled; and when the minute history of this melancholy period is known, it will be seen how much the picture we have given falls below the fearful reality.

But

But we have been drawn somewhat out of the order of events. It was not till after the Republic was proclaimed that these enormities were perpetrated.

The Legislative Chambers, in whose name the government was conducted after the flight of Pius, possessed neither power nor influence. The upper chamber had virtually abdicated, and the lower was subject to the mob that shouted at its doors, and to the spectators in the tribunes, who for ever brandished naked daggers in the eyes of refractory members. The real power lay with the demagogues who had conspired the death of Rossi, and were masters of the clubs and the crowds. The election of a Constituent Assembly by universal suffrage was now announced, but the people took little interest in the farce that was played before them, and no election would probably have taken place but for the efforts that were made to secure returns. The names of the candidates to be elected were written on a card and given to the voters with a sum in paper-money varying from a dollar to one-half of that amount: few of those not actually belonging to the sect, and who were raised above the acceptance of such a bribe, gave any vote at all—while, on the other hand, many individuals voted at every polling-place in each town; but notwithstanding all the urgency of the chiefs, and all the falsifications of the returning officers, the number of voters was very small. In Rome the National Guard amounted to above 12,000 men, of whom not 300 could be brought to the poll.

On the 4th of February, 1849, the Constituent Assembly was convened. On the 9th of the same month its President pronounced the temporal power of the Pope to have ceased in fact and by right, and a Republic, purely democratic, was announced as the future government of the state; an executive committee of three persons was named, as well as the ministers by whom the public service was to be conducted.

In spite of the varied and incessant efforts of the Triumvirate, there can be little doubt that their rule, originally unpopular, soon became intolerable, and that, if Rome had been left to herself, a few weeks, or possibly days, would have brought it to a close. Mazzini had arrived at Rome to take the prominent place hitherto reserved for him; he had repaired to S. Peter's, and seated himself in the chair of the Pope to hear the *Te Deum* that was sung by a cowed apostate in honour of the proclamation of the Republic. But the priests, outraged, disgusted, and scandalized, were labouring slowly and dexterously in the cause of order; and persecution could hardly check their zeal, nor terrorism conceal its efficacy. Neither Mazzini nor any of his colleagues had faith in the duration of their power, or in the possible existence of



of the Roman Republic. Italian vanity did not so far blind them to the estimation in which they were held as to induce them to believe they were to remain in permanent possession of the Papal throne. Under these circumstances the attack of the French was an unexpected stroke of good fortune. They were subsequently defeated, however, in their treacherous schemes of selfish aggrandizement planned with the French agent Lesseps; and *then* no course was left open to them but a loud appeal to the patriotism of the Italians, and, as they profanely boasted, a firm reliance on the favour of the God of battles. It was not that they deemed a successful resistance possible—but the weight of failure would not fall on them—the defence of the walls would devolve on other hands, and they were doubly safe in their reliance on foreign protection, and in the moderation imposed on General Oudinot by the peculiarity of his position. It was in the midst of these cunning and cowardly intrigues—it was while making the arrangements for *this* defence—that Mazzini represented himself and his colleagues as seated on their curule chairs in the palace of the Consulta in an apartment mined with gunpowder, holding the match in their hands with which they would fire the train should the modern Brennus presume to invade this last sanctuary of liberty.

It is very generally admitted that the French invasion was a political error, and has had the effect of injuring the military reputation of the country. It will stand recorded in future annals that for two months the crumbling walls of Rome withstood the siege of thirty-five thousand Frenchmen, conducted by the skill of the best engineers and backed by the well-known gallantry of that nation; and the pompous bulletins by which the invading general strove to throw dust in the eyes of his countrymen will but serve to attest the strength of the resistance he encountered. All this tends to inflate the national vanity of the Italians, and the siege is appealed to in proof of the awakened valour of the Roman people. The truth, however, is behind; the length of the siege is to be attributed even less to the incompetence of Oudinot than to his political timidity and the weakness of the government that employed him. His efforts were paralysed by the attacks of the Parisian press, and the intrigues of the Parisian demagogues, who held a secret correspondence with those of Rome, and encouraged their resistance to a French army. He could feel no certainty that the new Assembly at Paris might not order him to support the usurpers he had been commissioned to overthrow—and under such circumstances he could only negotiate, temporise, and spin out the time, while every hour that he wasted diminished his own strength and added to that of his

his enemy. While he was negotiating beyond the walls, and M. Lesseps was intriguing within them, and while his troops were languishing in a pestilential climate, defenders poured into Rome from every quarter—Poles, Germans, Lombards, Piedmontese, Tuscans—in a word, Garibaldi. The Romans, instead of having cause to boast of their long defence, should rather blush at it as the last of their degradations. They suffered themselves to be pillaged and slaughtered by hordes of foreign adventurers, who entered the city without their consent, and forced them by threats and blows to help in manning their own walls against an enemy for whose success they were secretly panting.

Garibaldi, whose first appearance with his truculent train of outlaws, the sweepings of all nations, excited the alarm of the citizens and the jealousy of the national guard, had been, to get rid of him for a time at least, sent to the Abruzzi—with the order to guard that frontier against the expected invasion from Naples. He had since lived in this district at free quarters, permitting every excess to his followers and recruiting his forces by the promise of unrestrained licence. The dread of him had not diminished among those who had anything to lose at Rome—but he could no longer be dispensed with. The indisposition of the national guard was perfectly well known to the Triumvirs. Besides their avowed dislike to fighting, they were generally inimical to the republic, and it was necessary to collect some force to overawe them, and at the same time give them an example. The troops of the line were totally disorganised, and were, perhaps, even more averse than the national guard to the idea of an armed resistance. Garibaldi therefore was recalled to Rome, when the invasion was first threatened, but with a force whose nominal amount was not to exceed six hundred, though its effective strength was not less than two thousand. The day on which he re-entered the capital was warm for the season, and the citizens who flocked to the gate were struck with new terror as they gazed on him and his now augmented banditti—a savage crowd dressed in every variety of costume, the raggedness of their general apparel presenting a grotesque contrast with some rich ornament or article of dress—armed with every description of weapon—women disguised in male attire—bearded cut-throats masquerading as women; some mounted on horses they had stolen, others on asses they had picked up on commons; some seated on cars, carriages, and whatever conveyance they could press into the service—the coach of the bishop of Rieti bringing up the rear, filled with drunken volunteers, roaring at the top of their voices, and with legs protruded from the windows. No order was attempted in the  
march—

march—an air of studied confusion and of affected ruffianism was purposely contrived to add to their naturally wild and forbidding aspect. Many were intoxicated; muskets and pistols were fired in the streets without any regard to the risks incurred, and menaces and curses mingled with songs of ribaldry and blasphemy.

The managers of this hideous melodrama had ordered everything with the view of inspiring terror. These desperadoes were intended to overawe the inhabitants of Trastevere, who, in spite of what had been done to corrupt them (and far too successfully), still it was feared entertained that partiality to the cause of the Pope which the priests might excite into actual resistance. It was not judged prudent to march the bandits at once to their destined quarters, and in the mean time the convent of S. Silvestro in Capite was appointed for their barrack. S. Silvestro is a convent of female Benedictines, and as the volunteers entered the gates, the nuns were forcibly ejected. No place of asylum was assigned to them; no preparations had been made for their reception; and military billets on the public-houses were tauntingly offered to them, when they intreated to be informed whither they were to go. It is not the least disgraceful chapter of this disgraceful history that the cruelty to which these recluses were exposed excited the derision of the crowd that pressed on their sad procession. Without protection and without a determined destination, the timid troop were driven along—the youthful novice about to pronounce her vows, the aged votaress who for fifty years had never strayed beyond the convent garden; tottering, staggering, they looked bewildered around, in hopes of seeing some symptom of pity, some touch of manly feeling; but hard eyes watched, and ribald jeerings mocked, their prolonged humiliation. Their situation at length became known to some other religionists not yet exposed to persecution, and a temporary asylum was found for them amongst the various convents still remaining in Rome.

It was not till after nightfall and in perfect silence that the removal of Garibaldi's head-quarters to Trastevere was accomplished. On the very evening of his arrival there occurred an act of severity that was destined to strike terror into the retrograde party. While sitting with a few followers in a neighbouring *osteria*, a priest of the parish church of Sta. Maria in Trastevere was brought before him, charged with having abused the Republic. Garibaldi listened to his defence with attention: the poor man alleged that it was true he was a faithful subject of the Pope, but that though he did not love the Republic, he had expressed no opinion on the subject. Garibaldi, with an air of solemnity  
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and gravity that never deserted him, remarked that in a republic all opinions were freely permitted, and ordered the liberation of the prisoner. Two rank and file escorted him, and when they arrived at a convenient spot he was stabbed to the heart. The next morning the altar was prepared and the congregation assembled for the mass he should have sung. The news was whispered that his dead body had been found in a neighbouring street, but no one ventured to inquire after the murderer.

Though the direction of public affairs was no longer in the hands of the Triumvirs, they did not the less continue their negotiations with the French, their intrigues with the chiefs of every party. Mazzini is now accused by the Romans of having been all along in the pay of Austria; this we do not believe—but we quote the opinion as illustrative of the Italian character, and of the sort of reputation this noted demagogue has left behind him. The terror that the Republicans still inspire, the impunity that has been secured to their crimes, and the dread of the knives of the sicarii, all conspire to conceal the truth and to suppress evidence. Enough, however, has come out to convince us that a more complicated web of treachery it never fell to the lot of an historian to unravel. Meantime the Romans saw their hopes of deliverance vanish. A little spirit on the part of the Roman people, a little vigour on that of the French general, and a capitulation must certainly have been signed which would have saved the city from the ruin of a siege and the French from the disgrace of such a victory. It was otherwise ordained; and the people, under the influence of terror, were compelled to resist, while the leaders, having secured their own ultimate retreat, were content to accept the reputation of heroes, which was thrust upon them. Committees were formed for the management of the various departments—a committee of defence, another of barricades, a third for enforced loans, and a fourth for voluntary contributions. The devastation of the suburbs and of their beautiful villas belonged to the first. This measure originated, doubtless, in the desire to occupy the populace, to excite their enthusiasm, and to furnish an excuse for keeping them in the pay of Government, but it would be injustice to the contrivers to suppose they had no other motive; whoever had a cherished grudge against a wealthy or arrogant neighbour had now but to denounce his possessions as an impediment to the national defence, and his woods were instantly levelled and his house thrown down. That belt of cultivation which surrounded the city like a fence against the desolation that lies beyond it, is now encumbered with a mass of crumbling ruins. The Milvian Bridge, its parapets overthrown and its arches broken, presents a spectacle of destruction such as eighteen centuries and

and countless invasions could not achieve. The road, cut up by barricades, leads to a suburb in which fire has been employed as the quickest means of effecting a wide-spreading demolition. The Villa Borghese, the haunt of the gay and the place of 'common recreation for the Roman people,' decorated by the taste of successive generations, abounding in grateful shade, in lakes, and sparkling fountains, diversified with meadows, woods, and lawns, and decorated with temples, statues, and casinos, the realization of all that the fancy can suggest for refined and luxurious enjoyment, has been consigned to utter desolation. The villa to which Raffaele retired, and which his genius had adorned with a fresco-painting in which it has been affirmed M. Angelo himself was surpassed—this sacred spot, which, with a well-considered taste, had been left in its venerable simplicity, was involved in the common ruin to which were doomed the possessions of the wealthy owner who had first espoused and then deserted the cause of the revolution.\* The whole circuit of the walls presents similar scenes, nor has the wayside chapel or humble dwelling of the peasant fared better than the casino of the noble. This havoc is the more lamentable, inasmuch as it was wholly useless; no attack was expected from that side of the city, nor, if it had, could the defence of the city have been facilitated by this devastation.† In Rome itself, besides the injury done to its antique walls, and that which barricades and fortifications accomplished in the streets, much has been inflicted in the mere wantonness of malice. Convents have been pulled down in hatred to the occupants, and round the Castel S. Angelo whole streets are levelled. A subaltern officer in the Papal army, a fellow of loose and dissolute habits, having been refused assistance by Torlonia, now saw his opportunity of revenge; promoted to a high rank, implying full right of demolition, the Tordinona theatre, the property of that banker, fixed his aim: he made considerable progress in levelling the adjoining street—

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\* This noble villa, though adorned by the munificence of the Borghesi, was held by them on condition that it should be open to the public; a vast sum was yearly expended in preserving it in repair, and it is said that the revenues of the prince will be materially benefited by this public loss, since he will now bring those grounds into productive cultivation, by which he will realise more money than he before expended in preserving them in splendid inutility.

† The lovers of the picturesque have no greater misfortune to deplore than the loss of the row of trees that edged the path between the arches of Severus and that of Titus. Yet the few avenues of elms that lined the roads beyond the Porta Angelica and the Porta Portese are losses nearly as great: trees of any size are rare in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and the loss is irreparable. The last piece of destruction was accomplished under the pretext of the defence of the town; but in truth no better reason can be assigned than the five dollars a piece for which the trees were sold.

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but as to the theatre itself, the surrender of the city disappointed him—as it did many others in similar projects of patriotism.

Meanwhile the foreign consuls protested against the injuries which the *French General* was inflicting—injuries for which he was in no degree responsible, unless by his inactivity he may be said to have given time for their perpetration. It was by the Aurelian Way that he had advanced upon Rome, and here those skirmishes took place which French exaggeration and Italian vanity have swelled into important battles. What can hardly be exaggerated, however, is the amount of damage done. Bridges broken down, crops destroyed, walls levelled, and tenantless houses perforated with bullets and tottering to their fall, prepare the traveller for the more extended ruin which the city presents. The Villa Pamphili-Doria, and the cluster of fine casinos that surround it, were alternately occupied by the French and the miscellaneous hordes of Italian allies; and while Oudinot's troops observed the exactest discipline, and abstained from all unnecessary mischief, the other party seemed to take a malicious pleasure in wanton destruction. The principal casino in the Villa Pamphili has been sacked, the gardens trodden down, and the marbles and fountains broken and choked up. Less extensive than the Villa Borghese, but more beautiful in position and more elaborately decorated, it was sometimes preferred to that delightful spot—the rivalry in future must be confined to the extent of their ruin. To catalogue the outrages performed would fatigue the reader, and would perhaps add little of reality to the picture his imagination will supply—the appearance of this part of the city and environs may furnish no imperfect idea of Lisbon after the great earthquake.

The conduct of the defence was committed to Garibaldi, who took up his quarters in the Villa Savorelli, and afterwards in the Villa Spada, both within the walls. During the armistice with the French, he made a sortie from the town, and occasionally annoyed the rear of the retreating Neapolitans; he generally avoided their encounter however—and was better pleased to gain those shadowy victories which were celebrated in Rome, and perhaps credited in Paris, than to seek the reality in the battle-field. But however small the harm he did to the Neapolitans, the misery his progresses created in the Roman States is no fiction. The convent of S. Silvester, on the Alban Mount, was sacked—those of the monks who were discovered were murdered—and the building was saved from destruction only by the influence of one of the party somewhat better disposed, who persuaded the soldiers to get drunk in the refectory in preference to burning the library, which had been their first project. Their buccaneer chief

returned from these expeditions loaded with spoil, and, the newspapers assured us, with glory.

This adventurer is in nothing, if we except his costume, the melo-dramatic hero that the newspapers have represented him. He is between forty and fifty years of age, of the middle size, with an active figure and well-knit limbs. His countenance, which expresses resolution without ferocity, gives character to features rather striking than handsome. His hair is of a light reddish colour, and, descending on his shoulders, is trimmed in conformity with a thick and bushy beard of a shade or two lighter. In his dress he consults the picturesque: his cap was of scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold lace and a plume of black feathers; he wore a tunic, or blouse, of the beautiful scarlet cloth which the Sultan presented to the Pope; and besides his sword he carried a dagger in his belt. His personal and favoured troops were dressed in most respects like himself. With a certain ease and natural grace in his motions he mingled that air of sober and stately dignity which is essential to those who desire to exercise authority over Spaniards or their descendants. In South America he had acquired the Spanish manner as well as tongue, almost to the exclusion of his own. Adored by his own band, he found the art of making the miscellaneous swarm of licentious Italians obey him. Scrupulously polite in his language, he was inexorable in his deeds; he would order the execution of a dozen deserters with the same breath that he asked for a cup of wine. A sort of Claverhouse among the brigands, he affected the same devotion to what he called his duty; and while hating the Republic and despising the Republicans, and intending to establish himself on the ruins of both, he blazoned an unflinching zeal in their cause, for which he was ready to sacrifice every thing. While taking the greatest care of his own person, he did not expose his proper followers to unnecessary danger. He forced the convicts to work in the trenches, and the volunteers he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in exposing. Well acquainted with the national character, he affected to doubt the courage of those who presented themselves before him, and when they protested their anxiety to fight, he used calmly to point to the breach, where he directed his own Myrmidons to yield them the precedence, with secret instructions that no retreat should be permitted. We do not mean that this man, 'a robber by land and a pirate by sea,' was deficient in the common courage of a common soldier, but that he was not animated by a chivalric love of glory or by the romantic daring which seeks excitement in danger. Nor do we believe that, though utterly indifferent to human life, he had a positive pleasure in shedding blood.

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He turned out to have no military skill beyond that which guerilla practice teaches. The fortifications raised on the side of the besieged were all constructed by French or Polish officers. In the absence of science he entertained extravagant fancies and wild schemes for the destruction of the enemy; it was not till after repeated experiments and much injury of property and waste of time, that he was induced to renounce his project of suffocating the French army with the water of the Pauline aqueduct!\* Had he possessed the tact or enterprise that had been attributed to him, there is little doubt that he could have destroyed the French army in its consternation after the first repulse, or forced it to capitulate. General Oudinot had exhibited such signs of weakness as seemed to invite an attack; but the moment of victory was lost, and the reinforcements dispatched from France made ultimate success certain and resistance hopeless.

While, however, Mazzini was aware all along that the future hopes of the republicans depended solely on the events in Paris, and close observers detected this, Garibaldi showed no want of confidence in his resources. His operations were conducted with an air of authority that imposed on his troops, and with a rigour that insured submission from all others. The Papal soldiery, who had to a man deserted the Papal cause, were among the most noisy, at least, of the republican army; their pay was raised to the extravagant sum of seven pauls a-day—nay, some favoured corps received three times that sum. We can hardly think they earned their wages however, since their principal occupation consisted in driving about the town in strings of thirty or forty carriages,† their muskets garnished with red pocket-handkerchiefs, and their faces glowing with heat and intoxication, bellowing obscene and democratic songs: upon these heroes the rhetoric of Garibaldi was ineffectual; they would testify their devotion in any manner but fighting—and it was to supply their place that the ‘Committee of Defence’ was obliged to *press* volunteers into the service. Those whom this Committee could persuade were dispatched with a light escort to the walls—those who resisted were urged on with blows, accompanied by shouts of derision from the mob, if they had at all the appearance or the dress of gentlemen. One instance will suffice to illustrate this method of recruiting. A quiet

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\* He repeatedly summoned the colonel of the Pompieri to his presence to discuss this ingenious project.

† Few suffered more by the revolution than the livery stable-keepers. They, their carriages, horses, and servants, were at all times at the disposal of patriots, civil and military, without the slightest payment either for work or damage.



civilian, in the service of a noble family, was denounced by a secret enemy as a lukewarm patriot: he was summoned to the walls, and having pleaded sickness in addition to his peaceful habits of life, a mounted band clattered into the court of the palace, and driving him before them, forced him to proceed at a running pace to the breach. If suchlike reluctant warriors endeavoured to escape, or if their nerves gave way when exposed to fire; they were mercilessly condemned; and if, deceived by the calmness of manner with which their execution was commanded, they burst forth into entreaties for mercy, they but afforded the inexorable condottieri the opportunity they desired of exhibiting an impartial justice.

The 'Committee of Oblations' was active meanwhile in securing the gleanings that the 'Committee of Forced Loans' had left. The nobles in general had fled, and acted wisely in so doing: their lives were not secure, and their persons would have served as hostages; the moment for resistance had passed; the most influential of their number had exhibited a timid haste in complying with the demands of the Committee at the moment when a manly resistance could have been made.\* Others had joined the movement in the hopes of obtaining popularity; others again in the abject spirit of submission. None had stood forth to resist the oppression of the democrats, or to assert the rights of their sovereign. We would not, however, be too harsh in our judgment of their conduct, since there was not one gentleman to be found in either of the legislative Chambers of France, in February, 1848, to give a better example in withstanding anarchy than that now exhibited by these inexperienced and unwarlike nobles. The Triumvirs, and their tripartite Committees—for they were all composed of three members—were anxious to infuse an air of bustle and energy into their proceedings, as well as to keep the spirits of the people alive with perpetual excitement. The requisitions were reiterated with a superhuman activity. The churches and convents which had been plundered of their plate were again visited, to discover hidden treasures.† In the search great violence and brutality were exercised on the priests—their cellars were burst open, and their

\* A decree of the Constituent Assembly, dated 2nd March, 1849, taxes every income from two-thirds to one-fifth of its amount—from an annual income of upwards of 12,000 crowns a year, down to one of 2000. Prince Borghese is much blamed for having set the example of submitting to this extravagant demand. It is believed that had he not shown so much promptitude in paying the first instalment of this fine, it would altogether have been resisted.

† The Palace of the Quirinal had been plundered; those of the cardinals were deprived of their most valuable articles—their pictures, libraries, and museums were pillaged, while the similar property of seculars was as yet spared. The Palazzo Doria had been presented to Garibaldi as a testimony of the affection of a grateful people: he had not time, however, to profit by the donation.

wine was seized, or wantonly wasted ; their domestics were beaten and pricked with bayonets and sword-points to induce them to betray deposits. Horses and provender were demanded—provisions of every sort for the valorous defenders of the breach—beds and linen for the wounded patriots. Several hospitals were converted into places of diversion, where women even of the better ranks, under pretence of attending the sick, gave a vent to those loose passions which in a more orderly state of society they had been forced to repress—and the confessor was driven from the couch of the dying for fear of having to witness scenes of unbridled debauchery.

A melancholy picture of human depravity was presented on every side. Treachery and cowardice combined to exhibit the worst features of our evil nature. Servants long cherished by their masters, and pampered with every indulgence, now turned traitors, and denounced the secret hoard to the rapacious agents of confiscation. With trembling anxiety and emulous baseness they brought forth such articles as might tempt the cupidity and secure the favour of the licensed robber. These domiciliary visits had at first been conducted with an air of decency and an assumption of gravity. A catalogue was made, and a receipt offered ; the forms of business were observed. We think we have read that the Arab in the desert strips his victim with a sort of apology :—‘ Brother, give thy cloak ; thy aunt is cold, and has need of it.’ The wants of a Republic in danger afforded a more plausible pretext. But by degrees these forms were abandoned, and pillage assumed a more downright character ; the demands were still made in the name of the Committee, but the warrant exhibited was the pistol of the soldier, like that which Ensign Joyce presented to his King.

It is not the least singular feature of this singular period, that while the attack and defence were conducted with every show of animosity, the belligerent parties were all the time in correspondence. The notes and dispatches will be found in the ‘ *Bollettino delle Leggi*,’ and will furnish the best materials for the future historian. The hollowness of the whole transaction is evident ; but both parties felt themselves secure in their knowledge of the perfidy of the other, and in the means that each possessed to expose their antagonists. France had protected the political crimes of every country in Europe : killing was no murder, robbery no theft. Mazzini and his accomplices did not share the danger they compelled others to brave :—even without the protection of an English passport, they deemed themselves certain of the forbearance, if not of the favour, of a victorious enemy ; the people feared the cannon of the besiegers less

less than the knife of their defenders : hence the resolution of the one and the patriotism of the other.

It was while General Oudinot was feebly protracting the siege, —while Rome and her suburbs were thus given up to the vindictive malice of the worst and most depraved of her own citizens—and while the hopeless defence was prolonged by the foreign adventurers who had usurped the Government—it was then that the Foreign Consuls, at the instigation of Mazzini, made the protest to which we have before alluded against an imaginary bombardment and the consequent destruction of the great monuments of Rome. It might, perhaps, have been thought that the voice of the Consuls, like that of the domestic birds in the Capitol on a former occasion, would awake the vigilance of the garrison ; but it could hardly be seriously supposed that the modern Attila would be scared from the walls of Rome by the apparition of the consular body. Some of the resident Consuls refused to sign this senseless protest ; others have since declared that their compliance was compelled ; and all, we believe, have expressed their regret that they were ever induced to put their signatures to it. The Portuguese withheld his adhesion till he was told that the property and the lives of his countrymen were menaced, and that their national church would be pillaged by the mob.\*

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\* If it is established that Consuls and Vice-Consuls are essential to the public service, we could earnestly desire that the nature of their functions, as well as their extent, were accurately defined. We are averse to suggesting reforms, which we would willingly leave to the proper authorities ; but the recent events in Europe, particularly those in Italy and Sicily, have exhibited the abuses in this branch of the public service as utterly intolerable. How, we would ask, is the British traveller to derive protection in future from a British passport, when it is no longer a guarantee that he is not a foreign emissary of anarchy ? In the present instance we would further ask, had Mr. Freeborn orders to give passports to the republican leaders, or did he act on his own authority ? Those who do not know our country, feel certain that without authority no Deputy-Vice-Consul would have ventured on such a step. Unable to assign any other adequate motive, they pay Lord Palmerston the compliment of supposing he desires to revolutionize Europe for the purpose of obtaining some advantageous commercial treaties for England ; and to this object they believe him to be sacrificing the legitimate influence of his country and the untarnished honour it had hitherto preserved. It is believed in Rome that Mazzini carried on a personal correspondence with Lord Palmerston, and the passport of Mr. Freeborn is converted, by popular credulity, into a safe conduct from her Majesty herself, transmitted through the hands of her Chief Secretary of State. We have heard, that should Mr. Freeborn not be recalled by his own Government, that of Rome would be seriously inclined to withdraw the *exequatur*, which was firmly refused by Cardinal Bernetti when Secretary of State, and finally granted with reluctance. We must add, that however honourable Mr. Freeborn may be as an individual—and we believe him to merit that character—his position as a banker could not well fail of giving rise, in such a society and at such a time, to disparaging surmises.

Other inconveniences have arisen from this abuse of passports. The governor of Malta, Mr. More O'Ferrall, most properly refused to admit a cargo of persons furnished with such documents, while their chief, Avezzana, was only allowed to disembark with the express understanding that he would leave the island within five days.

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The protest of the consuls was attended (as they themselves probably anticipated) with little effect. General Oudinot, when rid of the treacherous assistance of M. Lesseps, pursued his attacks with more vigour, and fortunately with a better result. While the patriots were endeavouring to fix the reputation of a 'barbarian' on this commander, they did their utmost to force him to commit the ravages he sedulously avoided. By mounting batteries close to St. Peter's and the Vatican palace they endeavoured to draw his fire upon those wonders of the world; yet, thanks to his forbearance, neither of them has suffered. It is true the interesting church of S. Pietro in Montorio has been seriously injured, and the annexed convent destroyed; but the fault lies with the defenders, who planted one of their principal batteries on this eminence, and who, after sacking the church and turning it into a stable, broke its finest monuments,\* and even robbed the vaults of the leaden coffins. It is also true that some palaces have been struck with balls, and the church belonging to the Priorato di Malta is sadly defaced; but we repeat that the Romans themselves, or rather their self-constituted defenders, are responsible for the far greater part of the mischief that has been accomplished.

After a siege of sixty-nine days the French can scarcely be said to have entered Rome as conquerors. The honour of their arms has been tarnished, and the besieged derived more credit from their defeat than the besiegers from their success. The subsequent policy of General Oudinot was timid in the extreme, and denoted a total ignorance of the people with whom he had to deal. He did not exact the immediate departure of all those foreigners by whom he had been opposed—he exercised no wholesome rigour—he enforced no unqualified submission,—he effected no general disarmament; the consequence was, his troops were murdered by the dozen. After the exit of Garibaldi and his band, who should instantly have been pursued and taken, above five thousand of the Legion still remained in Rome, consisting of the very worst of the bravoos and cut-throats who had belonged to the company of the 'Financieri.' It was several days before the most noted of the demagogues left the town, and Mazzini himself, having taken sanctuary in the counting-house or the wine-vaults of Mr. Freeborn, proposed residing at Rome under the ægis of British protection. It is needless to say

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The rejected patriots, we perceive, now loudly complain that a fraud has been practised upon them, since they were not allowed to avail themselves of the protection for which they had paid the English Consulate at Rome.

\* The lovers of art will rejoice to hear that the fine fresco by Fra Sebastian del Piombo has escaped injury.

that

that this extension of consular privileges was not admitted, and Mazzini was forced to retire from Rome: he has retreated to England, where, as he writes to his admirers in Italy, he has found sympathy, affection, and succour. He will now have the advantage of a personal communication with Lord Palmerston, who will have the best opportunity 'of ascertaining the views of the leading republicans' from the fountain-head, and of communicating to them in return 'the intentions of her Majesty's Cabinet.'\*

The assassinations were not confined to Oudinot's soldiers; all those who showed any satisfaction in their presence were exposed to insult or worse. Several murders were committed the very day the French effected their entrance. A labourer was massacred by five 'Financieri' in the Piazza di Monte Citorio and his body cut to pieces, because he was seen endeavouring to understand what a couple of French soldiers were asking him; and from the spot the murderers went into the Corso, brandishing their bloody weapons and boasting of their deed, which was rapturously applauded. A French priest, who had the misfortune to meet a band of these ruffians, was put to death simply on account of his nation and his profession. His remains were mutilated and exposed in a manner which we cannot particularize, but the shocking details of which had been learned in the pages of M. Lamartine. Another priest, who was imprudent enough to exclaim aloud, on seeing the entrance of the French, 'Rome is free!' was instantly murdered. All these crimes were perpetrated with impunity. A stop has at length been put to this open system of assassination; but the men of blood yet remain to threaten vengeance and to paralyze the efforts of justice.

Notwithstanding all that has now been stated, it is certain that the Romans *generally* saw the entrance of the French with satisfaction; it gave them present relief, and promised a return of tranquillity; but still it is equally true that neither the nation nor

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\* Since his ejection from Rome, Signor Mazzini has written a letter—which, through Mr. Freeborn's intervention, it is said, has become public—in which he affirms that the Republic is not overthrown, and that the seat of its government is only removed. He promises to return in glory, and in power, to punish his enemies, and to reward fidelity. Our readers will remember that it was to the plottings of this philosopher, when formerly an exile in England, that our late Government opposed itself; they cannot have forgotten the odium Sir James Graham incurred for intercepting his treasonable correspondence—the unwearied virulence that made Sir James's name a proverb—or his dignified conduct in scorning to explain, until the affair was alluded to in parliament, that in point of fact he was *not* the minister to whose department the interception fell, and that he personally had had no more to do with the matter than any one of the wise and farsighted statesmen who called in question the right and duty of the Government to thwart noxious adventurers in conducting, on our soil, conspiracies against foreign states and the peace of Europe. At present no Secretary of State will interfere with his letter-bag.

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the mission were popular. The Papal party dreaded and disliked the former, and the republicans were justly incensed at the latter. The French, moreover, had exhibited those defects which most serve to destroy confidence, and, we may add, some of those virtues also which with the base multitude seldom inspire respect. Such was their moderation that it was found they might be insulted with impunity, and both officers and men were exposed to that description of ill-treatment which the Germans had long endured with such admirable patience in the north of Italy. There can be but one opinion of the conduct of the army since its occupation of the town. The officers have uniformly conducted themselves with exemplary delicacy, and the men bear the various privations and insults to which they are exposed with patience and good-humour. While we bear this willing testimony to the character of the army, we must again reiterate our condemnation of the policy that has been all along pursued by France, and which is still continued. That policy has neither been upright, nor rational, nor clearly defined. Shuffling and trimming have marked it in every stage—most conspicuously in the last. The tyranny of the usurpers having been abolished, the immediate restoration of the rightful government should have followed; no other course could justify the intervention. The recognition of the Pope, nevertheless, was long delayed, and, when professedly acknowledged, his authority was paralyzed in every act. The French leaders, refusing to take on themselves the responsibility of government, yet pertinaciously interfering in it, speedily reduced the administration of affairs, which before was difficult enough, to an absolute impossibility. The relations between them and the Cardinal-Commissioners became from day to day more uneasy. Very few, if any, of the nobles have even yet returned:—their continued absence is considered as a proof of *obscurantism*—it certainly is of cowardice and of extreme folly, and takes away the only chance of authoritative and effectual support for the cause of their sovereign, and the cause also of their own ultimate safety. It is understood that so far from withdrawing the whole or any part of their troops, the French are about to strengthen their Roman garrison—and the impression is universal that, on whatever pretext, they will be in no hurry to drop their hold of Italy. Their diplomacy, alike inconsistent and unexplicit, continues to increase and prolong suspicion; and we believe if the Romans were polled to-morrow, they would vote by an immense majority for the instant departure of the French, and the substitution of an Austrian army, whose chiefs should content themselves (as at Ferrara) with the military guardianship, and leave the natives undisturbed in the civil government.

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It is said, and we can well believe, that the eyes of the Pope are fully opened to the folly of the course he had so long trodden. He has had fatal proof of the hollowness of the popularity on which he built, and he must now be aware that his early measures only alienated the friends of order, and rendered his enemies more powerful. Those enemies used their time to the best advantage. To men so depraved all means of corruption were familiar, and the *moral* state of the city is more dangerous to it than the material ruin with which it is threatened. Up to the month of May, in the year 1848, the influence of the Pope in the regions of the Monti and the Trastevere was unabated—in neither of those could Cicerovacchio show his face with impunity, nor could he ever have fixed his authority in those important quarters but for the weakness of Pius, who contributed to give him credit by appearing to trust and caress him, while in fact he was perfectly aware of his true character. We much fear that all the loyalty and ardent devotion which redeemed many of the defects of this primitive race have totally disappeared before the influences to which they have been exposed.

The measures of the restored government, it is true, have neither been very prudent nor very consistent; but the censures upon it are premature and unfair, nor till absolute freedom be restored to its action do we see how it can properly be held responsible. The reduction of 35 per cent. on the value of the Republican paper-money gave serious dissatisfaction; but it must be allowed, on the other hand, that the discount on those notes had exceeded this sum before the Government ordonnance limited it. The measure itself, moreover, is said to have been of French suggestion. Whatever the faults of the restored Government may be, they certainly are not those of over-harshness. Few imprisonments have taken place, and no punishments have been inflicted; we must add that the influence of the French has been invariably exercised in protecting the guilty and throwing discredit on the Government they came to restore. A decree has been promulgated cancelling all the appointments made by the Republic—a measure of indispensable necessity, since no government can leave power in the hands of its avowed enemies, and the Republican party had shown itself equally treacherous and implacable. The army has been disbanded; but those men who bear the best characters, who wish to continue in the service, and will promise amendment, are to be re-enlisted. This reduction also was a measure of prime necessity, since that army had exhibited every quality that could make it dangerous to the country and contemptible to the enemy: it was disaffected to the core, without discipline, and without even courage. We wish we could add that  
these

these measures had been followed up by any vigorous effort towards the reconstruction of society. If this be possible, it must be the result of a series of endeavours accomplished by the will of a resolute authority, claiming hereditary respect:—not, most assuredly, of the restoration of that hastily-devised Constitution which was overthrown, as soon as installed, by an act of deliberate murder.

Early in August it was confidently reported that the authorities of the French Republic, existing in habitual dread of all true Republicans, and willing at any cost to avoid the additional odium which a new flock of Roman exiles might excite against them, would ere long proclaim a line of policy, as to Roman affairs, calculated to repair in some measure at least the damage which their military expedition had done them in the eyes of the Liberals throughout the world. It was asserted that an universal amnesty would be exacted from the Pope, with the restoration of the National Guard, the adoption of the Code Napoléon, and the secularization of every office of Government. Such conditions, however, we conceived it impossible that even French audacity could propose—no matter with what alternative—to the sovereign in whose cause they had so lately erected their banners. To assume in the first place that the Code Napoléon is the best of possible codes, and in the next that it is suited to the Roman people—above all to impose any code at all on an independent state, and that too in the name of non-intervention—seemed extravagances unworthy to be seriously discussed. The Constitution, whatever might have been its merits, had been overthrown by the Roman people themselves, and another form of government substituted; nor could we conceive on what pretence it was now to be forced back on a prince and people who had both repudiated it. As the former unlimited amnesty granted by the Pope was the original cause of all the disturbances in his states, a repetition of the same measure—at the dictation, too, of a foreign power—could only, as we thought, be proposed in order to raise an insurmountable barrier to his return, and with the purpose of advancing some ulterior project of the French Cabinet. The National Guard had already proved itself worse than useless; and the secularization of the whole machinery of an ecclesiastical government was practically as absurd as would be the proposal to select the ministers of France from amongst the corporals of the mobilized guard.—When England and her allies interfered to prop the falling monarchy of Turkey, do our readers think their object would have been accomplished had the Sultan been compelled to name a divan of Greeks, presided over by an Armenian or Catholic vizier—to appoint a kishlar-aga from the Jewish quarter—and to select the chief



chief mufti from amongst the infidel Christians of the Fanar?—And could it be denied that throughout the recent convulsions in the Papal States, the priests were the class that exhibited most principle, honour, and courage?—Finally, even were all these measures adopted, what effect could they have in conciliating the movement party in Italy? If any one still believes that any constitutional monarchy, whether headed or administered by priests or by laymen, could satisfy their aspirations, we decline arguing with persons whom experience can teach nothing.

The world had never, indeed, been told distinctly by the French Government upon what conditions the Pope originally accepted the assistance of their arms—no, nor even that he had accepted it at all before their troops sailed. It had indeed been asserted with an air of authority in our own Parliament, that France had moved in concert with Spain and Austria, and that she would continue to act on principles adopted by those Powers. To this declaration we should have attached very little weight; because we could well suppose of any mystification being hazarded by the French Republicans, and proving successful with the English Whigs; but we thought that there were better reasons for believing that there *had been* a real concert between the three Powers—(and such indeed we still believe to have been the fact). We therefore considered the rumours above stated as mere rumours, until there appeared in the newspapers a very remarkable document—viz., a letter of the French President, addressed to a personal friend of his, serving on the staff at Rome, and fully setting forth the writer's adhesion to the programme of the Liberal press. This production is in all its circumstances too curious not to be quoted entire :—

‘ A M. LE COLONEL EDGAR NEY.

‘ Paris, le 18 Août. ~

‘ Mon cher Ney,—La République Française n’a pas envoyé une armée à Rome pour y étouffer la liberté Italienne, mais au contraire pour la régler en la préservant de ses propres excès, et pour lui donner une base solide en remettant sur le trône pontifical le prince qui le premier s’était placé hardiment à la tête de toutes les réformes utiles.

‘ J’apprends avec peine que l’intention bienveillante du Saint-Père, comme notre propre action, reste stérile en présence de passions et d’influences hostiles qui voudraient donner pour base à la rentrée du Pape la proscription et la tyrannie. Dites bien de ma part au Général que dans aucun cas il ne doit permettre qu’à l’ombre du drapeau tricolore se commette aucun acte qui puisse dénaturer le caractère de notre intervention. Je résume ainsi le pouvoir temporel du Pape : amnistie générale, sécularisation de l’administration, code Napoléon, et gouvernement libéral.

‘ J’ai

‘ J’ai été personnellement blessé en lisant la proclamation des trois Cardinaux, où il n’était pas fait mention du nom de la France et des souffrances de ses braves soldats. Toute insulte à notre drapeau ou à notre uniforme me va droit à cœur. Recommandez au Général de bien faire savoir que si la France ne vend pas ses services, elle exige au moins qu’on lui sache gré de ses sacrifices et de son intervention.

‘ Lorsque nos armées firent le tour de l’Europe, elles laissèrent partout comme trace de leur passage la destruction des abus et la féodalité et les germes de la liberté. Il ne sera pas dit qu’en 1849 une armée Française ait pu agir dans un autre sens et amener d’autres résultats.

‘ Priez le Général de remercier en mon nom l’armée de sa noble conduite. J’ai appris avec peine que physiquement même elle n’était pas traitée comme elle méritait de l’être. J’espère qu’il fera sur-le-champ cesser cet état de choses. Rien ne doit être ménagé pour établir convenablement nos troupes.

‘ Recevez, mon cher Ney, l’assurance de ma sincère amitié.

‘ LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.’

Never, we believe, were matters of such moment treated in such a manner, and by such agents. The Emperor Napoleon would have dictated his will to an oppressed sovereign in his cabinet, and through an acknowledged minister. The Turkish Sultan, in the plenitude of oriental insolence, announced his pleasure to the Divan, and communicated it by means of a firman; it was reserved for M. Louis Buonaparte, the temporary and elective President of a Republic, to prescribe the conditions upon which an independent sovereign should exercise the authority which it had been declared the welfare of Christendom requires him to possess—in a familiar letter addressed to a friend, who happens to hold an appointment on the staff of a General of Division. But the substance is as remarkable as the manner of the communication. This irregular missive makes no reference to the policy of allies, or to the interests of the Pope, or even to the opinion of the French cabinet—the sentiments only of the President are given. It must be allowed that the air of the Elysée seems as autocratic as that of the Tuileries was ever supposed to be! Furthermore, in the grandiloquent taste in which all Frenchmen delight, the President informs us that French armies have made the tour of Europe:—that this is not strictly the case, we need neither remind that magistrate nor our readers—nor can either have forgotten that the armies of Europe in their turn have made the tour of France, and even prolonged their visit into a military occupation. This fact, however, is infinitely less humiliating to that nation than their recent ‘successes’ at Rome, and was incomparably less calculated to injure their military reputation in the eyes of Europe.

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On the appearance of this lofty effusion, it was classed very generally with certain freaks of the writer's earlier days, which the general decorum of his conduct since his election to the Presidency had been disposing us all to forget. Others, however, suspected something not quite so visionary; that the letter was a cunning device, at once to prepare the world for the Pope's own announcement of his intended procedure, and to persuade the Liberals that, if that announcement should not come up to their wishes, its shortcomings had not been occasioned by any lukewarmness in the cause of reform on the part of the French President, or of the Ministers whose submission to his irregularity formed so notable a feature in the novel case. And we think the latter opinion has been justified by the *Motu Proprio* of Pius IX.—‘*datum Neapoli, Suburbano Portici, die duodecimo Septembris, 1849, Pontificatus nostri anno IV.*’—in which his Holiness explains to his *amatissimi sudditi* the concessions he is willing to make.

Art. I. announces a Council of State to examine and deliberate on projects of law before they are submitted for the sovereign's approval: the number of the councillors, their quality, and their prerogatives to be subsequently defined. Art. II.—A Council of Finance to determine the amount of revenue and the method of collecting it. Art. III.—Communal Councils to treat of matters of local interest: and Provincial Councils, the members of which are to be selected by the sovereign from lists presented by the Communal Councils, but whose powers and privileges are to be decided on hereafter. Art. IV.—Municipal Councils—elective bodies, the right of election depending on property, but the amount of property not yet fixed. Art. V.—Reform in the Courts of Law both civil and criminal. Art. VI.—An amnesty for all political offences—with certain exceptions.—The exceptions are considerable—they include the members of the Provisional Government—those members of the Constituent Assembly who took part in its debates—the Triumvirs and the Government of the Republic—the heads of the military departments under the usurpation—all those who took the benefit of the former amnesty and have since rebelled again—lastly, all who in the course of the late rebellion committed offences against the ordinary laws of the land.

However inadequate to the ‘*idées Napoléoniennes*,’ these concessions certainly go as far as the Pope could in reason be expected to do—and are such as, under circumstances less unfavourable, might well extinguish all schemes of revolution. But, even if no foreign influences should interfere with the experiment, we fear they would avail little in quieting the general disaffection. The country

country is divided between apathetical indifference to anything but material comfort, and the subversive energy of Communism. The nobles, the middle classes, and the proletarii, have all manifested their character and disposition. If Pius IX. can work the new scheme to a satisfactory result, it must be by firmness in his own conduct such as he has not hitherto exemplified, and by a continued reliance on the only class of his subjects who have shown qualities at all deserving of his respect and confidence. The curtain has been drawn up for another Act—we shall watch the scenes with anxiety.

Whether an ecclesiastical government is, or can be made, a good one, is a question on which we have not time now to enter. To such a government in the abstract we feel the dislike which is doubtless shared by the majority of our readers, and which confuses not a little at this moment the reasonings of our countrymen on the prospects of Rome. But communities, like individuals, cannot possess contradictory advantages; they must make their election; and a state of things which would be intolerable in one country may be the *sine quâ non* of another. This much is clear. If Rome desires to retain her prosperity, we might almost say her *existence*, it can only be as the residence of the Papal Court. Works of art and the monuments of antiquity will not infuse life into a state where the usual conditions of vitality are wanting. When Rome ceases to be the spiritual capital of Christendom, she will soon be what Agrigentum and Ravenna are—or what she herself was forty years ago, when a department of the French Empire.

The siege of Venice is also brought to a close, and the unfortunate inhabitants of that city will now be relieved from the injuries and privations their intrusive garrison inflicted upon them. The story of Venice is that of Rome: both were defended against the authority to which the *people* desired to submit, by foreign freebooters who inspired more terror than the enemy. Genoa alone has made anything like a national resistance. In proof, no doubt, of the fraternal affection of the Italians, that city was bombarded by the Piedmontese, taken, and a portion of it sacked—in revenge for the obstinate defence which it had dared to exhibit. The Lombard troops, on the other hand, which had so recently formed a portion of the Piedmontese army, and in the cause of whose own rebellious province the King of Sardinia incurred defeat and exile, had marched to Chiavari with the intention of assisting the Genoese insurrection against their late General, the *civdevant* SPADA D'ITALIA—but the capitulation was signed before these tardy warriors could draw the sword against their brothers in arms.

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It is to be hoped that the last spark of resistance having been overcome, a moment of breathing time will be accorded to this unfortunate country to heal its differences and to cultivate peace. The two powerful nations on its frontiers must dispose of its destinies. As yet, it must be owned, the horizon of Italy continues sufficiently murky. We descry thereon, however, one bright spot. In future, we can hardly anticipate that Lord Palmerston will discover an excuse to interfere with advice, encouragement, or protection.

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WITH A COPIOUS CONSULTING INDEX,

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### THE FOUR SCALES.

There are Twenty-seven **DIVISIONAL** Maps, which correspond in scale respectively with each other—Great Britain, France, Italy, &c., as marked D in the list.

The **CONTINENTAL** Maps are ten in number; Asia being divided into three, North America and Africa each making two maps; Europe, South America, and Australia, remaining single as before. These ten maps also correspond with each other, and are marked C in the list.

The above thirty-seven maps, with the two Index Maps to the subdivisions of India and Russia, and Mercator's Projection of the World, virtually complete the Atlas, as comprising the circuit of the Globe—Forty Maps.

But, as assistant to the above, there are twelve others. Five of the North and South American States, which correspond with the two Index Maps above, the seven maps forming an **INTERMEDIATE** class (marked I), and seven **ENLARGED** Maps (marked E)—England two sheets, Scotland, Ireland, Netherlands and Belgium, Greece, and Switzerland. Of these seven maps, six correspond with each other; Switzerland, as the lesser territory, being still farther extended, and forming the exception to the rule.

### ANALYSIS.

|                                                 |     |             |             |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|-------------|-------------|
| C refers to 10 CONTINENTAL Maps . . . . .       | 45  | } DEGREES { | 60 DEGREES. |
| I " 7 INTERMEDIATE . . . . .                    | 22½ |             | 80 "        |
| D " 27 DIVISIONAL . . . . .                     | 9   |             | 12 "        |
| E " 6 ENLARGED . . . . .                        | 3   |             | 4 "         |
| 1 SWITZERLAND . . . . .                         | 2½  |             | 8 "         |
| 3 TWO HEMISPHERES AND MERCATOR.—TOTAL, 54 MAPS. |     |             |             |

*The Scale of Miles is adjusted to each Series and inserted on every Map in the usual manner.* [TURN OVER.]

**LIST OF SHARPE'S CORRESPONDING MAPS.**

1. The World—Western Hemisphere.
2. The World—Eastern Hemisphere.
3. The World on Mercator's Projection.

**EUROPE.**

4. c Europe with the Mediterranean.
5. d Great Britain and Ireland.
6. e England and Wales—North } *Double Map with Railways*
7. e England and Wales—South }
8. e Scotland with Railways.
9. e Ireland—with Railways.
10. d France—Belgium—Switzerland.
11. e Holland and Belgium—Enlarged.
12. d Prussia, Holland, and the German States.
13. e Switzerland—Enlarged.
14. d Austrian Empire.
15. d Turkey and Greece.
16. e Greece and the Ionian Islands—Enlarged.
17. d Italy.
18. d Spain and Portugal.
19. d Northern Sweden and Frontier of Russia } *Double Map of the Baltic.*
20. d Denmark, Sweden, and Russia on the Baltic }
21. d Western Russia from the Baltic to the Euxine.
22. d Russia on the Euxine.
23. d Russia on the Caucasus.

\*.\* The topographical interest of the interior of this vast empire is hardly equal to its extent. The above series of frontier maps connect it with the neighbouring states, and, independent of their political bearing, have each a marked geographical character in itself. They also accord as to scale with Austria, Prussia, &c.

24. i Russia in Europe—General Map.

**ASIA.**

25. c Northern Asia—Asiatic Russia.
26. c South-Western Asia—Overland to India.

27. c South-Eastern Asia—Birmah, China, and Japan.
28. c Australia and New Zealand.
29. d Egypt, the Red Sea, and Arabia Petra.
30. d Nubia, the Red Sea, and Abyssinia, to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb.
- \*.\* Egypt and Nubia, although properly in Africa, are more conveniently placed with the Asiatic Maps, from their political bearing between Europe and India. Geographers must follow the track of the Steam Engine.
31. d Asia Minor.
32. d Syria and Provinces to the Persian Gulf.
33. d Western Persia.
34. d Eastern Persia.
35. d Afghanistan and the Punjab.
36. d Beloochistan and Sind.
37. d Central India.
38. d The Carnatic, &c.
39. d Bengal, &c.
40. i India—General Map.

**AFRICA—AMERICA.**

41. c North Africa.
42. c South Africa.
43. c British North America.
44. c Central America.
45. i United States—General Map.
46. d United States, North-East.
47. d United States, South-East.
48. d United States, South-West.
49. d Jamaica—Leeward and Windward Islands—with Jamaica on Enlarged Scale.
50. i Mexico and Guatemala.
51. c South America.
52. i Columbian and Peruvian Republics, and Western Brazil.
53. i La Plata, Chili, and Southern Brasil
54. i Eastern Brasil.

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